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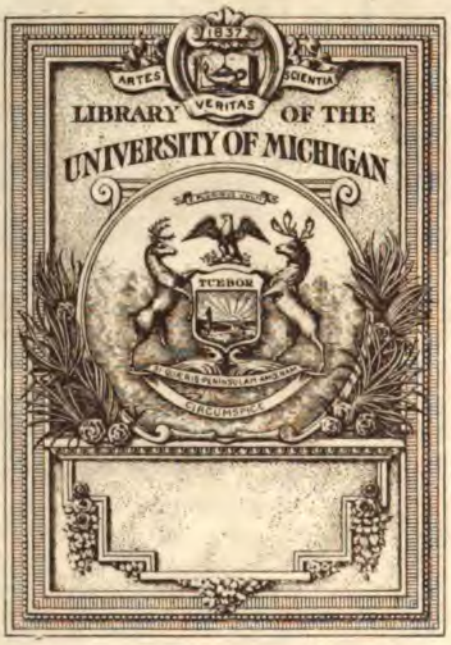
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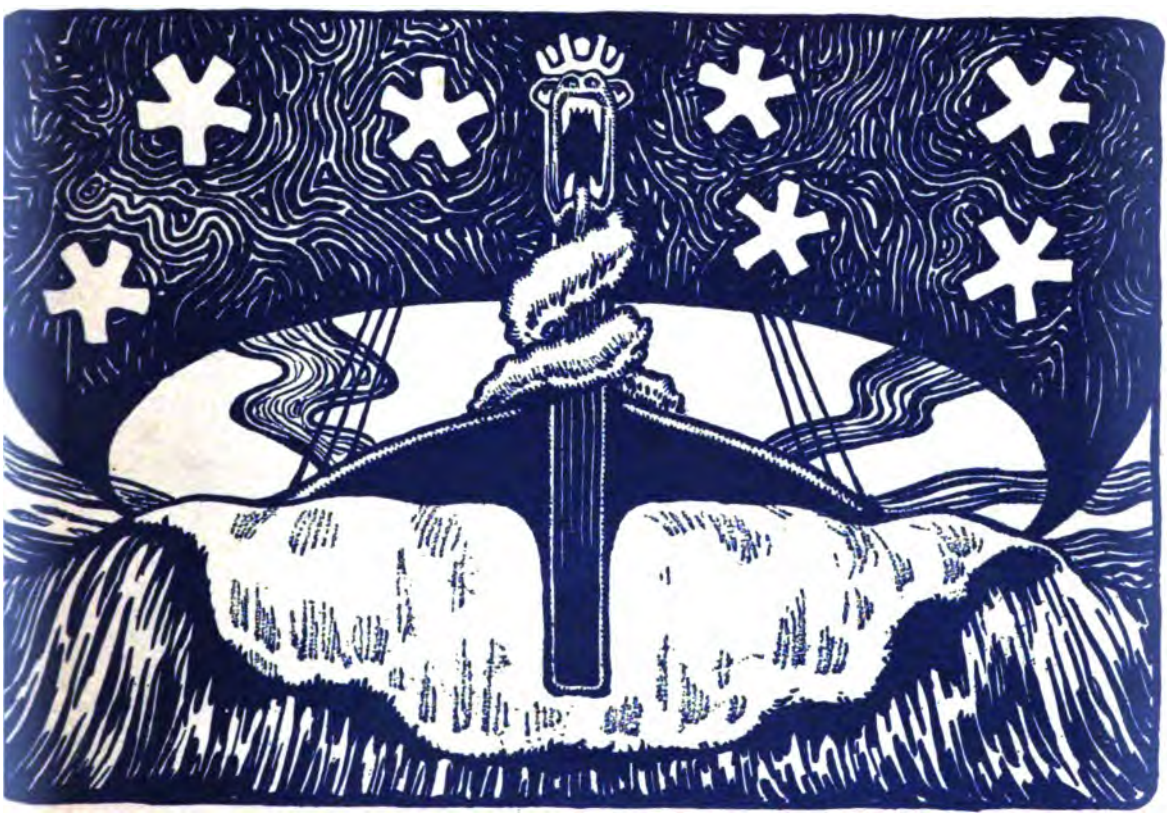
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JANUARY · 1913

· THE · AMERICAN · SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



THE INDUSTRIAL FUTURE OF NORWAY

By SAMUEL EYDE

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REVIEW

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Three Danish Sonnets

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

MUSIC IN A DANISH ROSE GARDEN

I see Queen Dagmar, with a single rose,
Five-petalled, in her simple garden, where
The maid o' the morning bloometh everywhere—
Now enters Waldemar; the garden glows!

Gone are the lovers with the music's close,
Around me splendid rose-jewels flash and flare—
Glory of Dijon and the ruby rare
Of Jacqueminot, anear the Queen of Snows.

White, gold and crimson—perfumes, gorgeous hues,
And over all the scent of heliotrope,
Reviving from the languor of the noon;—
Again the violin!—the evening dews
Sparkle and dance; soft shines the pearly rope
On Dagmar's breast, and softly comes the moon.

A DANISH SUNSET

The sun descends; a crystal stream of song
Bursts from the sky, and, like a sudden dart
Sent from a high god's arrow to the heart
Of shadowing earth, the swift lark falls; a throng
Of nightingales trill out; there runs along
As if one fire lit others, or one heart
Had flamed to other hearts; soothing the smart
Of gnawing grief and solacing the wrong.

A flush of gold; then a flashing band
Binds the horizon: through dark beech-leaves light
Shines like the gleam of shields, or as a piece
Of some great Gothic window; in this land
Beauty succeeds to beauty; day and night
Show rose and gold and silver, without cease.

TO A DANISH SAILOR

ON ADMIRAL DE RICHELIEU'S SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY

That man is great who forces back the gates
Which bar the future, with a bold "I will."
Who, steady at the hour, with hands of skill,
Strikes at the time when fickle fortune waits.

For fortune waits not long! Who hesitates
To seize her as she flies, descends the hill
That leads below, where healthy winds are still
And only languid ghosts moan to their mates.

And you, O friend, the prince of friends and men,
Have the great heart to act, the will to do,
To cry above the storm, "I will to dare."
True Viking and true Dane! Again, again—
Strong in eternal youth, God's gift to you—
You meet the storms, to reach new harbors fair.

THE MOTHER

TRANSLATED FROM THE SWEDISH OF VICTOR RYDBERG BY OSCAR WILLIAM PETERSON

Wish you any good, my child, no good will she refuse you.
Will you play, my little friend, her joy is to amuse you.
Are you hurt, then go to her, she feels your grief and smart
Are you tired, go to her and sleep beside her heart.

The Industrial Future of Norway

By SAMUEL EYDE

"THE future of Norway is not in her white sails, but in her waterfalls, that drive the wheels of modern industry," said Björnstjerne Björnson, not long before his death. For centuries our forefathers have won their living from the sea; whole cities have grown up around the shipping industry. The highest type of workmen have put all their skill of hand and brain, all their mechanical genius into the construction of ships made from the timber of our own forests, and our sailors have carried Norway's name all over the world, bringing home not only wealth but fresh currents of life to the little town by the fjord. Now all this is changed. Iron steamships take the place of the old wooden sailing vessels that were the pride and glory of our people, and with the old type of vessel has passed the class of able seamen that manned it. A few decades ago it was the greatest ambition of the Norwegian boy to command his own ship: now the active, intelligent boy seeks something better than the sailor's life has to offer him under the changed conditions. It was clear that if Norway should advance, or even save herself from retrogression, she needed a fresh impulse to healthy activity. It came, just at the right time, through the modern inventions that have made it possible to wake as with a wizard's wand the powers that sleep in her waterfalls.

Norwegians have been slow to realize that the inevitable change must come. They are by temperament conservative, at the same time as they are adventurous. They love the life and death gamble of the sea, which has been bred in them from generation to generation, but they do not so readily adapt themselves to the slow, steady application necessary to industrial pursuits. Our first manufacturing industries grew up naturally around the pursuits of the sea. From the fisheries were developed the canneries that have sprung up in great numbers in recent years. In the hands of able and far-sighted men this activity has grown in a way that is worthy of the highest appreciation. In the interior our timber has been utilized in the manufacture of paper pulp and paper. These industries, though at first small and sporadic, did an important work in making the Norwegians familiar with the thought of developing the natural resources of their country. They built up an excellent class of laborers, and although only a comparatively small quantity of water power was used, our engineers mastered the science of utilizing it. In this way Norway was prepared to receive the electro-chemical industry, which, for reasons that I shall explain, holds the greatest possibilities for the future.

During several years of working at my profession in Germany, I

came into contact with leading manufacturers there and had an opportunity to study at close range the marvelously rapid industrial development of Germany during the last decade of the nineteenth century. I paid especial attention to the electro-chemical field, particularly to those departments of it needing large quantities of water power, for I realized that my country—with her isolated position, her difficult and costly transportation and her sparse population of agriculturists and seafaring men—could compete with the old and established industries of other countries only through the development of her water power, in which she holds a great advantage. Other countries have successful activities based on the utilization of lesser quantities of water power. If the Norwegians would excel, they must mark out for themselves a certain line, where their unparalleled natural resources can be thrown into the balance in their favor. This has been done for the first time in the electro-chemical field. For the first time the water power of the country has been called extensively into service, utilizing economically the great waterfalls and the possibilities for regulating the great lakes.

In July, 1903, the first small factory was started at Frognerkilen for the producing of nitrates from the air by the Birkeland-Eyde method. I venture to say that it was not only the mother of all the nitrate industries of Norway, but that it has given the impetus to the many-sided activity which is fast transforming Norway from a thinly settled country into one of the great manufacturing communities of the world.

My countrymen did not at first understand the possibilities of our natural resources. They love their waterfalls, around which center so much poetry and romance, and they were afraid the beauty of the scenery would be spoiled and the peace of our valleys disturbed, if factories were to be built there, though to my mind the massive factory buildings at Rjukan add to rather than detract from the beauty of the scenery, while the electro-chemical industry is fortunate in avoiding the soot and smoke of the manufacturing districts, where coal is used.

When the difficulties in my path were thickest and the opposition from people who regarded my purposes with suspicion and even with animosity was strongest, Björnson one day said to me: "People are not fair to you. I want to take your part. Let me write something in the newspapers to defend you and to make people understand what you are trying to do for our country." I replied: "If you want to do me a favor, write nothing at all. Do not even mention me." He looked at me in astonishment. It was perhaps the first time any one had refused the aid of his pen, and we were personal friends. I then told him that if the work I was trying to do could not stand on its own merits, it had better fall.



DR. SAMUEL EYDE



RJUKAN IN 1908

That is some years ago, and since then my countrymen have learned to understand me better. They see ten thousand people living where there were but five hundred. They see the products of our factories shipped to all parts of the world and demonstrating that our little country can contribute her share, not only in the great discoveries, but also to solve important problems relating to the household economics of the world.

The saltpeter industry, which had its beginning at Frognerkilen less than ten years ago, has grown to large proportions. We began with a plant utilizing 25 horse-power in the Birkeland-Eyde furnace; now our two plants at Rjukan and Notodden use 200,000 horse-power. Soon we shall have harnessed 200,000 more, and still another 150,000 have been reserved for the production mapped our for the next ten years. We began with two laborers and two other employees; now we have 1,340 laborers and 143 other employees.

Our task is to catch the nitrogen in the air by bringing about its union with oxygen and thus create chemical nitrogen combinations that can be put to practical use. For one hundred years chemists have been experimenting with this problem. The chief difference between the Birkeland-Eyde process and those that have gone before is that we use a large quantity of electric energy in the flame, while it was believed before that relatively better results could be obtained by small quantities of energy. Air is in great furnaces brought up to an extremely high temperature by means of a flame



RJUKAN IN 1912

produced by electricity, and as it passes out of the furnace, 2 per cent. of it is converted into nitric oxide. This is carefully collected and brought into contact with water, thus being changed to nitric acid. This is sprayed into granite vats filled with limestone, and here it is converted into calcium nitrate, the artificial fertilizer now known to the world as Norway saltpeter. It is packed in our own shop and shipped out to the amount of 2,000 barrels a day, or 100,000 tons in a year. We also produce nitrate of soda, and have at Notodden in recent years taken up the manufacture of concentrated nitric acid and nitrate of ammonia, which products have already won a good reputation and are being shipped in large quantities to England, Germany, and the United States. We are not confined, however, to the products I have mentioned. We have the possibilities for the development of a whole series of new industries, as the nitric acid—our first raw product—forms the raw product of a great many materials used in manufacture.

Our principal raw material can never fail, since it is the air, which is free to all, though it needs the power of the great waterfalls to draw out its potency. The demand for Norway saltpeter is practically limitless. The soil of Europe is at present over-cultivated, and the supply of natural manure is not by any means equal to the demands of the agriculturist. In 1825 the first shipload of Chile saltpeter was shipped to Europe, but so little was its value as a fertilizer realized that it could not even find a purchaser. Last year

about 2,500,000 tons were mined and shipped out. But there is only one place in all the world where there is to be found a deposit of natural saltpeter, and this will some time be exhausted.

For a long time, therefore, scientists have been seeking some way of producing a fertilizer from the nitrogen of the air, and it is this which we have been able to do in our factories. I have been told that judging by results our Norway saltpeter can hold its own, and for some soils it is even better than the natural saltpeter of Chile. America has not hitherto needed fertilizers to the same extent that Europe has; there has been an abundance of fertile land. This, however, is now being appropriated, and in many parts of the country the agriculturist must content himself with poorer soil. In other localities the ground is being exhausted by wasteful methods of farming—as, for instance, in the Northwest, where wheat has been grown until the vitality of the earth is used up—and the need for an artificial fertilizer is making itself felt. At present we are sending many thousand tons of Norway saltpeter past the shores of Chile to California and Hawaii, to be applied to the orchards and sugar plantations, and the demand is twice as large this year as it was last year.

The importance of our products in war as well as in peaceful pursuits was shown me in a striking way by an article published recently in an English periodical. Nitric acid is the main constituent of guncotton dynamite, and it was said that the purity of the chemicals made at Notodden reduced the heat of discharge so much as to actually prolong the life of a big gun. Another of our products, nitrate of ammonia, is of great importance in the navy, because it is the principal ingredient in many of the explosives used for mines. The article went on to explain what an advantage in modern warfare that nation would have which has access to the factories where the purest nitrate of ammonia and nitric acid are made, and it was urged that Great Britain should establish her own plants.

Some weeks ago I was instrumental in forming a large company in Arendal, in the southern part of Norway, for the manufacture of ammonia by electro-chemical means. Another new activity, recently begun there, is the carborundum manufacture, and I hope that before long this little city—my native town—will become as interesting and important in an industrial way as it was in the old days, when it was the center of a large shipping industry.

The manufacture of copper and nickel by electrolysis is another branch of industry which I have recently been associated in establishing. The application of electricity to mining and the smelting of iron ore holds great possibilities for our country.

Mining has always been even more than ordinarily precarious in Norway, because the ore is not sufficiently rich to yield a profit large enough to make up for the possible losses that must always be



expected in mining. A process of smelting iron by electricity is being developed, and if it can be perfected, there will be considerable profit in the ore which is not rich enough to pay when worked with the methods now in use. The most important to the country will probably be the iron mines at Narvik and Sydvaranger, where big placers have been discovered. We have also some great copper and sulphur deposits in northern Trondhjem County, which will yield a good profit now that the completion of the railway has diminished the difficulties of transportation. If this process of smelting iron can be put to practical use on a large scale, then indeed our country will have use for her water power and for all her workers in the great development of mines, factories, railroads and steamship lines that would inevitably follow.

The question of labor is, of course, a very important factor in building up great industries. A high order of workmen can be obtained in Norway at comparatively reasonable rates, because living expenses are not so high as in America. Labor conditions are, on the whole, stable, and it is absolutely essential that they should remain so, if our country is to progress. Strikes and arbitrary closing of shops may cause only a ripple in a large country like the United States; with us they would mean destruction. Suppose, for instance, that one of our plants did not pay so well as we had expected, and we decided to close it for a few months. There would be no place where a large body of men thrown suddenly out of employment could go to obtain other work. The workmen must be able to feel that they can keep their positions as long as they attend to their duties faithfully, and there must be perfect confidence and mutual loyalty between employers and employees.

In order to secure a class of laborers that are permanent and reliable, we have tried to provide good homes for them, and I am glad to say that the experiment has been successful. In spite of the fact that the electro-chemical industry requires comparatively little labor, two small towns have grown up around our factories in Telemarken. A few years ago there were about 500 people living at Notodden and 50 at Saaheim. There are now about 5,000 at Notodden and between 5,000 and 6,000 at Saaheim. We have built a number of houses which they can rent at reasonable rates, and if they should desire it they may after a while purchase their homes. In point of sanitation, lighting, etc., Saaheim is the best-regulated town in Norway. Provision has also been made by the company for hospitals, stores, a library and club house, and a public dining hall for the workmen.

It may be of interest to add that I give employment to a number of former sailors, as I find them particularly well adapted to some departments of our work. A sailor is not used to hard physical

labor, but he is accustomed to eternal vigilance. There is never a time when a sailor has not something he must watch. In our plants most of the heavy work is done by machinery, but it must, of course, be watched, and for this I often employ sailors.

In this connection I would like to mention, also, the help I have had from my engineers. Norwegian engineers have a good name the world over. Most of my co-workers have been young men, and it is largely due to their undaunted courage, energy and love of action that the nitrate industry has been a success, not only scientifically but economically. In a new enterprise like ours it is often best not to have experience, which may be only a handicap. If I had listened to the voice of so-called authorities, Norway would never have had a nitrate industry. On the other hand, it is with grateful remembrance I look back at the work done by my young associates, who, like myself, were filled with one thought—to create something good and useful for our country.

I think the foregoing has made it evident that Norway has the natural resources requisite to make her one of the world's great industrial centers, and that she has also the human material in her sturdy, intelligent workers with hand and brain. But what of the necessary capital? In my own field, the nitrate industry, the whole amount of capital now invested is 100,000,000 kroner. In view of the large sums required for the proper development of our natural resources, it is clear that our little country would never have been able to accomplish the task without outside aid, and by far the greater amount of capital now invested in Norway is foreign. Foreign investors have, in fact, often shown a greater confidence in the future of our country than we have had ourselves.

I wish especially to mention with gratitude the services which the prominent Swedish bankers, Messrs. Wallenberg, and the large French banking institutions, the Bank de Paris and the Société Générale, have rendered the Norwegian saltpeter industry, and the share they have had in its development and success. The great financial support which they have given to a Norwegian enterprise must always be remembered with gratitude by our countrymen.

Thirty million horse-power have slept in the falls of Norway for thousands of years. Now, more than one-half million have been awakened to activity and employed to drive the wheels of commerce. Many times this number still await the hand that is to bit and bridle them. Not only have we splendid falls, where large masses of water rush precipitously over high rocky walls, but we have wide mountain lakes, where it is possible to construct enormous natural reservoirs for leading the water to the power stations. Our dam at Lake Mjösvand, constructed at the same time as our factories at Rjukan, regulates a basin so immense that it is possible to store up

fully 800,000,000 cubic metres of water. And this is only one of the great basins that can be regulated in similar fashion. Add to this the transportation facilities afforded by the fjords cutting deep into the country and never frozen.

The new industrial Norway is scarcely ten years old. Looking at the future in the light of the changes that have taken place in this short period, it requires no gift of prophecy to see a Norway transformed, quickened into new life. The tide of immigration will be turned backward, and the red, steady stream of lifeblood which has poured from our country to your beautiful United States, will remain at home to enrich the motherland. Those who have gone away to seek their fortune abroad will perhaps return to us, with ideas broadened and intelligence sharpened, to help us in the work we are doing for Norway. Our writers, musicians, artists and discoverers have been recognized as among the world's greatest. The time is now ripe for Norway to come out of her long seclusion and take her part as a power not only in art and literature, but also in the industrial world.

Half a Sheet of Paper*

By AUGUST STRINDBERG

Translated from the Swedish by VELMA SWANSTON HOWARD

THE last moving van had gone. The tenant, a young man with a band of mourning around his hat, wandered once again through the apartment to see if he had not left something. No, he had forgotten nothing—nothing whatever. Then he went out into the corridor, although determined never to think more of what he had lived through in this apartment.

But see! In the corridor, near the telephone, there was half a sheet of paper tacked up. It was closely written, and in several handwritings; some legible, in black ink; some, pencil scrawls in black or red. There it stood—the whole beautiful romance that had been played in the short time of two years. All that he tried to forget was written there—a bit of human history on half a sheet of paper!

He took the sheet down. It was a sort of sun-yellowish scratch-paper, that casts a sheen. He laid it on the coping of the porcelain stove in the sitting room and, bending over it, he began to read.

First stood her name—*Alice*. It was the prettiest name he knew, because it was his sweetheart's—and the number 15, 11. It looked like a chant number in church.

Under it stood: *The Bank*. That was his work; the sacred work

* By courtesy of the Stewart & Kidd Company, 1912.

that meant for him and her bread and a home. But the number was crossed, for the bank had failed and he had been taken on at another, after a short period of much anxiety.

Then followed—*The florist's* and *cab station.* That was when they were engaged and when he had a pocketful of money.

Then: *The furniture dealer; the decorator*—He sets up house. *Express Bureau*—They move in. *Opera Box-office—50, 50*—They are newly wed and go to the opera on Sundays. Their best moments are when they both sit in silence and meet in beauty and harmony in the fairyland on the other side of the curtain.

Here followed a man's name, which was crossed out. It was that of a friend who had reached a certain height in the community but who could not stand success, hence fell, irremediably, and had to travel far away. So ephemeral is that will-o'-the-wisp, success!

Here something new seems to have entered the lives of the couple. Written with a lead pencil in a woman's hand stands: *The Sister.* Which sister? Ah, the one with the big gray cloak and the sweet, sympathetic face, who comes so softly and never goes through the drawing room, but takes the corridor way to the bedroom. Under her name is written: *Doctor L.*

Here first appears the name of a relative.—It says: *Mamma.* That is the mother-in-law, who has discreetly kept out of the way, so as not to disturb the newly married. But now she is called, in the hour of need, and comes gladly, since she is wanted.

Here begins a big scrawl in blue and red: *The Intelligence Office.* The servant has left, or a new one is to be engaged.

The apothecary—H-m!—It darkens. *The dairy*—Here milk is ordered—sterilized milk. *The grocer—the butcher,* and others.

The household needs begin to be conducted by telephone. Then the mistress of the home is not in her usual place? No, for she lies sick abed.

That which followed he could not read, for it began to grow dim before his eyes, as it must do for the drowning man at sea when he would look through salt water; but it stood there!—*The undertaker.* That tells enough!—a larger and a smaller casket. And in parenthesis was written: "*Of dust.*"

Then there was nothing more. It ended with dust, as it always does.

But he took the sun-yellow paper, kissed it, and put it in his breast pocket.

In two minutes he had lived through two years of his life.

He was not bent when he walked out. On the contrary, he carried his head high, like a proud and happy man, for he felt that once he had possessed the sweetest thing in life. How many unfortunates there are, alas! who have never had this.

The Commercial Future of St. Thomas

By WILLIAM HOVGAARD

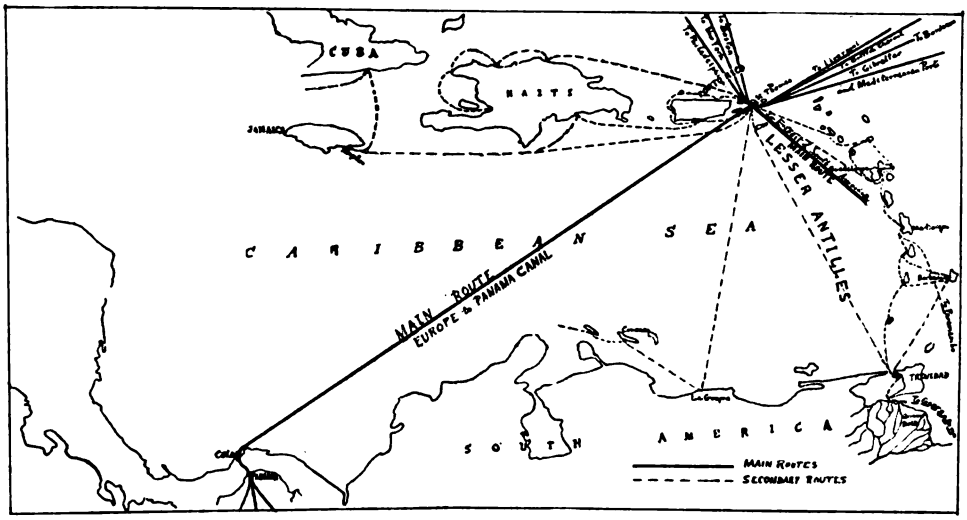
THE favorable location of the island of St. Thomas at the windward corner of the West Indies and its excellent harbor made it, in the days of the sailing vessels, the distributing centre for the southern West Indies. Before cable communication was introduced, it was a port where ships used to call for orders. The harbor is still one of the most secure and commodious in the world. Sheltered as it is by hills on three sides it is always smooth as a millpond. The island is beautiful and very salubrious, and the town of Charlotte Amalie, rising on three hills at the bottom of the harbor, is quaint and picturesque. Being a free port, all goods can be bought here at relatively very cheap rates.

In spite of these advantages, St. Thomas, after the introduction of steamships and telegraph cables, lost the greater part of its importance as a trade centre. The routes of the steamers could without difficulty be arranged with a great number of ports of call. In fact, no general distributing center was needed any longer; the European steamships carried out the distribution themselves, going successively from port to port. This condition still prevails; English, German, French, Danish, and Dutch lines have each their itinerary laid out with a number of different ports. The steamers are of moderate size and speed, and even small lots of freight and a small number of passengers will justify their calling at the various ports.

With the opening of the Panama Canal these conditions will be radically changed. Larger steamers of higher speed will come to ply between Europe and the west coasts of the American continent, passing through the canal. The routes of the main lines, thus established, will, as seen from the accompanying map, all pass by St. Thomas, and the opportunities for consigning freight to this port, which is so conveniently situated as a relay station on the way to and from the canal, will be abundant and cheap. Goods and passengers destined for ports in the eastern part of the Caribbean Sea, including the north coast of South America, and perhaps even for the Orinoco delta, Georgetown, and Paramaribo, can thus be shipped regularly and at low freight rates to St. Thomas, from where they can be distributed by smaller ships to points in this region.

Conversely, goods from this region can be collected in St. Thomas, and be there directly transshipped for their points of destination to the big liners bound east or west; or the goods can be warehoused in St. Thomas until opportunity for freighting arrives.

Thus, the existing lines, carrying goods and passengers directly



TRADE ROUTES CENTERING AT ST. THOMAS

between Europe and the different ports in the West Indies, will no longer be needed.

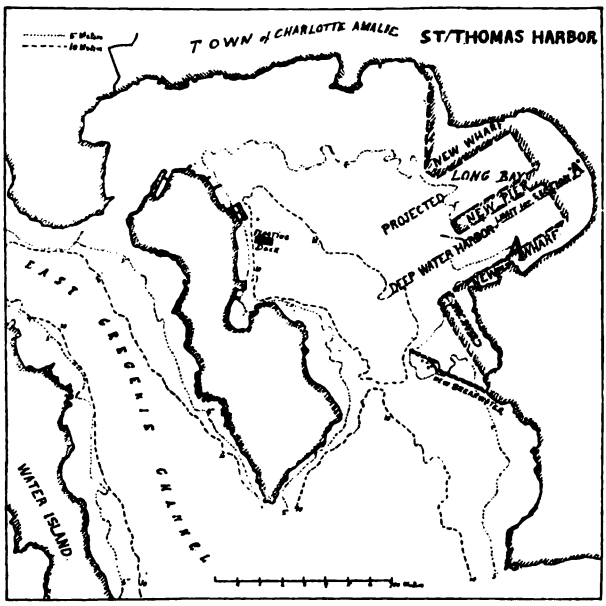
Several of the trade centres, now existing on the Lesser Antilles, will tend to become strictly local, secondary centres, because they are more or less remote from the shortest route between Europe and Colon, and because they do not offer such good natural conditions as relay stations for very large steamers as does St. Thomas.

We may therefore expect to see all the important lines from Europe to Colon converge at St. Thomas, from where they will cross the Caribbean Sea along one main route. On this route, which is about one thousand miles long, no port, suitable as a trade centre, is found. Willemstad, Curaçao and Kingston, Jamaica, are the only ports which could come into consideration, but they are 200 to 300 miles distant from the route.

Thus, as far as the European lines are concerned, St. Thomas stands unrivalled as a commercial centre for the eastern part of the Caribbean Sea. But this is not all. When the trade between the United States and the east coast of South America is developed as it should be, and as it undoubtedly will be in the future, St. Thomas may, under these conditions, come to fulfil, also, the important functions of a relay station and distributing centre between North and South America. American goods can from St. Thomas be distributed to ports within the region which it controls, and the products of the West Indies can be here collected and transshipped to the United States.

Moreover, being then situated at the junction of lines of traffic,

going in all the main directions, St. Thomas may become not only a relay station and a trade centre for the West Indies, but may become also one of the great centres of transshipment of the world's trade.



THE PROJECTED HARBOR AT ST. THOMAS

In order that St. Thomas shall be able to perform its function as such a trade centre, it must be equipped with adequate harbor and docking facilities, designed to meet the wants of modern large steamers. This condition St. Thomas does not at present fulfil. The harbor must be deepened and widened, new piers and quays must be constructed, warehouses, including refrigerating warehouses, must be built. Larger and more ample docking accommodations with workshops for repairs, a larger plant for electric power and lighting, and a wireless station must be provided. In fact, much is to be done before St. Thomas can be said to fulfil the claims of a large commercial port of transshipment.

There can hardly be any doubt that capital invested in such equipment, if properly managed, will in course of time yield a rich profit, and if the management is in Danish hands, Danish enterprise and capital will through this port find a gateway to the great trade possibilities of the world. Now is the time to provide this equipment; so that when the Panama Canal is opened for traffic, the port shall be ready to receive the steamers which, in increasing number, will sail past the door of St. Thomas. In case the port is not by that time ready for use, the steamers will seek other ports in the West Indies, which will be only too eager to offer their services.

It is fortunate, therefore, that a group of farsighted and patriotic Danish business men of the highest standing have taken the matter in hand. A syndicate has been formed and sufficient capital has been raised to take the first steps necessary for providing accommodation for the increased traffic expected after the opening of the canal.

The syndicate contemplated at first starting on a larger and more

ambitious scale, and a government concession, granting important privileges, was secured, but it proved impossible at the present time to raise in Denmark the large capital required for this project. Foreign capital could indeed have been obtained, but the syndicate desired to base the undertaking exclusively on Danish capital. The concession conferred privileges, but it also imposed obligations, which the syndicate did not now think it wise to assume, with the limited amount of capital at its disposal. The syndicate, therefore, for the time being, relinquished its rights to the concession.

The promoters did not, however, abandon their plan. It was decided to start work on a more moderate scale, to carry out at once those features of the project that were demanded by the immediate exigencies of the traffic on the opening of the canal, and to enlarge gradually as required by the development.

Referring to the accompanying map of the harbor, the section marked A of the new project will be first taken in hand, and an agreement has been made with the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company concerning common use and eventual enlargement of the floating dock, which belongs to the said company.

It is, however, likely, that not only will the original plan, in course of time, be carried out in its entirety by the syndicate, but that it will, in the future, take much larger proportions. In fact, if the undertaking receives adequate support, St. Thomas bids fair to become once more, what it seems destined by nature to be: one of the greatest commercial centers of the Caribbean Sea.

THE AWAKENING

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ICELANDIC OF THE BJARKAMÁL BY ARTHUR G. BRODEUR)

The day has come up with din of cock's feathers,
'Tis time for the weary to seek the toil-winning;
Wake ye, and wake ye, heads of my war-mates—
All ye that are strongest, spear-friends of Athils.

Harr the hard-gripper, Hrolf the spear-thrower,
Men of good kin, that never kenned flying;
For wine or for women-song wake I ye never:
I wake ye to death and the dark game of battle.

Editorial

THE REVIEW

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW was established November 2, 1912, by vote of the trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The leading feature of the REVIEW will be essays by recognized authorities on vital Scandinavian topics; it will also contain fiction, poetry, editorials and reviews of Scandinavian books and articles published in English. The REVIEW begins as a modest pamphlet, appearing bi-monthly. It will grow in size and frequency in proportion to the growth of subscriptions and advertisements. In quality of contributions and printing, however, the editors maintain that this first issue presents a high standard.

THE FOUNDATION

The American-Scandinavian Foundation consists of a self-perpetuating board of trustees, established in 1911, to hold in trust and administer an endowment of more than five hundred thousand dollars, given by the late Niels Poulson, and any future funds that other benefactors may place in their hands, for the purpose of cultivating closer intellectual relations between the peoples of the United States and of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. At present the members of the board are Louis S. Amonson, of Philadelphia; Prof. Samuel T. Dutton, of Columbia University; John A. Gade, John D. Hage and Charles S. Haight, of New York; Consul Oscar H. Haugan, of Chicago; Hamilton Holt, of New York; Prof. William Hovgaard, of Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Alexander E. Johnson and Rev. Frederick Lynch (President), of New York; Prof. Arthur H. Palmer, of Yale University; Consul-General Christian Ravn (Vice-President), of New York; Prof. William Henry Schofield, of Harvard University; Consul Charles A. Smith, of Oakland, Cal., and Rev. William H. Short (Treasurer), of New York. The counsel of the corporation is H. E. Almberg, of New York; the secretary Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, of Harvard University.

The officers and trustees give their personal services in many and varied ways in promoting the objects of the Foundation. In addition the trustees have, during the past year, established the REVIEW, granted five scholarships and guaranteed $5,000 for the Art Exhibit of the American-Scandinavian Society. Further, the board has created, to begin 1913–14, the office of Fellow of the Foundation, for advanced technical and other students desiring to study in America, two at least annually from each of the Scandinavian countries. Each Fellow will receive a liberal stipendium. The Fellows are to be chosen by foreign advisory committees of the Foundation in Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Until these committees are formed, candidates may apply to the ministers of education in their respective countries.

Five scholarships for the current academic year were granted by the trustees at their regular meeting, November 2: Gustaf Ambjörn, of Gothenburg, student of hydrodynamics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, $300; Marta Dahl, of Christiania, student of domestic science at Columbia University, $200; Henning Larsen, of Iowa, student of northern philology at Christiania University, $300; Martin B. Ruud, of North Dakota, student of northern philology at Christiania University, $300; Vilhelm Slomann, of Copenhagen, student at the New York State Library School, $300.

Their Majesties, the King of Denmark, the King of Norway, and the King of Sweden have graciously consented to become patrons of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

THE SOCIETY

The American-Scandinavian Society begins the new year with a most encouraging outlook. Not only has the membership almost doubled in the year 1912, being now slightly over seven hundred, but there is a feeling of buoyant enthusiasm among its members and workers. On October 18 the first meeting of the season was held in the Hotel Brevoort, New York, when Mr. Vilhjálmur Stefánsson lectured on his recent explorations in the Arctic. A reception was given to the Society on November 22 by the president and Mrs. Gade in their home; Mr. Christian Brinton lectured on Scandinavian art, with special reference to the coming Exhibition, and Miss Inga Sontum gave a series of Northern folk dances. On December 2 the annual meeting of the Society was held in the Hotel Brevoort. The following officers and trustees were elected: President, John A. Gade; vice-president, Rev. Frederick Lynch; secretary, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach; treasurer, Hans Lagerlöf; trustees for three years, Eckhardt V. Eskesen, John Aspegren, Hans Lagerlöf, Prof. George T. Flom, Dr. J. W. W. Hoving, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, Frode W. Rambusch; auditors, Emil F. Johnson and F. W. Greenfield. A rising vote of thanks was given the president for his splendid work in the interest of the Society.

THE ART EXHIBIT

With three kings as patrons, three ministers as representatives, three consul generals as official guests, the Scandinavian Art Exhibit of the American-Scandinavian Society opened most auspiciously on the evening of December ninth. On the stairway overlooking the Swedish room in the American Art Galleries, beneath the portrait of Niels Poulson, founder of The American-Scandinavian Foundation, John A. Gade, president of the Society, presented Mayor Gaynor of New York, who made a brief, cordial address of welcome. Then the Swedish Minister W. A. F. Ekengren declared the Swedish exhibit open, and the Swedish Glee Club of Brooklyn sang a national anthem. The com-

pany, estimated by the New York *Herald* at 1,500, then proceeded to the Norwegian and the Danish collections, where formal addresses were made by the Danish Minister Chamberlain C. Brun, and the Norwegian Minister H. Bryn, followed with anthems by the Danish and the Norwegian Singing Societies. The reception was in charge of the following committee of Scandinavian American artists: Jonas Lie (Chairman), Gutzon Borglum, Solon Borglum, Olaf M. Brauner, John F. Carlson, August Franzen, Carl Johansen, Ava de Lagercrantz, Frode Rambusch, Henry Reuterdahl, and Thure de Thulstrup.

The history and nature of the exhibit, which includes about 150 paintings, approximately fifty from each country, the work of living artists, with some pieces of porcelain, wood-carving, statuary, and tapestry is sufficiently described in the official catalog published by the Society and edited by Christian Brinton, with introductions by Directors Laurin, Madsen, and Thiis. The forthcoming March issue of this REVIEW will contain a special article estimating the effect of the exhibit in America, together with a digest of current criticism of northern art.

Henrik Lund, the Norwegian portrait painter, is *monteur* of the exhibition and will accompany it through the United States. It will be shown in the Buffalo Fine Arts Academy (Albright Gallery) from January 4 to January 26 inclusive; in the Toledo Museum of Arts, Toledo, Ohio, from February 1 to February 16; in the Art Institute of Chicago, from February 22 to March 16; in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass., from March 24 to April 21.

AMERICAN ART IN SCANDINAVIA

An hour before the opening of the Exhibit, at a dinner given for the three ministers at the home of John A. Gade president of the Society, Mr. Hugo Reisinger, the patriotic German American who has brought a German art exhibit to America and sent an American exhibit to Berlin, announced that he was willing to defray the expenses of an exhibition of American art to be sent next summer to the capitals of the three Scandinavian countries.

INDUSTRIAL ART

Meanwhile, the Swedish Club of Chicago held in November a Swedish Industrial Art Exhibition. Educationally, it demonstrated the artistic development of Swedish industry. Financially, it brought direct sales of between eight and nine thousand dollars, and made commercial connections for the exhibitors with leading houses in America. Especial praise is due to the president of the Swedish Club, Mr. C. S. Peterson. It is to be hoped that Scandinavian Household Arts and Crafts, also, will be the subject of another exhibition in America in the near future.

NOBEL PRIZE

For the third time a Nobel Prize has come to America. In 1906 President Roosevelt received the Peace Prize; in 1907 Prof. Albert A. Michaelson, of the University of Chicago, received the prize for Physics; for 1912 the Nobel Institute in Stockholm has awarded the prize for Medical Research to Dr. Alexis Carrel. Dr. Carrel was born in Lyons, France, in 1873. He came to America in 1905, and has, since 1909, been Member of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research in New York, where he has surprised the world of science by his brilliant experiments toward the creation of life by artificial means.

FARMS IN NEW YORK

The New York State Department of Agriculture has established an office in charge of a Dane, Mr. J. Moldenhawer, for the purpose of disseminating among Scandinavians in America a knowledge of the valuable land that may be obtained at low prices in the State of New York. The younger generation, emigrating westward, has left a number of farms, which with modern scientific methods of agriculture may be made very productive. Many of these have buildings in good condition. So attractive are these opportunities that land-seekers have even come from the West to settle in now almost depopulated districts of the East.

THE ELECTIONS

The assertion of their nationality by the Scandinavian peoples in America does not apparently hamper their effectiveness as American citizens. The recent elections throughout the country brought many Scandinavians into positions of high public office. In Minnesota Adolph O. Eberhart was re-elected governor with a plurality of 30,000. The country will send two Scandinavian senators to Washington—Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, and Asle J. Grönna, of North Dakota, and sixteen Scandinavian Congressmen to the next House of Representatives.

SCANDINAVIAN VISITORS

A number of well-known Scandinavians have visited the United States this autumn. Among them are Director John Hammar of Sweden representing his government at the breaking of ground for the Swedish building at the Panama Exposition, and Director K. Oppegaard of Christiania, who has endeavored to interest Norwegian Americans in sending an exhibit to the Norwegian Exposition in 1914. Other visitors have been Mr. Alexander Foss of Copenhagen; Mr. Ferdinand Boberg, the Swedish architect; Messrs. C. O. Kjellberg, C. Storjohann, Arthur Nilsson, and Erik Sjövall, all business men of Sweden; Director Bryde of the Norwegian Mexico Steamship Line, and Messrs. C. Bang, G. Henriksen, Ludwig Mowinckel, and Kristofer Lehmkuhl, president and directors of the new Norwegian America Line.

Books

STRINDBERG IN AMERICA

PLAYS BY AUGUST STRINDBERG. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1912. Translated, with an Introduction by Edwin Björkman. Plays: *The Dream Play, The Link, The Dance of Death*—Part I and Part II. $1.50 net. *Miss Julia. The Stronger.* 75 cents net. *There are Crimes and Crimes.* 75 cents net. *Creditors. Pariah.* 75 cents net.

EASTER (A Play in Three Acts) and Stories. From the Swedish by August Strindberg. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati, 1912. $1.50 net.

Strindberg has in the past year been brought before the American public by a series of translations of his works, by the presentation last winter of one of his plays in New York, and by numerous magazine and newspaper articles that appeared on the occasion of his sixty-third birthday, and at the time of his death not long afterwards. Several earlier translations of his works are in existence, but these have been known mainly to students of literature. Among them are "The Stronger," "Debit and Credit," "Simoon," and "The Outcast," all appearing in *Poet Lore* for 1906. The same magazine also published in 1911 "The Creditor," translated by Mary Harned, and last year "Julie, a Tragedy." It is the same play which now is translated by Mr. Björkman as "Miss Julia," and which has also appeared in recent translations by Charles Recht and by Wärner Oland. "The Father" was translated as early as 1898 by N. Erichsen, and again last year by Wärner and Edith Oland, in the edition which was produced by Mr. Oland. "Swanwhite," "The Creditor," and "Mother Love" have been translated by Francis J. Ziegler.

The five volumes of translations by Edwin Björkman and Velma Swanston Howard, in a good library edition, give a fairly complete representation of Strindberg's literary and spiritual development. Mr. Björkman has given us the strongest of his naturalistic dramas, and also "The Dream Play," one of Strindberg's most poetic productions, with numerous verses, in a beautiful and dignified translation. He has not been so happy in his rendering of the domestic dramas; his striving for colloquial ease sometimes appears labored and even commonplace. Mrs. Howard has chosen the later, idealistic works, and has handled them with the light, tender touch and the sympathetic insight necessary to preserve the fragile beauty which it seems that even a breath could mar.

When "The Father" was produced last year a newspaper critic cited it as an evidence that the black pall of paganism still hangs over the North, only partially penetrated by the light of Christianity. Mr. Björkman says, in one of his introductions that Strindberg's religiosity reduces itself to morality, that his faith "implies little more than square dealing between man and man." The one is almost as far from the truth as the other. Strindberg is the exponent of a mystic faith which has never quite penetrated through the bleak morality of Puritanism to the Anglo-Saxon people, but is the peculiar heritage of the North. It is the ideal of regeneration through love expressed by vicarious suffering.

He himself satirizes this ideal in "Miss Julia," where the only religious character is "the female slave," Christine, who goes to church in order to buy immunity for her pilferings. Nothing could breathe a more thorough disillusion-

ment than the plays of this period, "Miss Julia," "The Father," "Creditors." The vampire woman appears again and again in different guises. Marriage is something like the old sport of tieing two wild animals in one sack and leaving them to claw out each the other's vitals. In "There are Crimes and Crimes" he has attained what the old theologians called "conviction of sin." His soul has become so sensitive to spiritual realities that thoughts and desires become as actual as deeds. Maurice is caught in the trap of his own murderous thought, and his child dies in the moment that he wishes it out of the way. The moral is one of penitence and humility. Yet there is no recreative influence at work.

In "Easter" Strindberg sees at last the full dawn of the day he had been groping for. He feels the relation between human beings and the force outside of them which we call God. The ill-fated home in "Easter" cannot be saved by the son, Elis, with all his labor, his introspective brooding and his penitence for his father's midseeds. Nor does help come from Christina, the strong and loving woman at his side. It comes through the child Eleonora, who has been regarded as mad, but who has relations with the unseen, with the spirits, with God. The touch of the Easter lily brings out what Maeterlinck calls the unseen goodness underlying the wrongs and mistakes of men. "The Dream Play" is full of pity for human sufferings. As the cave named Indra's Ear drew into itself the music of the winds and waves, so "The Dream Play" seems to gather in a small compass all the woes of humanity, and turns them all into a wailing music. In "Stories," which are scarcely stories at all in our American sense, but exquisitely sketched vignettes, Strindberg has attained to the attitude of mind in which he sees life, as the grandmother in one of his stories saw it, through a magically colored glass that bathed all wrong and suffering in the light of its own glory.

Strindberg's moral ideal is ascetic. He repudiates alike Ibsen's individualism and Ellen Key's demand for a full and free unfolding of human instincts. With him the spirit and flesh are ever at war. This may partly account for his anti-feministic attitude. He never rid himself of the medieval idea which saw in every woman a possible temptress. He harps on the theme of the "love-hate," the fearful union of physical desire with mental loathing, but he does not seem to know the normal love, the essence of which is a fusion of soul and senses. The women in his earlier naturalistic dramas turn the sex relation into a hellish thing; they are fiends or wantons. But in "The Dream Play" it is Indra's daughter who brings the message from heaven, and in "Easter" it is the woman child who carries the symbolic lily.

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN.

THE GÖNGU-HROLFSSAGA. A study in Old Norse Philology, by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann, Instructor in the German Language and Literature, The College of the City of New York. N. Y. Columbia University Press, 1912; pp. XII + 120. $1.00, net.

The Saga treated by Dr. Hartmann in this volume is one of the class known as "Fornaldarsögur." As the fictitious character of these works renders any information they may offer extremely questionable, Dr. Hartmann has taken pains to limit his investigations to those portions of the subject in which the original author's ideas, or statements, may be treated as fabrications well adapted to study of psychological phenomena. But to Scandinavians, who are interested in the settlement of Normandy in 911 A.D., the thousandth anniversary of which event was celebrated at Rouen in 1911, this book should be very interesting, as it treats a legend that pretends to deal with Rollo, the first duke. One of the ablest chapters in the book is that entitled "Geographical Knowledge Displayed in Göngu-Hrolfssaga," in which, with a wealth of erudition seldom found in

American monographs, the author gives an authoritative outline of the knowledge possessed by the ancient Scandinavians concerning the geography of Eastern Europe. A long excerpt from an Icelandic poem never before printed concludes the volume. ARTHUR F. J. REMY.

ESSAYS ON QUESTIONS CONNECTED WITH THE OLD ENGLISH POEM OF BEOWULF, by Knut Stjerna: translated and edited by J. R. C. Hall. Coventry, 1912.

The Viking Club, of England, which has already done so much useful work in publishing translations and essays on subjects of interest to students of Scandinavian literature, offers, in this handsome volume, a valuable contribution to the archæology of *Beowulf*, and pays a graceful tribute to the memory of Dr. Stjerna. The articles which make up the book were originally published separately, in a language not readily used by all, and often in places difficult of access to English and American investigators. It is, therefore, a genuine service to have them collected and published in convenient and systematized form in English. Dr. Hall, who has done the editorial work and translation, is well known as the author of one of the best renderings of *Beowulf* into modern English. His introduction, footnotes and critical comments are highly useful, partly because of their independent value, and partly because they often serve to correct errors of judgment in the text. Some of Dr. Stjerna's arguments will not command acceptance among scholars to-day, which makes the criticisms of a friendly specialist doubly valuable. The book is not designed exclusively for the scholar, however; the man who reads *Beowulf* for its literary or historic value cannot fail to be interested in the illustrations of helmets, shields, weapons, grave-mounds, dwellings, jewelry and other remains of the Scandinavian past. There are useful indexes to the illustrations and text, a portrait of Dr. Stjerna, and a map of southern Scandinavia. No tribute, surely, could be more fitting than this to the memory of a scholar whose early death was deplored by all students of *Beowulf* and of archæological research in Scandinavian antiquities.

WILLIAM WITHERLE LAWRENCE.

THE BROAD WALK. By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. Constable and Company, London, 1912.

Not satisfied by the success of her two Swedish romances, the versatile Finnish baroness now seeks a wider public for her tale of Russian country life by writing in English. Jane, the daughter of the Russian manor-house, tells her girlish biography of the old mansion from great great-grandmother Sylvia, who came from England, down to cousin Anthony, who followed her to win the hand of the story-teller. The authoress transports to her Russia something of Jane Austen, something of Frederika Bremer, something of Selma Lagerlöf. The wide roof of the manor shelters a happy and heterogenous family of three generations, with old-fashioned servants, great-hearted uncles and spinster aunts; even the furniture talks. The chapters are deliciously varied by romantic maiden fancies, beef-eating babies, and picnics in the woods. Following a deluge of Russian anarchistic literature, this romance is a welcome exposition of the enduring rather than the explosive in Russian life, and accounts in some measure for latent strength of the nation in the character of her people. An American can forgive the structural weakness of the plot, a defect, or shall I say a merit, typical of Northern fiction, when he finds on nearly every page flashes of phrase and humorous characterization scarcely surpassed by Bennett or Galsworthy.

H. G. L.



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THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLES

By ROALD AMUNDSEN

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THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN
REVIEW

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The North and South Poles: The Steam Boilers of the Earth

By ROALD AMUNDSEN

IS it worth while? is the question I am often asked. Are the results such as to justify the enormous expenditure of human energy and the wealth consumed by Polar expeditions? Your researches may interest a few learned scientists, but of what practical benefit can they be to the men who plod in the common ways of life? No doubt this old question will lift its head again, now that my companions and I are preparing to start on our long-projected voyage to the Arctic regions. Although the North Pole has been reached since I formulated my plans, I expect to carry them out precisely as I first stated them before the Norwegian Geographic Society in October, 1908. The experience we have gained on the Antarctic continent can be of little or no service to us, as the conditions we expect to encounter are entirely different, and we face now an expedition compared to which our trip to the South Pole was a mere pleasure jaunt. We shall probably be gone five years, but are prepared to spend seven years in the Arctic regions, if necessary to complete our plan, which includes a drifting across the Polar Basin from the Behring Sea, across the vicinity of the North Pole, and out again on the Atlantic side of the continent. We know well that the undertaking is hazardous and that much suffering awaits us. Is it worth while?

My answer is that to extend human knowledge is always worth while. The time has surely come when we human beings can no longer be content without knowing even the little planet on which we live. We must realize that all that we have and are we owe to the scientists, the patient searchers after knowledge. Without them we should probably still be killing our meat with stone knives and

crunching it raw. Knowledge must first come to the scientist before it can be applied to the practical everyday concerns of the world and become of benefit to all humanity.

When I—then a mere able seaman from a Norwegian ship—first laid my plans about finding the magnetic North Pole before Professor Neumayer, one of the most distinguished scientists of Germany, he said: "The results may not come for fifty years, perhaps not for a hundred, but they will surely come, though you may not live to see them." That is the spirit in which the explorer must work. In the present case, however, I venture to say unhesitatingly that even the immediate results will amply justify any sacrifices we may have to make.

The importance of the polar regions in the household economy of nature is little realized. The North Pole and the South Pole have been aptly called the two steam boilers of the earth. If the power they generate were suddenly to cease, all activity on the earth would come to an end. It is a new thought to most of us that life and power come out of the frozen fastnesses of the Poles, and yet it is true. We have all learned in our school days how the heavier water of the Arctic regions presses in on the lighter, because heated, water of the equatorial regions, and so causes ocean currents, just as the same process in the air causes the trade winds, but it is only recently that the science of oceanography has revealed to us the stimulating, rejuvenating effect of these frigid currents on the plant and vegetable life in the ocean. The teeming fish life in the Atlantic Ocean depends for its existence on the food brought it on the currents from the virgin ice fields of the north. With the mixture of the northward flowing warm current and the southward flowing cold waters from the Polar Basin fish life is waked to activity; the fishes begin to spawn and become, as it were, resuscitated. If my Polar expedition brought no other result beyond an exact study of the Polar currents in question, their course, velocity and direction, as well as the animal and vegetable life they contain—then the expedition would richly have paid for itself.

Let me take an illustration from my own country: As every one knows, Norway lives to a great extent on her fisheries. Few, except specialists, realize how entirely these fisheries depend on the Gulf Stream, and how its variations from year to year may mean success or failure, starvation or plenty, to the Norwegian fishing population. By the aid of recent oceanographic data, compiled with much patient effort by Professor Frithjof Nansen and Professor Helland Hansen, Norwegian scientists are now able to take observations relating to the Gulf Stream and to foresee with a fair degree of accuracy the prospects of the coming fishing season. This study has been considered so important that in the summer of 1910 no less than three

expeditions went out from Norway to take simultaneous observations in the waters of the Gulf Stream—Murray and Hjort's in the *Michael Sars*, Nansen's in the gunboat *Frithjof*, and my own trial expedition with the *Fram*. But in spite of this and in spite of the very valuable material gathered, the cause of those variations in the Gulf Stream, which have so great an influence not only on the fisheries but also on the climate and on the crops, is yet unknown. It is the Polar Basin that holds the key to the Atlantic Ocean, and without it our knowledge must always remain fragmentary. I think it is clear, so that he who runs may read, what great practical benefits may come to the toilers of the world from that expedition which we are about to undertake.

The meteorological observations will constitute another important phase of our expedition. In this I am working in conjunction with Professor Hergesell, Count Zeppelin's partner, who is thoroughly in sympathy with the project. I propose to take a wireless apparatus with me, and Professor Hergesell hopes, through the generosity of some of his German friends, to establish four or more meteorological stations, to be placed in such a way that they encompass the Polar Basin where I shall be closed in—one being probably in Alaska, one in Siberia, one in Spitzbergen and one in Labrador. If this can be done, the *Fram* will through her wireless apparatus be in constant communication with these stations; we shall all make our observations as to wind and weather at the same time, and in this way cover a much larger area for a longer period and in a much more exhaustive manner than would otherwise have been possible. What I have said of the Polar currents in the water holds good of the currents in the air; they give the key to the weather conditions the world over.

The observations which we shall make ought, therefore, to be of tremendous value to future weather prophets in forecasting climatic changes.

I cannot leave this subject without paying a tribute to Professor Hergesell and his compatriots. In dealing with him, as so often before with Germans, I have been impressed by the pre-eminent position which Germany occupies and always will occupy wherever the word "Progress" is written. The Germans are indefatigable searchers for truth. Light in the dark places is their watchword, and in their pursuit of knowledge and accuracy, even to the least detail, they are no more to be turned aside than a schoolboy can stop a racing motor.

In speaking of the scientific value of the expedition I wish to lay especial stress on the magnetic observations. Our work in this field will dovetail with that of the Carnegie Institution, which has at its service the good ship *Carnegie*, ably directed by Professor L. A. Bauer. His vessel is constructed of wood and copper, with a special

view to taking magnetic observations, and has already done much excellent work in this field in all quarters of the globe. If it is possible for me to work in conjunction with the *Carnegie*, adding my observations to those of Professor Bauer, both being worked out simultaneously, then the scientific world will at last have a completed magnetic record from which to make deductions. This will probably be the only opportunity for such joint investigation, as the time required for Polar records is so long, and it is a very unusual coincidence that sends two vessels so remarkably well fitted for the purpose into these waters at the same time. I feel, therefore, that the vital importance of this phase of our work can hardly be overstated.

My crew will consist of fourteen men. All those who volunteered for the trip four years ago will go with me. Lindström, the veteran cook of Norwegian Polar expeditions, will leave his kitchen and his pots and kettles to one of the other members of the crew, Wisting, and will make himself useful in various other ways. In addition to my faithful Norwegian comrades, whose mettle I have tested in so many hard situations, I should like to take one or two Americans, if the right men could be found. I am glad to say that Dr. Harry Edmonds will probably go with us, as it is often very useful to have a surgeon on such an expedition, and from his long experience in Alaska Dr. Edmonds is extremely well fitted for the position. To meet any emergency, one of my men is now learning such simple surgery as how to set a broken leg or arm, if the occasion should arise. Nothing but a surgical case ought to arise in the latitudes for which we are bound.

The task of taking observations will be arduous and very taxing to the men. When it is remembered that we must, so to speak, pull our information down from the clouds and up from the ocean, from a height of 5,000 meters, and again from a corresponding depth of 5,000 meters, some idea may be formed of what is included in the simple phrase, "taking observations." In spite of this, there will be much opportunity for his majesty, the Prince of Darkness, to find mischief for our idle hands to do. In the Antarctic regions the time passed all too quickly; we hardly knew how to make it reach to our numerous tasks of hut building, hunting, preparing food and laying depots. During our North Polar trip, on the contrary, we shall be cooped up interminably in the tiny ship, and I shall face the most difficult task of an Arctic explorer, to keep the minds of his men occupied and their fingers busy. With this in view, all my men are now engaged in acquiring some new trade. One is learning bookbinding; he will cover the one thousand volumes that constituted the *Fram's* original library and the two thousand additional volumes she has accumulated on her travels. Another is learning watch-

making, another tailoring, another shoemaking. They will all be experts in some trade or other which will keep their minds and bodies healthy in the long days and months that lie ahead of us.

We can count on finding but little game so far north as we intend to drift, and we shall therefore be forced to take practically all our food with us. In this way the men are deprived even of the tasks of hunting and storing food, which has taken so much time on our previous trips. In making the Northwest passage it was a very different story, for then we were constantly in the migratory paths of various northern animals. My provisions are almost all stored; they have been packed ever since the *Fram's* departure from Norway, and are stacked, neatly labeled, in the cellar of the Historical Museum in Christiania, ready to be shipped to Buenos Ayres the moment I say the word. Even the flour—the American Gold Medal Brand—is ready packed and in excellent condition. In laying in a stock of provisions for a Polar trip, the first thing I think of is sweets, for I have noticed—and I see that Peary has come to the same conclusion—that when in the Arctics the system seems to crave a large amount of sweet stuff. I propose to order some American canned goods, sufficient for two years—about two tons of tinned California fruit, some preserves, and perhaps some cases of condensed milk. This, with a few smaller articles, is all I shall add to the supplies I already have.

We shall take only twenty-five dogs, as against the ninety-seven with which I started for the South Pole, and these I shall pick up in Alaska, from the same excellent Greenland breed that I have used before. They increase so rapidly that I am not afraid of the supply not being always in excess of the demand. I am taking the dogs mainly with the possibility in view that we may for some unforeseen reason be forced to abandon our dear old *Fram*, in which case our only way home would lie across the ice fields and floes. I would then divide my party into about four groups, each with sleds and dogs, and following Nansen's example, we should each try to reach home in the quickest and most direct way. The dogs would then be our most important asset, in fact our only hope of getting out alive, and with the crew split up into several parties there would be a better chance of killing enough game to keep alive than if all kept together.

The *Fram* is now at Buenos Ayres. Before setting sail again she must be thoroughly overhauled and cleaned, and this operation will probably have to be repeated in San Francisco, especially if the vessel is to pass through southern waters, where the barnacles accumulate rapidly. I hope to leave San Francisco in June, 1914, but this will depend somewhat on whether it will be possible to take the *Fram* through the Panama Canal, or whether it will be necessary

to make the long voyage around the Horn. In the latter case the trip would take four or five months at the best, and it might be that the stormy waters near the Horn would delay us indefinitely or even prove impassable. It is one of the most dangerous places known to navigators, and many vessels of the size of the *Fram* have been forced to seek harbor on the eastern coast of South America for months at a time. It has even happened that they have been buffeted so long by the constant westerly winds and the heavy seas of the Pacific that they have turned back and sought their destination on the western side of South America, by skirting south of Africa and Australia, and thus almost circumnavigating the globe. This is the problem that is causing me the deepest concern at present, and it is my dearest wish that the United States Government may have the Panama Canal sufficiently advanced by the fall of 1913 to allow smaller craft to pass through or to make test voyages, and that the *Fram* may be permitted to pass through among the earlier vessels. This would mean so infinitely much to me.

I wish to avail myself of this opportunity and of these columns to express my deep sense of gratitude to the many American societies, scientific bodies and learned institutions that have so constantly and generously assisted me, and shown me such untiring kindness and hospitality during my visits in the United States. The National Geographic Society in Washington has in all its work proceeded along truly broad and liberal lines, and has indeed shown the world, in the domain of geographical research, that science is not of a society or of a nation, but is universal. This society has well earned its phenomenally successful career, and though young, it bids fair to become one of the greatest and most useful geographic societies in the world. And last, because nearest my heart, I wish to thank the many Scandinavians—for I wish to think of them all as standing together; racial differences look small when seen from the Poles—who are always the first to greet me and the last to wish me Godspeed, who with their often slender means are ever the most generous, and who never fail me, whatever port the *Fram* is seeking.

THY GRIEF

Translated from the Swedish of VICTOR RYDBERG by OSCAR WILLIAM PETERSON

O man! Though heavy feel thy share of woe,
Seek not from thy frail fellowmen relief!
Lay not on other burdened hearts thy grief!
Thy grief is thine, and thou shouldst bear it so.

Intolerance in Art

Apropos the Exhibition of Scandinavian Art

By J. Nilsen Laurvik

WHAT is success?

That is the question perplexing me as I consider the disconcerting effect upon the general public of the Norwegian Section of the Exhibition of Scandinavian Art lately shown by the American-Scandinavian Society in New York City.

From the popular standpoint this exhibition was generally regarded as two-thirds success, with the merits of the other third left very much in doubt, and by many pronounced an outright failure. The Danish and Swedish sections were enthusiastically received by the general public, who found in the brilliant realism of Zorn, in the photographic versimilitude of Fjæstad's winter landscapes, and in the meticulous truthfulness of Hammershöi (to mention only one or two of the outstanding names) expressed something of their own literal-minded love of things "as they really are." Their countrymen went away proud and happy that their native land could send forth painters whose work met with such general popular approval in America, while Norway was represented by a group of men whose work, for the most part, aroused nothing but opposition and popular disapproval.

To be sure, there were a few here and there, among the press and public alike, who had the temerity to like these works, but their voices were drowned by the negative verdict of the majority, who deplored this element of what they were pleased to call failure in an undertaking that, considered as a whole, reflected so much honor on Scandinavia and Scandinavians. While there was nothing but praise and admiration of the splendid and unselfish manner in which Mr. Gade had brought this very difficult enterprise to a successful consummation, there was little else than condemnation of the Norwegian section. This attitude was shared by Americans, as well as Scandinavians who visited the exhibition, and if one were to be guided by the consensus of public opinion in regard to the value of any given thing, one would be forced to admit that this particular section of the exhibition was a failure.

But then one remembers Ibsen saying on a similar occasion that the majority is seldom right, and, therefore, what it found occasion to quarrel with in the present instance, perhaps constituted the one real element of success in the whole exhibition.

For that reason I am chiefly concerned at the present moment with the work that aroused the antipathy, the sneers and misunder-

standings generated by that particular section. But I shall not attempt to appraise the relative greatness of this work, considered as art. It is the attitude of intolerance assumed toward this new manifestation in art that interests me.

Now failure, in the popular sense, may happen in two ways: either by being ahead of one's time, anticipating the slow progress of the community, producing things which, despite their logical reason and true relationship to their time as crystalized in the producer of them, are nevertheless incomprehensible to those who have not followed step by step their development, or by the easy and commoner practice of repeating the surface, not the spirit of the old things. The latter is soon swept away by oblivion, while the former, it has been proven in the history of Art, turns with time to be a success.

Only the new and the strange arouse the antagonism of popular opposition, for it is one of the peculiar attributes of popular opinion that it is ever ready to pronounce judgment upon the New, of which it knows nothing, while remaining in a state of complacent indifference to the Old, with which it has had every opportunity to become familiar. Hence the extraordinary virtue residing in old masters is readily discovered and freely proclaimed by every new fledgling of culture.

And yet, to cite a typical case, Rembrandt died poor and neglected, overshadowed by obscurity, and, according to Houbraken, a contemporary writer, after Rembrandt's transient popularity, "true connoisseurs turned from him when their eyes were opened, and when light painting came into favor again." Since his day great masters have come and gone without once gaining the popular suffrage of their contemporaries.

Only yesterday Millet and Corot, Manet, Monet, Degas, Whistler, Renoir, and Cézanne were among the despised and rejected of men, and one and all were voted failures by the popular voice. Their works aroused a storm of abuse that stopped at neither personal villification nor critical misrepresentation, and in Paris guards had to be stationed in front of their pictures when they were shown in one of the rare exhibitions to which they were admitted. Today they are accepted among the elect; great museums vie with one another for their possession and fortunes are exchanged for canvases that scarcely fetched the cost of materials when they were painted.

Still popular opinion clamors for its victims and, in the name of Art, plays the executioner to genius, denying it the common right of existence. No one is quite so ignorant as to feel himself wholly incapable of passing judgment upon the latest manifestation of the genius of mankind, and Orville and Wilbur Wright, Cézanne and Guglielmo Marconi and Henrik Ibsen are lumped together as wild

visionaries, whose ideas and teachings threaten the foundations of humanity. Now don't protest your allegiance to these men because a discerning friend persuaded you to invest in wireless and you took a chance flier in Bleriot stock, when the market seemed propitious, for you know you were among the mockers who derided their ideas as preposterous when first they were promulgated.

You may even own a Manet, now generally regarded by all who can afford it as a patent of nobility, and be a subscriber to the Little Theatre, and it will avail you nothing if you still remain intolerant of the New and the Strange, simply because it lies outside of your ken. Nor can you continue to take refuge in that blind alley of critical discernment: "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like," without exposing yourself to final defeat and ridicule. You may successfully appraise the worth of a sausage in that offhand manner, but you cannot apply the same standard to a work of art, and your companions in intolerance will be the first to make you the butt of their ridicule, if perchance they awaken before you.

Instead of tumbling headlong into this easy pitfall prepared by genius for the confusion of the ignorant and the indifferent, you had better wrestle with this tormenting spirit. Force it to reveal its real identity, make it uncover its brow and show you the mark of its God-given authority, but don't dismiss it with an airy "Pough!" The moment you do that, that thing is lost to you.

Every new work of art imbued with generic vitality is a challenge to fixed standards and established customs, and it cannot be approached through the usual avenues of preconceived notions of what is art. Its chief virtue lies in the fact that it opens up new roads, and the more it appears to flout these fixed standards and preconceived notions, the more surely is it deserving of study and critical attention, and "it is not the material of it but the mind behind it that invites critical interpretation," as Mr. W. C. Brownell remarks in his brilliant essay on "Criticism."

Here we have come to the crux of the whole matter: What are these "lawless Norwegians" driving at in their apparently chaotic paintings, in which the ordinary conceptions of form and color are ruthlessly discarded? Nothing less than a new form, based upon ancient primitive forms, that shall express with greater intensity the new feelings and emotions aroused in man by all the objects in the natural world—that is what they are searching for, and all modern art that is not dominated by the photographic vision is engaged in the same quest. Altogether *new feelings and emotions* have been expressed by these "new forms" derived through the conjunction of art with anthropology. For, despite the undeniable fact that these "new forms" find their origin in the art of primitive races, they

nonetheless express through the reaction of these primitive forms upon the mind of civilized man something quite new and hitherto unknown in art.

These Norwegian modernists whose paintings so grievously offended Popular Opinion, are merely a part of a world-wide movement of spiritual and intellectual evolution that finds its analogies in all the arts; music, sculpture, literature and the drama are likewise affected.

Everywhere we find political, social, and religious conflicts. No one is satisfied with the stagnation of general conditions—the poor because they suffer, the middle class because it aspires, the rich because they feel their interests threatened and assailed. Nations preach peace and arm themselves for war; every one of them re-enforce their frontiers without knowing where or in what lies the danger. Everywhere is felt the terrific pressure of materialism, crushing out the spirit of man and thwarting his ideals.

The revolt against idealism brought about in the middle of the last century by the conquests of natural sciences resulted in a glorification of realism that found a striking expression in art in the work of Courbet, Monet, Manet, and Degas, and in literature in the writings of such men as Zola, Maupassant and Flaubert in France; of Turgeniev, Tolstoy and Gorky and Ilyá Repiń, the painter, in Russia; of Thomas Hardy and Meredith in England; of Strindberg, the writer, and Zorn, the painter, in Sweden, and in the writings of Ibsen, Björnson, and Thomas Krag, and in the paintings of Christian Krohg in Norway, while in America the effect of this realistic movement manifested itself in the writings of Frank Norris, Upton Sinclair, Jack London and David Graham Phillips, and in the paintings of Glackens, Luks, Lawson, Redfield, Childe Hassam, Gardner Symons, and Sargent.

One and all of these men have been occupied one way or another with the task of presenting life and the things around us "as they really are." The attention has been focussed on a rigorously truthful rendering of external reality, until we have become surfeited with facts and wearied with tabulated reports and statistical epics that never for a moment took flight into the realm of ideals. And for a time humanity, nurtured in a false idealism, rebelled and would have none of this realism that represented things "as they really are," which was contrary to their most cherished ideas of things.

This new truth was called an ugly defiance of all the known canons of beauty, by which they really meant that these men refused to paint life according to saccharine formulas and schools of mincing romanticists. And with an air of finality that brooked no argument these recalcitrants boldly asserted that life had nothing whatever to do with art, anyway, and that those who persisted

in mixing the two were no better than mountebanks, unworthy the attention of serious people. And the artist replied proudly and defiantly, "that if his work ran counter to the current conceptions of art, then those conceptions would have to change to conform to his art." They did, and they will again. Thus the pioneers of realism were regarded for many years, until slowly it began to dawn upon some of the more open-minded of their critics, that in this apparent ugliness there lay hidden a new beauty—the beauty of *character*—and the ugliness of truth gradually ceased to shock and offend the delicate sensibilities of the gentle votaries of beauty.

In fact, new sources of esthetic pleasure were discovered and enjoyed in this new element of *character* inherent in all truthfully presented reality, which, by the way, was in no wise different from that presented to the world some two hundred and fifty years earlier by Franz Hals, Rembrandt, Velasquez and Goya, who were the real fountain heads of this back-to-nature movement that revivified all modern art. And as our day and generation is frankly materialistic, I need only mention the tidy sum of $95,000, paid at the recent Rouart sale in Paris for a fine example of the once-despised art of Degas, who is still living, to indicate what a radical change of heart has taken place in regard to the work of these "mountebanks."

However, lest some wily dealer in the work of present-day "mountebanks" should be inclined to use this statement of mine as bait with which to tempt the unwary into an unguarded purchase on the hope of making a fortune, I warn you that the opposite is just as likely to happen. But don't on that account dismiss as worthless trash all the work you dislike or don't understand. Give it and yourself a chance, and perhaps you, like your stubborn classicist before you, may find some hitherto unsuspected beauty in these apparently enigmatic works.

The inevitable consequence of the aforesaid return to nature was a perfect spawn of realistic painters and journalistic novelists, of whom Arnold Bennett is the arch type, each one trying to outdo the other in presenting things "as they really are." The movement has run its course and the wave of realism has reached its height, is breaking, and, obedient to the natural law of flux and reflux, the inevitable reaction has already set in.

With the rising revolt against materialism, significantly indicated in the readjustment of industrial conditions foreshadowed by frequent trust dissolutions and by such investigations as that conducted by the Pujo committee, realism is receiving its death blow and individualism is asserting itself once more. And the new art which is arousing so much discord and opposition is an expression of this self-assertion, of this effort of the individual to emerge from the mass.

Everywhere one sees a growing dissatisfaction with material

conditions, which has ameliorated man's physical well-being at the expense and neglect of his spiritual life. In their endeavor to escape the soul-crushing pressure of materialism more and more people are turning back to ancient beliefs, and old Hindu doctrines of complete detachment from the world find an ever-increasing number of votaries among the most practical men and women of this most practical and scientific age. While undoubtedly today science fills the place in the minds of the great mass of thinking people formerly occupied by religion, many men are discovering that their gigantic material successes do not contribute to serenity of soul, that they are left empty and bereft of something essential to their happiness, and they seek to fill up the void with all sorts of esoteric beliefs.

And now that we have been taught to see beauty even in the common realities of life, by a clearer understanding of its significance, perhaps we may be half way ready to pierce beneath the shell of facts and perceive the animating spirit of things, the real inwardness of life as opposed to that outward reality glorified by the realists. That is the prime aim of the new vision that is finding such a disturbing and disconcerting expression in all the arts.

In consequence of this reawakening of spirituality in man, which, properly speaking, is really a higher state of intellectual consciousness, there has come about a renewed interest in philosophy; Nietzsche is in the air, and the voices of William James and Bergson are potent in the affairs of daily life. Novalis is being read once more, and Maeterlinck's mystic plays, once declared impracticable and unactable, are proving the most pragmatic successes. Debussy, Ravel and Dukas are performing interesting experiments in transmuting the established musical forms to a more subtle responsiveness to the half-suggested, half-expressed yearnings of modern man. In the plastic arts the same conflict, the same change is transpiring in response to these new conditions which the new vision imposes upon the artist.

For whatever else he may be, the artist is always a product of his time, and just as an increasing number of people are turning back to the ancient religions for solace and spiritual renewal, so the artist, sated with realism, is turning back to the art of a past time, to Cézanne and El Greco, and from them to the remote art of the primitive peoples, for inspiration and esthetic renewal. Therein lies the secret of what is strange and exotic in their work. In it is to be found the disturbing element that puzzles critics and public alike, who are ignominiously left in the lurch for the want of a proper standard of measurement. However, I am certain that this whole misunderstanding is primarily due to an ignorance of the causes underlying this movement of which the public has so far seen only the effects. Not realizing that the whole thing is an evolution and being ignorant of the generating elements it could hardly be expected of any one to



understand the results. This will require a sympathetic and receptive attitude on the part of the public and long and patient study on the part of the critics who have presented them a unique opportunity to render a real public service by providing a clear, scientific analysis of the relations and ramifications of these unknown elements.

In the meantime I strongly urge the propriety of regarding as neither madman nor charlatan every man who puts forth a piece of work that runs counter to popular taste or popular understanding, and that the exercise of a little independent, open-minded thinking on the matter would in itself be a source of pleasure and profit such as one experiences in the effort to unravel the enigmatic. Modern art, being more highly intellectualized than any previous art, especially demands this effort of thought as a concomitant of pleasurable enjoyment.

In conclusion I need only add that Munch, Lund, Karsten, and Kavli, with the irrepressible Per Krohg, are merely the vanguard in Norway of this world-wide movement that is changing the face of modern art. Their paintings were the chief cause of disappointment in the exhibition, popularly regarded, and to them must be accorded the credit of having stirred up more genuine interest in art than has been shown in New York in many years.

Their work left few indifferent, and they do not need the apologies of their weak-kneed adherents. They commanded intense interest, if not respect, and that is more than can be said of much of the work that was accepted as officially correct. The latter is already half-forgotten, while the first still rankles in the memory of many an outraged patron of art. Without them the exhibition would not have stirred the slightest ripple upon the surface of current events. The majority would have been perfectly satisfied, and we know that that is the first process of stagnation.

Not since the memorable and now historic exhibition of landscapes by Claude Monet, brought over from France some thirty-odd years ago by M. Durand-Ruel, has the picture-loving public of New York experienced such a shock as was administered to it by these "wild men of the North." But I am certain that by the time this is in the readers' hands their wildest and most incomprehensible flights will appear mild and quite orderly by comparison with what you will see in the forthcoming International Exhibition of Modern Art, opening in New York on February 15 and in Chicago a month later.

So keep your fury in abeyance and vent it on matters more closely related to your common, everyday needs—art has long since ceased to be one of these. The same degree of whole-hearted hatred and intense intolerance that is directed against the new and the strange in art would accomplish wonders if applied to a solution of certain intolerable social conditions, such as Child Slavery, White Slavery

and Marital Slavery, for example. But then, perhaps, these touch your private and public interests too closely to be meddled with, and, after all, a certain detachment is necessary to give one's hatred the appearance of righteous wrath, and so nothing else is left but Art, the eternal scapegoat.

And now, perhaps, the reader will be kind enough to answer the question I put at the beginning of this article—What is Success?

I confess I am still somewhat in a quandary, inasmuch as I am strongly inclined to believe that time may prove this much-maligned Norwegian section of the Exhibition of Scandinavian Art to have been one of those splendid failures that transcend the most brilliant successes. For, when the general public will, by the unavoidable influence of general progress, acquire sufficient knowledge to understand the logical reason underlying the existence of this work, the same will happen as has happened time and again in the history of Art: that the work which anticipates the slow progress of the community, is a failure today, but an inevitable success tomorrow.

J. N. L.

Editorial

THE ART EXHIBITION

The Exhibition of Scandinavian Art brought to this country by the American-Scandinavian Society will reach Chicago soon after this issue of the REVIEW is in the hands of the reader. It has roused great popular interest. The first day of the exhibition in Buffalo showed the record-breaking attendance of 4,000, and the cordiality of its reception bore witness to the educational work of Miss Cornelia B. Sage, the director of the Albright Art Gallery, in familiarizing the public with modern European art. Lectures on the pictures were given by Mr. Christian Brinton in the galleries in New York, Buffalo and Toledo. The effect of the Exhibition upon the mind of the general visitor has been ably discussed by Mr. John Nilsen Laurvik, in his brilliant article in another part of the REVIEW, although the editors believe the appreciation of even the most radical wing of the Exhibition to have been more widespread than the author supposes. A poll of the New York press shows, amid widely divergent opinions, a strong sense of the individuality of the Scandinavian work. Almost all critics unite in pronouncing it stimulating, full of promise and instinct with a rugged, primitive strength. With almost as much unanimity they find in it a disregard for sheer beauty, particularly for the beauty of color. The consensus of opinion is voiced by Mr. Samuel Swift in *The Sun*, when he says:

"It will scarcely fail to stimulate those who know how to value the impact of fresh ideas; it will carry the note of sincerity in nearly every case; it will show

that although the development of what the world has ever recognized as beauty of formal utterance has lagged behind the creative function in Scandinavian art, save in a few well-known cases, there is at least an abundance of earnest purpose and genuine emotional thought which should ultimately work out for itself an adequate method of expression."

The same criticism without the accompanying appreciation is expressed less kindly by Mr. Royal Cortissoz in *The Tribune*. He says:

"The salient defect confronting us, in fact, on every hand, is a heavy-handed and crude treatment of both form and color. The Scandinavians suffer, as we saw the Germans suffering in their exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum not long ago, from an insensitiveness to the genius of their medium. They do not love paint and caress it with a sensitive instinct for its exquisite potentialities. They know nothing about beauty of surface. Are none of these painters in love with loveliness? Do they never detect grace in the flowers they study or a subtle elusive enchantment in their woods and meadows? Do they never model or draw just for the sake of modeling or drawing, so that what they miss in substance they make up in form?"

The Scandinavian painter who appeals most directly to the highly developed American sense of beauty and skillful execution is Zorn, with his brilliant technique and his "regard for the special qualities of paint", to quote from *The Sun* again. *The Evening Post* says that "like a man who has mastered his style, he says whatever he has to say distinctively," while *The Evening Mail* calls him "the *clou* of the Exhibition. This great Swede, one of the world painters of all time, sends seven canvases, glowing with life, seen through the medium of a technique so individualized and mastered that it obliterates itself in its subject."

The Evening Post finds distinct lines of division passing through the Exhibition, the art of the Swedes being more native, while that of Denmark and Norway is deeply influenced by Germany and France. Many critics believe they detect traces of the old Northern handicrafts in the Scandinavian paintings. A certain decorative quality is recognized in Swedish art and seems most apparent in Fjæstad, whose tapestries are especially admired. The wooden statuettes of the Swedish joiner, Axel Pettersson, distinctly an outgrowth of peasant art, are given unstinted praise. One writer refers to them as "impressionism in wood carving," while another says of the funeral group that it is "as grotesquely tragic as an Ibsen play, yet not lacking in its touch of grim caricature."

The dignity, sobriety and self-restraint of such painters as Hammershöi and Ejnar Nielsen among the Danes, command respect. The difference between them and the more obstreperous Norwegians is expressed by Mr. J. Nilsen Laurvik, in an exhaustive review in the Boston *Transcript*, where he says that "the Danes are essentially a cultured people, while the Norwegians are an intellectual people



HALL KESTI — By Anders L. Zorn

who furnish the raw materials for the culture which they themselves proudly ignore." The more radical art of the Norwegians has found open-minded, sympathetic champions in Mr. Laurvik himself and in Miss Elisabeth Luther Cary, the art critic of the New York *Times*, who pronounces Edvard Munch without a doubt the strongest painter of the exhibition.

In conclusion, we quote from *The Evening Post:*

"When the attempt is made to formulate one's final impression of the whole exhibition, it is found that the spirit behind this diversity of art expression is in the main a healthy one. The work is nearly all clean from the taint of commercialism. It is not vapid, and it is not over-sweet. There is in it evidence of a wholesome willingness to learn, to experiment, to adventure, and, if it must be admitted that many of these artists seem as yet imperfectly to realize the importance of technical competence, at least they are completely free from the deadening influence of an outworn academic authority. The value and significance of the exhibition is not so much in what has been achieved as in its promise for the future. We cannot fail to honor the sincere and liberal spirit which respects the individual's right of expression, nor to remember that liberality of spirit towards diversity of artistic expression is not an invariable American trait."

AMUNDSEN IN AMERICA

Capt. Roald Amundsen's present visit to this country has deepened the regard of the American people for him. The superlatively efficient manner in which he has carried out everything he has hitherto attempted lends a vital interest to the statement of his future plans, which the REVIEW is so fortunate as to present to its readers, while his unassuming dignity and the absence of egoism in his bearing make the honors heaped upon him a spontaneous outburst of good will rather than an obligatory tribute to his achievements. It has been said of Captain Amundsen that he found difficulty in leaving a European capital without a cross. While in the United States he has been elected an honorary fellow of the American Museum of Natural History, a corresponding member of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences and an honorary member of the Art Club of Philadelphia. The National Geographic Society and the American Geographic Society have both presented him with special gold medals, in recognition of his attainments. As an expression of his gratitude to the American people and in particular to its scientific bodies, Captain Amundsen has made the American Museum of Natural History in New York a gift of one of the three sleds that made the entire journey with him to the South Pole. The second of the three was given to a Norwegian society, the third was left at the Pole.

The American-Scandinavian Society was so fortunate as to have the distinguished explorer as its guest at a pleasant and well-arranged supper given after his lecture in Carnegie Hall, January 14, at Louis Martin's restaurant in New York. The Society feels a proprietary

interest in Captain Amundsen, over and above the tie of blood, because of the fact that its president, Mr. John A. Gade, by his generous aid made possible the expedition which resulted in the discovery of the South Pole. Captain Amundsen recalled his last visit to America, when lack of funds had caused him almost to despair of carrying out his purposes. He told how he confided his change of plan, which so startled the world a little later, to his old friend, Mr. Gade, and received that promise of financial support which enabled him to make his preparations for the trip. He expressed his warmest thanks to the Society and its president, and took the opportunity of saying that he heartily believed in the idea of Scandinavian union; he thought the three Scandinavian nations standing together could make themselve a power to be reckoned with. Among the guests at the supper was Admiral Robert E. Peary, and the discoverers of the North and the South Pole met, therefore, at one table.

THE SECRETARY'S WESTERN TRIP

The Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, Dr. H. G. Leach, is visiting the Scandinavian centers in the Middle West, with a view to bringing them into closer sympathy with the work of the Foundation and the American-Scandinavian Society. It is noteworthy in this connection that all the scholarships granted by the Foundation this year to Americans of Scandinavian descent were to students of Middle Western universities; also that the Exhibition of Scandinavian Art will be open a longer time in Chicago than in New York, and that the membership of the Society is increasing daily, especially in Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas. The Foundation from its vantage point in New York can be a strong link between the Scandinavian countries and those solid Danish, Norwegian and Swedish districts in the West which have done so much to keep the light of Scandinavian culture burning in America.

STEFÁNSSON'S NEW EXPEDITION

Vilhjalmur Stefánsson will lead a new Arctic expedition which will sail from Seattle or San Francisco next May, with a view to explore the ocean north of Alaska. Dr. R. M. Anderson, who accompanied him on the last expedition, will be second in command. The trip will last three winters and four summers, and the cost is estimated at $75,000. Two-thirds of this sum has been promised by the National Geographic Society and the American Museum of Natural History, but Mr. Stefánsson does not yet know who will advance the $25,000 still required. It seems almost unbelievable that it should be more difficult to raise money for explorations in America than in the Scandinavian countries. Interest in scientific studies is perhaps more general over there, and in addition the explorer may count on

a government subsidy, while here he must depend on private aid. It would seem a splendid opportunity for an endowment or foundation for just such research work as Mr. Stefánsson intends to carry on.

MODERN LANGUAGE CONFERENCE At the thirtieth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America at the University of Philadelphia in the last week of December, Prof. A. F. J. Remy, of Columbia University, read a paper on "The Otherworld in Norse Saga," pointing out the possibility of Celtic influence. Dr. Amandus Johnson outlined a study of "Longfellow and His Relations to Scandinavian Literature." The American-Scandinavian Foundation was represented by the Secretary, Dr. H. G. Leach. A large library of Northern literature and a Scandinavian department are being built up at the University of Pennsylvania, with the efforts of Prof. M. D. Larned and Dr. Amandus Johnson.

STRINDBERG IN CHICAGO The members of "Strindbergarna" in Chicago are to be congratulated on having brought about the performance of two Strindberg plays in English. "Creditors" and "The Stronger" were presented under their auspices at the Little Theatre, January 25. This group of Strindberg lovers meets once a month for the reading of papers and discussion. The chairman is Mr. Aksel G. S. Josephson; the secretary is Mr. Werner Melinder.

SCHOLARSHIPS At the annual meeting of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, January 18, two scholarships were granted—a stipendium of $200 to B. Bergersen, of Christiania University, who desires to study at Harvard, and one of $300 to H. O. Olson, of the University of Minnesota, who is studying Northern philology at Uppsala, Sweden.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS The establishment of a Scandinavian book store, such as that of Albert Bonnier, in New York, will be a boon to lovers of Northern literature, and will doubtless prove a stimulus to more extensive reading along these lines. At the same time, the fact that Mr. Bonnier has found the time ripe for so large a venture demonstrates the increased interest in Northern books among Scandinavians and Americans.

NORWEGIAN TECHNICAL SCHOOL The Norwegian Technical School in Brooklyn, under the management of Mr. A. F. Myhr and Mr. G. M. Dahl, recently graduated twelve pupils. The school aims to give workmen a specialized training in

their own particular trades. It was by such a training, learned in the schools of Denmark, that the immigrant boy, Niels Poulson, laid the foundation of his fortune.

HENRIK LUND IN AMERICA

Mr. Henrik Lund's brilliant portraits in the Scandinavian Art Exhibition have brought his marvelous gift for characterization to the attention of art lovers in this country. He has painted, among others, a portrait of Mr. Hugo Reisinger, of New York, and has made a portrait sketch of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt.

SCANDINAVIAN HOME AT MINNESOTA

The plan for a Scandinavian Home at the University of Minnesota, long urged by Prof. Gisle Bothne, has been met with much sympathy. President Vincent has recently expressed his approval of the plan for making Scandinavian a specialty of the University. The Home will, in the event that it is built, contain a library, museum and archives of all matters of interest to Scandinavians.

Books

THE SOUTH POLE. AN ACCOUNT OF THE NORWEGIAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION IN THE "FRAM." 1910–1912. By Roald Amundsen. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations. In two volumes. London, John Murray; New York, Lee Keedick, 1913.

In reviewing Amundsen's book it is tempting to contrast briefly the salient differences between the far North and the far South. The North Pole is in a deep ocean, surrounded by rough ice fields, which are in continuous motion, so that you cannot make caches upon it, while in the South Amundsen's party could make advance posts as far as 81° so. lat., and even marked their trail with dry fish stuck on end. In the South the cold is more extreme than in the North, but this is more than offset by the fact that the solid land enables you to work all summer, while in the North the first warm weather opens lanes in the ice-covered ocean, and the motion of the floes increases, so that dangers and difficulties multiply. In the South there are many difficulties; there are upward slopes, there are regions infested with crevasses, but there are none of the bewildering changes of front by which the North so long has guarded its secrets.

The same wonderful luck that attended Amundsen on his Northwest Passage helped him in the South, and he did as much as man could in taking at the flood every tide that could lead to fortune. The two substantial volumes are the record of sane preparation for work, sane conduct in the field, and form a sane and modest story of it all. VILHJÁLMUR STEFÁNSSON.

A Group of Danish Books About America. Gyldendal Publishing House, Copenhagen and Christiania, 1912. American Agent, Knud Lassen, 2620 West North Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Panama-Canalen in 1912. By C. P. O. Moltke. No one can read this work without feeling that Denmark selected the right man for the right place, when it sent Count Moltke to Washington. The author examines the undertaking with very wide-awake vision, and his point of view is, in many respects, as interesting as that of the British ambassador in his recent review of the Canal. No diplomat could have written a book of this character who was not much more vitally alive to the great problems of the country than cognizant of the dinner parties in the capital. The book is a concise and painstaking study, undertaken with the sympathy which always illuminates, as well as with accurate observation. It places the greatest undertaking of this century in a most readable manner before the Scandinavian public.

Skovens Helte. By O. C. Molbeck. The average Scandinavian has neither had the time nor, perhaps, the interest for any deeper study of the North American Indians, beyond that acquired in school days between the gaudily illustrated covers of Fenimore Cooper's romances. To such this study, built upon accurate foundations with a historian's knowledge, ought to be of great value. Mr. Molbeck is evidently not only familiar with Prescott, Irving, Bancroft, Parkman and Fiske, but has carefully avoided such alluring excursions from historical truth as have tempted many a better man than Dumas *père*. The Indian, his characteristics, and the part he played in the history of the early settlers, as well as the relationship between the French, English, and Indians are briefly described, and the siege of Detroit, together with the dramatic events surrounding the names of Pontiac and Tecumtha, are all related interestingly, in spite of the elimination of many of the more doubtful and picturesque incidents generally associated with the careers of the two great chieftains. It is just the kind of book that should excite Scandinavians to a close study of those chapters of American history with which they are least familiar.

De derovre, by H. F. Fejlberg, contains a series of letters from Canada, giving the early chapters of a Danish immigrant's life, as told by him and especially by his wife, to those left behind in the old country. They are simple, homely epistles, describing pathetically the squalid conditions one imagines and shudders at when looking down from the upper decks at the steerage below, and recounting the hard, merciless problems connected with the struggle for existence. There are episodes of the prairies and the farmyard—of childbirth—of tilling the soil and cutting the hay—with the beloved fatherland always in a roseate background.

De, der tog hjemmefra (two volumes), by Karl Larsen, is the first of a series to be published by the prolific author and traveler, who has of late years become almost as familiar a figure here as along his own quay in Copenhagen. The series will represent the Danish immigrant in his relationship to the country of his birth and that of his adoption, as completely as possible, from letters collected by the author and gathered in different groups, each forming a complete volume in itself. "Danske Nybyggere," published in 1910, now appears as the first book of this ambitious series. It contains the letters of the Jutland miller's son, who emigrates in the forties, makes his little fortune and returns prosperous to the family mill—followed by those of Hans Rasmussen, who turns American farmer —those of Valdemar Lyngby, a Copenhagen mechanic who becomes a first-class Western tramp—and, finally, the correspondence of a peasant, intelligent and ambitious, unable to kill the longing within him for the old farm on Fyen.

John A. Gade.

LUCKY PEHR (A Drama in Five Acts). From the Swedish of August Strindberg. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati, 1912. $1.50 net.

It is a pleasure to note that "Lucky Pehr," which has recently appeared in an English translation by Velma Swanston Howard, has been received with enthusiasm by book reviewers all over the country. Its good-natured satire, its optimism and the feminine ideal in the person of Lisa, commend it to American readers who have been repelled by the darker strain of Strindberg's naturalistic dramas. It is probable that "Lucky Pehr" will soon be staged in America, and that it will rival in popularity "Easter," which has for the last two months been listed among the "best sellers."

MODERN SWEDISH ART IN COLOR. With Introduction by Christian Brinton. Albert Bonnier Publishing House. $1.15 net.

A charming portfolio, containing eight of the most popular pictures of Prince Eugen, Carl Larsson and Bruno Liljefors, in colors, is published by Bonnier, with an illuminating introduction by Mr. Christian Brinton, and should prove of timely interest in connection with the Exhibition of Scandinavian Art. Among other books on Swedish art offered by Bonnier are "Sweden Through the Artist's Eye," by Carl G. Laurin, with beautiful illustrations in color, and a large album of Bruno Liljefors' paintings.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PICTURES OF SWEDISH LIFE, by Mrs. Woods Baker, 1903; HISTORY OF THE SWEDES OF ILLINOIS, edited by Ernst W. Olson, 1908; FRITHIOF'S SAGA, edited by George T. Flom, 1909; THE ANGEL OF DEATH, by J. O. Wallin, translated by Clement B. Shaw, 1910; FRITHIOF'S SAGA, translated by Clement B. Shaw, 1911. The Engberg-Holmberg Publishing Company, 358 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

AMERIKA OG ANDRE DIGTE, by Agnes M. Wergeland. B. Anundsen Publishing Company, Decorah, Iowa, 1912.

SOMMER I ADIRONDACK BJERGENE, by Metthea Mathiasen. Milo'ske Boghandels Forlag, Odense, Denmark, 1912.

PRIDE OF WAR, by Gustaf Janson. Translated from the Swedish original of "Lögnerna." Little, Brown & Co., Boston, 1912.

CANUTE THE GREAT, 995 (circ)–1035, AND THE RISE OF DANISH IMPERIALISM DURING THE VIKING AGE. By Lawrence Marcellus Larson, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1912.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MARCH REVIEW

ROALD AMUNDSEN was born in Borge, Norway, in 1872. After taking his bachelor's degree, he studied medicine for two years, but abandoned his studies to go to sea. He went along as first mate in the *Belgica* Antarctic expedition under Captain Gerlache in 1897–9. He then turned his efforts toward northern explorations, and in 1906 completed the famous voyage through the Northwest Passage. His next trip was to the Antarctics again, and the story of his discovery of the South Pole on December 14, 1911, is too fresh in the minds of the readers to require recapitulation.

J. NILSEN LAURVIK was born in Fredriksvern, Norway, and comes of a long line of seafaring ancestors. He early in life determined to fit himself for a writer on art topics, and studied with this end in view. He has been a regular contributor to art periodicals in New York, and is at present art critic on the Boston *Transcript*. He has published numerous original books and translations, among the latter being a rendering of Ibsen's letters into English.

VILHJALMUR STEFÁNSSON is of Icelandic extraction, though an American by education. He is well known for his explorations in the Arctics.

JOHN A. GADE is a graceful writer along the lines of his own profession as an architect. He has recently published a book on "The Cathedrals of Spain."

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THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN
REVIEW

VOLUME I MAY · 1913 NUMBER 3

Count Ehrensvärd

By HENRY S. HENSCHEN
Acting Consul of Sweden in Chicago

COUNT JOHAN JACOB ALBERT EHRENSVÄRD, the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs at Stockholm, well-known to American Scandinavians since his altogether too brief incumbency of the post of Swedish Minister at Washington, during 1910 and 1911, is in many respects a most fortunate man. For he bears a name distinguished for two centuries in connection with Swedish history, and as well-known to every schoolboy in the Northland as are the names of John Paul Jones in America, and of Lord Nelson in England. His ancestor, Augustin Ehrensvärd, was the founder and builder in 1749 of the Swedish fortress, Sveaborg, a name never to be forgotten in Swedish annals. Augustin's son, Karl August, was the admiral in command at the naval engagement at Svensksund in 1789 between Sweden and Russia. The grandson of Admiral Ehrensvärd distinguished himself as a member of parliament, as governor of the province of Göteborg, and finally as Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1885 to 1889.

But the twentieth century is a democratic age, and Count Albert Ehrensvärd, who was born in 1867 as the son of Governor Ehrensvärd, can probably trace little, if any, of his success in public life to the careers of his distinguished forbears. Despite his aristocratic lineage, he is a leader in the Liberal Party, and was called to the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, a position held by his father a generation earlier, when the Staaf Cabinet was formed in October, 1911. Previously he had acted as Chief Secretary of the Foreign Office (1906) and as Swedish Minister to Belgium and Holland (1908–1910).

No one will question that Count Ehrensvärd's career in his present high position has been able—even brilliant. When in June of last

year he arose in the Lower House of the Swedish Parliament to speak against the proposal to discontinue a system of national defence, and, instead, let the security and integrity of the country depend upon treaties of neutrality with the powers, his argument was so unanswerable, his logic so convincing, that the House by the remarkable tribute of a unanimous vote of all parties, sustained his views. In the more recent reorganization and improvement of the Swedish diplomatic and consular services (February, 1913), his ideas have again been incorporated into law.

Count Ehrensvärd's early training was in the law and his tastes are largely literary. His many friends and admirers in America are watching his career with great interest.

Minnesota's Experiment with the Consolidated Rural School

By ADOLPH OLSON EBERHART

Governor of Minnesota

HOW to make country life attractive is one of the great problems of today. The boys and girls are leaving the farm, because there is nothing in the average farm home that is noble and elevating or that appeals to their instinct for the fine and beautiful. We want something that shall draw out the best and highest in them, and we also want amusement and entertainment of a clean, wholesome kind. A little girl at the age of seven had never seen a circus. She pleaded with her father and mother, but they refused to take her. Finally she persuaded her mother to allow her to go to see the circus accompanied by the servant. When she came home she ran to her mother and said: "Mamma, if you would go to the circus just once, you would never again go to prayer meeting as long as you live." There is a double message full of meaning to me in the little girl's words. We ought to make the prayer meeting, that is, the church life, so attractive that the father, the mother and the children, as well as the pastor and his wife, would delight in it. On the other hand, we ought to make the circus, that is, the amusement, so clean that the pastor and his wife and the deacon and his wife and their children could go.

When I see cities where hundreds of thousands of dollars are being spent for parks and playgrounds in order that the little boys and girls

may be attracted from the streets and given clean, healthy pleasure, it would seem that cities are good to live in. The rural districts have all the natural advantages of sunshine and fresh air, of contact with the soil, of room to grow, all the influences that go to build a strong, sound, moral race. It costs us a comparatively small effort and expenditure to give our children ideal environments. The only question is—how can we make country life attractive?

I left the country when I was a boy, and in telling you why it could not hold me, I am speaking for hundreds and thousands of boys on the farm. There was nothing in it that was worth while. When I went to school the teacher told me that she was teaching in the country because she could not get a city school. I remember the little school house and the benches, with the girls on one side and the boys on the other. The only other piece of furniture was a huge stove, with cord wood piled high around it. At the tiny single window we seventeen youngsters were trying to learn our lessons. There is no opportunity for a teacher to make of such a school what a school ought to be. The time has gone by when it sufficed to meet the demands of the community. We need now a teacher in agriculture, in manual training, in home economics and in music, besides the ordinary school branches. We cannot get all these things in the little old-fashioned schoolhouse.

The consolidated rural school, which is also the social center of the neighborhood, is a Minnesota idea, and it has been worked out very successfully. Several smaller schools are combined into one, and the children are brought to and from school in carriages. In spite of the saving by reducing the number of schools, there is of course an added expenditure required in order to build school houses with perfect ventilation, heat and light, large enough and sufficiently well equipped for teaching all the subjects required. This has been met by the State legislature, which has granted $2,100 a year as a special aid to each of these schools. They are under the supervision of the State.

"Does it pay?" asks the farmer. He does not ask whether it pays to buy a better machine for his farm, but takes it for granted that it does. He is learning to see that the same rule holds good when it comes to building school houses. Let us look only at the financial side for a moment. I have in mind a boy who had worked in the northern part of Minnesota and had saved up $3,000. He went to my home county and bought one of the poorest farms in the district, one in which the soil had been robbed of all the nitrate and phosphates and lime. He knew that in order to make anything out of it he would have to restore the vitality of the soil, and he subscribed for an agricultural paper which he carried with him in the field and read while the horses were resting. His neighbors scoffed

at the "book farmer," but he is today one of the richest men in the county. On rainy days he gathers the farmers and talks to them about how to prepare the soil, how to rotate crops and how to select seed, so that the soil may become richer instead of poorer, while it is bearing a full harvest.

There are thousands of such impoverished farms in Minnesota and in the older States. The records of the last ten years show that in the eastern States farm values have decreased more than a billion dollars by robbing the soil of its vital elements, by what may be called soil mining, instead of soil tilling. We need the "book farmer" and his knowledge in order to restore land values, and he is no longer scoffed at. One of our young men who has studied at an agricultural school has since his return raised the average stand of corn in his township 30 per cent. The average amount of butter fat per cow in Minnesota is 143 pounds a year. It could easily be made 300 pounds. When we consider that we are even now selling $50,000,000 worth of butter every year, it is easy to calculate what enormous wealth would be gained by doubling our output. But not only that: The boys who have studied agriculture take a more intelligent interest in their work, and feeling that farm life offers them splendid opportunities, they have no desire to go to the city. With a consolidated rural school, a good teacher of agriculture, and five or ten acres of land around the school-house, every farm in the neighborhood ought to be doubled in value.

But the results are not only to be measured in money. The consolidated school must have teachers in home economics to show the girls how to manage their homes and make them attractive. In addition we say to the teacher: "You must become the social and civic leader in that community. We must have both instruction and entertainment in the school, and we must interest the parents in the entertainment." In this way the school becomes an influence in the whole district, I once attended a banquet that had been arranged in one of these school, and everything from food to speeches was excellent. These boys and girls could not be driven away from the country, and they are bringing brightness into the lives of the old people as well, who have hitherto known more toil than pleasure. Give the boys and girls in the country the chances of the city, and they are going to stay and make of the country what it could be and ought to be.

What is life? A fighting
In heart and in brain with Trolls.
Poetry? that means writing
Doomsday-accounts of our souls.

From "Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen." Translated by FYDELL EDMUND GARRETT. E. P. Dutton & Co., 1912.

A Swedish Bayreuth in Kansas

By ERNST FREDERICK PIHLBLAD

President of Bethany College

KANSAS raises corn and cattle. There are waving wheat fields, and sleek kine crop the succulent buffalo grass on the broad plains. Farmers market their produce in automobiles from bulging granaries. Rolling prairies are flecked with prosperous towns and villages, where the streets are lined with homelike cottages. On every hand there are signs of the prosperity and comfort that come as a reward of industry and frugality. Many of the jails have no prisoners, and of its poor-houses there are some without inmates. Millionaires are curiosities, and paupers are almost unknown. Its people are just common folk. Yet Kansas is also famed for the part she has played in the moral progress of the country. Abolition was the issue that made her a State, and on her soil the first blood was shed which eventually bought freedom for the black slave and cemented the severed sisterhood of the States into an indissoluble Union. Here for a generation unremitting war has been waged against the demon of drink, until the effective abolition of the saloon with an effective prohibition law has proven itself to be more than an "iridescent dream." Recently the men of Kansas have proved their chivalry by extending full suffrage to the women.

The tourist on his way to the Rockies or the Pacific Coast will hardly be tempted to tarry long on these broad, undulating plains. Beyond the prevailing prosperity there is little to attract the eye seeking scenic beauty. The towns have a certain monotonous sameness, and there is little to suggest centers of culture. There are no large cities with teeming millions, and in a country which forty years ago was the stamping ground of the Indian and buffalo, monuments of ancient culture are absent. Least of all would the stranger be inclined to associate the name of Kansas with art or expect to find among these commonplace folk a devotion to its most classic forms. This would naturally be sought only in the metropolis, whither talent gravitates, attracted by flattering emoluments within the giving of a leisure class alone.

But in the heart of the agricultural district, about two hundred miles west of Kansas City, lies the little town of Lindsborg, a hamlet of scarcely two thousand souls, which is the musical center of the Southwest.

The fact that the community is made up almost entirely of immigrants from Sweden and their children justifies the appearance of this sketch in THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW. As you



ERNST FREDERICK PIHLBLAD
President of Bethany College

walk along the main thoroughfare of the village such good old Swedish names as Johnson, Sundstrom, Malm, Nelson and Backstrom are conspicuously in evidence. While waging an unremitting fight for sustenance and material prosperity, these people have found time to cultivate the higher forms of musical art, until they have made their town the Mecca whither the devotees of the divine art for hundreds of miles make pilgrimage to attend the annual Messiah Festivals.

Lindsborg is the center of a Swedish colony of about forty square miles in extent. Its only boast above the neighboring towns is the presence of Bethany College and the annual musical events at Easter time.

Each Easter week its people perform Handel's "Messiah," with a chorus of five hundred voices and an orchestra of forty pieces. With the exception of the soloists, who now are stars of the first magnitude on the artistic firmament, it is entirely a home affair. The membership of the organization is made up of the merchants, artisans, farmers, and housewives of the town and surrounding countryside, together with the students of the college. The chorus is more than thirty years old and has given Handel's "Messiah" eighty-seven times.

Among its members there are those who participated in the first performance, and it is no uncommon thing for three generations of the same family to be represented. From the bass section more than one grandfather hears the voices of his daughter and granddaughter singing among the sopranos and altos. One of the unique features is a Children's Chorus of three hundred, and the exercises of the Messiah Week, as the festival is popularly called, would be quite incomplete without the concert by this organization. Membership in it is a distinction to which every boy and girl in the community aspires, and it is a red-letter day in the life of the youthful musician when for the first time he is permitted to appear as a member of the orchestra in a public performance of the Oratorio.

Glenn Dillard Gunn, the critic of the Chicago *Tribune*, an authority of recognized merit in things musical, describes the singing of the chorus as follows: "It attains a tone of surprising unity, and in all matters of rhythmical and intervallic precision it is unsurpassed. The quality of tone is beautiful. In all massive effects it is of overwhelming sonority. . . . But it is a spiritual attribute rather than that of mere tone and technic that distinguishes the performance of the Lindsborg Chorus, as compared with the choruses of larger cities."

The Messiah is given three times each season—Palm Sunday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday. Each afternoon and evening of the week are given over to musical entertainment by visiting artists

or members of the faculty. Every available room in the public hostelries, as well as in private homes, is in demand. On the Messiah days the railroads furnish special train service. A single one of these special trains brought in over twelve hundred visitors for the concerts on the opening day of the season this spring. During the hours these strangers are in the city Lindsborg finds its population increased threefold. The following incident will indicate the cosmopolitan color of the audience: A missionary on furlough from India found his neighbor to be an English military man in the Indian service temporarily sojourning in this country, who in his travels had been attracted to the festival.

The dignity of the event requires the co-operation of the world's foremost artists. Madame Schumann-Heink opened this year's festival, and sang to a packed house, with a seating capacity of three thousand. When one considers that the fee which the great diva received represents a per capita assessment of seventy-five cents on every man, woman, and child in the city, it is possible to form an adequate conception of the hold which music has gained over the hearts of these people and of the attraction of the event for the adjacent country.

The whole undertaking has about it something of the old-world atmosphere of simplicity bordering on the severely primitive. The concerts are given in a large wooden structure, octagonal in shape and furnished with wooden benches. The women in the chorus are attired in white and the men in conventional black. As the five hundred singers arise at the signal of the director, the effect is overwhelming. There is no applause during the programme, which lasts about three hours, and the atmosphere is rather that of a religious service than of the concert hall.

Lindsborg was founded by a colony of Swedish immigrants, who hailed from the mountain regions of Vermland and came over in 1868 and 1869. The spiritual leader of the little band was Rev. Olof Olsson, a man distinguished for his intellectual attainments, artistic temperament and religious devotion. He was accustomed to gather the sturdy pioneers and their buxom wives in some sod house on the storm-swept prairie to dispel the oppressive solitude of the long winter nights by teaching them the rudiments of choral singing. It was merely a matter of the singing-school, common in rural districts a generation ago.

The credit for the existence of the Bethany Oratorio Society, however, is due Dr. Carl Swensson, who in 1879 came to Lindsborg, fresh from college, to be pastor of the church. In 1881 he founded Bethany Academy, which has since grown into a college, with a student body of nine hundred and a teaching staff of forty. It was to raise funds for Bethany College that the Lindsborg Chorus was established.

Handel's Messiah, which he had found particularly inspiring, was made the repertoire of the chorus. His wife, Mrs. Alma Swensson, who served the church as organist, added to her duties those of choral director. After spending the winter months in study the chorus was ready for its first public appearance in the spring of 1882. After the concert at home Swensson took his singers to the neighboring parishes of Salina, McPherson, Fremont, and Salemsborg, realizing a net profit of $200 on the undertaking. A man of great vision, he was quickly alert to the moral and esthetic advantages of the Oratorio Society. While it brought beauty into the dull routine of pioneer life, it justified itself by the practical consideration of material gain in the support of the infant college.

The Bethany Oratorio Society is now a permanent fixture in the development of the community. The school and the chorus have grown apace, and their life is closely intermingled with that of the community. It represents the one aspiration in which the inhabitants, regardless of all other differences, are undivided. The chorus is still recruited from the people of the town and the countryside. Among its members there are those who drive from seven to eight miles—no small degree of devotion, particularly on cold winter nights, over rough roads. Mrs. Swensson was succeeded by a professional director, who came to the faculty of the college. Others have followed in a long, honorable line. The present director is Mr. Earl Rosenberg, who in an efficient manner has wielded the baton during the last three seasons. The repertoire of the chorus has been expanded until it includes all of the standard oratorios.

Bethany Oratorio Society has demonstrated its usefulness, as well as its artistic value. Through its efforts the little Swedish hamlet on the broad prairies of Kansas has been made one of the musical centers of the country. It has brought into the materialistic life of a new State—where in the nature of things the butter and bread question is uppermost—something of the softening influence of old-world culture, and has gained for the Swedish immigrant a distinction beyond that of "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water." The Messiah at Lindsborg has proved a tangible contribution to that new, seething life which is springing out of the prairies of the great Southwest.

FREYR'S LOVE SONG

Translated out of the Poetic Edda by ARTHUR JERROLD TIEJE

Long is one night,
Two are longer,
How thrive through three?
Oft a month's passing
Seemed less than a half-night
Haunted by love.

Sweden's Unique Organization of Women

By HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

"WORK is the essence of life; work is the blessing of life," was Fredrika Bremer's motto. It is the guiding principle of the league which was founded as a living monument to her, and which now, almost a half century after her death, is a power in Sweden. Even in these days of women's organizations there is nothing in all the world to compare with it. In its many-sided activities, the selfless devotion of its workers, and in the superb intelligence that has directed its efforts and led to success, the Fredrika Bremer League has only one parallel in America—Hull House in Chicago. In its aims, however, it is entirely different. Its task has been to set free the latent powers of the Swedish women, and to lift from the breadwinners of the nation the burden of an unproductive womanhood.

The leaders in the woman movement in Scandinavia have each stood for a definite ideal and have unconsciously supplemented one another. Fredrika Bremer's Norwegian contemporary, Camilla Collett, the centennial of whose birth is celebrated this year, protested chiefly against the crushing of women's heart life in the mercenary marriages that were their only "breadwinning" occupation at the time. Her ideals have been developed by Ellen Key, whose life message it is that women find their highest self-realization in motherhood. Selma Lagerlöf, a much more ardent suffragist, believes that the influences that have created the Northern home need to be carried out into the larger life of the State.

Fredrika Bremer fought for the liberation in women of the purely human qualities, which, after all, are a necessary foundation for the ideals of a Camilla Collett or an Ellen Key. The most intense sufferings of her childhood were caused by the repression of her vivacious, active nature. Her mother's reply, when she and her sister asked permission to walk out—that if they wanted exercise they might jump up and down behind the back of a chair—has become historic. She was very talented, but there was no food for her mind in the education of the "elegant young female" of the time—to borrow the expressive term of the old English novelists. "I felt myself born with strong wings," she says, "but I also felt that they were stunted, and believed that they must always remain so." A visit to the United States helped her to clarify her ideas and to take hope for the future. In those days Camilla Collett and Fredrika Bremer both looked to America for the realization of their fondest dreams for

Note.—The Editors are indebted to Mrs. Velma Swanston Howard, herself a member of the Fredrika Bremer League, for data concerning the organization.

women, while now the situation is reversed, and America looks to Scandinavia for examples of progressive womanhood.

When Fredrika Bremer determined to devote herself to the betterment of the lot of women, it was especially the tragedy of the elderly spinster that moved her. She believed that this burden on the household budget and all too cheap butt of ridicule could be transformed into a useful and happy member of the nation simply by unchaining her limbs and allowing her to work. In the same spirit the Fredrika Bremer League was organized in 1884, nineteen years after her death. Its aim was to help that most pathetic of all creatures, the poor unattached woman of good family who starves in a garret, eludes pity, and masks her abject want with a smile.

The founders of the League were gentlewomen of means and leisure, many of them of noble birth. The first meeting was called in the home of the Baroness Adlerspärre, herself a writer and publisher, the friend of Fredrika Bremer and the patroness of the young Selma Lagerlöf, whom she gave the means to finish her first important work, "Gösta Berling's Saga." With her were associated Ellen Ankersvärd, Fredrika Limnel, Dr. Ellen Fries, the first woman in Sweden to take a degree as doctor of philosophy, and other progressive women and men. While most of the actual work and planning in the League has been done by women, they have always had associated with them men of practical experience. One of their staunchest friends has been Mayor Lindhagen, of Stockholm.

An employment bureau for gentlewomen was established, and it was found that exactly three occupations not menial were open to women; they could be teachers, bank clerks and trained housekeepers. The founders of the League made a patient canvass of all the fields of work where it seemed to them that feminine labor might be utilized, and went personally to the employers of labor, asking them to engage women. "But these women are not trained," was the answer. "Very well; then we will train them."

Women of narrower vision would have organized classes in their League, but such an expedient would have seemed to these leaders a mere tinkering with the problem. They went, instead, to the best schools for expert training that the country possessed, and secured from them the promise that women students would not only be admitted to the classes, but that they would be given especially low rates. Among the professions and trades opened in this way were those of nursing, gymnastics, pharmacy, telegraphy, watchmaking, landscape gardening, printing, bookbinding, clerkships in government and railroad offices, making of dairy products, chicken farming and teaching the deaf, dumb, blind, and feeble-minded.

Another question arose—how were these women to maintain themselves while undergoing training? Then began the great organ-

izing work of the Fredrika Bremer League. An appeal for funds was sent all over the country, and as soon as a parish had raised 5,000 kroner, the interest on the money was applied to a scholarship for a young woman from that parish to be selected by responsible persons among her neighbors. The scholarship was to be regarded in the light of a loan and to be paid back in small instalments. Thousands of women have been helped in this way, and the number of nurses alone in the League, most of whom have been Fredrika Bremer scholars, is so great that they have been forced to have their own quarters outside of the League building. The co-workers in the different parishes also assist in regulating the supply and demand of workers by reporting the state of the labor market to the central information bureau. Thus if a girl has set her heart on learning stenography, and her neighborhood is flooded with stenographers, while there is a good opening for a landscape gardener, she is urged to enter the less crowded profession.

In adjusting a scale of wages for women the League has worked so carefully and with such wise magnanimity that the wages of men were not forced down by the influx of women into the industries. Attention has been directed particularly to the government offices, since these set the standard for the whole country.

A committee on legal matters keeps an eye on all bills before the Riksdag that concern the welfare of women, and the legislators are influenced through letters, brochures and personal interviews. Lecturers and books are sent out over all parts of the country to educate women in civics, so that the full franchise, when it comes, shall find them prepared. When Fredrika Bremer began her agitation, a woman could only become legally of age by special application, and such a step was considered to reflect disgrace upon her family. Now women have the municipal franchise and are frequently elected to municipal offices. It is very often the old teachers of a parish who are honored in this manner. Even the peasant women of Sweden show a surprisingly intelligent appreciation of their duties as voters, due in a large measure to the educational work of the League.

The problem of pure food at reasonable prices, which is now agitating the American housewife, has been met in Sweden by co-operative stores for women, in which the management, employees and shareholders are all women. The plan was evolved by Miss Anna Whitlock and gained the support of numerous women's organizations, chief among which was the Fredrika Bremer League. The first of these stores was incorporated in 1905, with a membership of 391 women and a capital of 25,000 kroner. It met with much opposition from the retail merchants, and the wholesale dealers were warned not to sell to the women under penalty of being boycotted. They were obliged to use all manner of stratagems, such as having

goods delivered at night and buying from abroad. In spite of all opposition the business has steadily grown, and the membership increased. Goods are sold only to members and for cash. Dividends are paid every half year and aggregate about 4 per cent. on capital and 5 per cent. on purchases.

Only the briefest summary of the other activities of the Fredrika Bremer League is possible within the limits of this article. A club house is maintained for factory workers and domestic servants, where they have music, games, lectures and debates. A weekly newspaper is published in the interests of these workers, while a monthly magazine dealing with social, economic and literary topics is issued for the more cultured woman. A sick relief fund has been established for teachers and other self-supporting women, and a home is maintained for students. The League has an agricultural school for women in Norrland, where scientific farming and the making of dairy products is taught. A literary committee reads carefully all the children's books that are published and makes out lists of the desirable books to be sent to libraries and schools. In this way the tone of the juvenile literature in Sweden has been raised to a very high standard. The abolishment of the distribution of liquor to boys in the military camps was due largely to the efforts of the League.

The Fredrika Bremer League has been fortunate in keeping to the spirit of its gentle founders. Its members, among whom are such illustrious names as Selma Lagerlöf and Ellen Key, have labored in a spirit of pure devotion to their cause, without any thought of self-aggrandizement. They have worked with men, not against them, and they have gone on their way quietly, modestly, but unflinchingly, like their first leader, the Baroness Adlerspärre, a frail little woman with a will of iron, of whom it was said that "she knew no such word as impossible. If a thing were good, it was possible."

A reproduction of one of the Olympic medals which have just reached America.



These medals were sent to all participants in the Olympic Games at Stockholm in the summer of 1912

Reproduced by courtesy of the owner, MR. FREDERICK SCHENCK

Editorial

EAST AND WEST A long-cherished wish of the leaders in the American-Scandinavian Movement has been realized by a six weeks' journey of Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, the secretary of the Foundation and Society, through Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, and Iowa. The Foundation has recently extended its influence to the Middle West by granting scholarships to students from that part of the country, and by establishing the REVIEW as the best means of uniting all sections. It was felt, however, that a personal visit and conferences between a representative of the Foundation and Scandinavian leaders in the West was needed in order to initiate a fuller co-operation.

The greater part of the Secretary's time was naturally spent in Chicago, where the Art Exhibition focused all Northern interests. By illustrated lectures he sought to elucidate the modern Scandinavian art to many who yet feel it to be unfamiliar, as well as to carry the educational influence of the Exhibition to many who did not have an opportunity of seeing it. He made in all thirty addresses at the State universities of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and North Dakota; at the University of Chicago; at the Scandinavian colleges of Augustana, Gustavus Adolphus, Concordia, Luther College in Racine, North Park College, St. Olaf, Minnesota College, and Luther College in Decorah; and before several Scandinavian societies, including the Swedish Historical Society at the Swedish Club, the Norwegian National League, the Norwegian Club, the Danish Societies at Dania Hall, and the Society of Swedish Engineers in Chicago; the Odin Club and the John Ericsson Association in Minneapolis; and the Norwegian Literary Society Symra, in Decorah. In most of these places he lectured on the Art Exhibition, always explaining in general the plans of the Society and the Foundation. He also lectured on Strindberg before "Strindbergarne" in Chicago and at the University of Minnesota; on Danish Co-operation at the North Dakota Agricultural College and at the Odin Club of Minneapolis; on the Commercial Relations of the United States and Norway before the Commercial Club of Fargo.

A mere enumeration of those who honored the Foundation and Society by extending some special courtesy to their secretary will show how wide and representative are the circles that have come in touch with the American-Scandinavian Movement. A delightful event was the "Sexa" given by the Odin Club in Minneapolis, with a following Valhalla festival in a hall decorated for the purpose by an artist; among the guests were the former presidents of the club, including ex-Governor Lind, while President Vincent, of the Univer-

sity of Minnesota made a brilliant plea for Scandinavian studies. At the universities and colleges the Secretary was entertained either by the president or the professor of Northern languages. At the University of North Dakota President McVey gave a dinner to which the deans of departments and the Scandinavian consuls were invited. A dinner in the University Club in Madison was arranged by Prof. Julius E. Olson and included prominent Scandinavians of the University and Capitol, with President Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, as the principal speaker. Among others who extended hospitality to Dr. Leach were Norwegian Consul Oscar H. Haugan, Swedish Acting Consul Henry S. Henschen, Danish Consul Georg Bech, Judge Oscar M. Torrison and Mr. Charles S. Peterson, president of the Swedish Club, in Chicago; Governor Eberhart, of Minnesota; Consul E. H. Hobe, of St. Paul; Prof. A. A. Stomberg, Prof. Gisle Bothne, and the Svithiod and Thulanian Clubs, in Minneapolis; President Aasgaard, of Concordia College; Dr. H. O. Fjelde, in Fargo; President C. K. Preus, President Emeritus Laur. Larsen, and Dr. K. Gjerset, of Luther College, Decorah; Professor Kilander, of Gustavus Adolphus College; Dean Seashore, of Iowa University; Prof. George T. Flom, of the University of Illinois, the faculty of Augustana College, the faculty of St. Olaf College and the Faculty Club of the University of Chicago.

The generous interest of the Scandinavian and American press in giving publicity to the Art Exhibition and to the Secretary's trip through Minnesota and North Dakota has aided in bringing the American-Scandinavian Movement to the minds of the public. The Danish, Norwegian and Swedish schools, churches, newspapers and national societies have done a glorious work for the preservation of the languages and traditions of the home countries, and the last decade has witnessed an abundant harvesting of the grain sown through many long, patient years. Instead of weakening with the passing of time, the ties of intellectual kinship have grown stronger. The American-Scandinavian Foundation and Society are new in the field compared with the veterans of the West, but the enthusiasm with which their representative has been welcomed shows that the sincere desire of their leaders to be helpful in all good work has been appreciated. Many have expressed the feeling that the Foundation and Society, standing outside of all factions, may be a means of fusing the many influences which, though often superficially at variance, are tending to the same end—the preservation of Northern culture to enrich our American national life.

The expedition contained many happy surprises for the Secretary. In Minnesota he found a model commonwealth, in which the executive, legislature, and judiciary were composed in large part of men of Northern descent. North Dakota, also, with its buoyant atmosphere

and suddenly developed wealth, is a State which the Northern nations will one day be proud to have contributed to the New World. The trip was not without its adventures: A railroad bridge broken by the ice and flood in the Mississippi obliged the Secretary to cross in a rowboat and conjure up an image of pioneer days in order to reach Decorah, that stalwart little center of Norwegian culture in Northern Iowa.

THE ART EXHIBITION

The Scandinavians in Chicago have reason to be proud of the success of the Exhibition of Scandinavian Art, due largely to their efforts. According to the statement of the director of the Art Institute, Mr. William M. R. French, the attendance—with a total of 69,094 and reaching 12,816 in a single day—as well as the sale of catalogues, eclipsed all previous records for similar exhibitions. At the opening, February 27, the consuls of the three Scandinavian governments received; the Norwegian Club also gave a reception to members and friends of the club on March 1, and a Swedish night was arranged on March 6 by a committee of Swedish women.

It would be idle for those responsible for the Exhibition to pretend that it had met unqualified approval on all sides, but they do see in the opposing criticisms that mingled with very generous praise a sign of the vitality of Northern art. If they feel any regret it is that many Scandinavians, having in mind the pictures popular in their youth, were disappointed by the new development, as an immigrant returning to his home is disappointed by the absence of the old landmarks. But all such may be reminded that the choice of pictures was left to the men appointed by their respective governments in Denmark, Norway and Sweden as the most competent authorities in the domain of art. We are indebted to them for giving us a stimulating exhibition demonstrating to the American world that the Scandinavian artists are in the vanguard of the modern movement, which, whether we approve of it or not, is an intensely interesting factor to be reckoned with in modern life. In this connection we may quote from a letter of Mr. George W. Stevens, director of the Museum in Toledo, thanking Mr. Gade for his part in bringing over the Exhibition, Mr. Stevens writes:

"It is a splendid commentary on the spirit of the Northlands. Of conventional art we have plenty in this country and elsewhere. We are trying to get away from convention, and sometimes it is very hard for us to do so, for it is the nature of humankind to understand and hold to the old. This is true in science, as well as in art, and every other branch of human endeavor—the conventional we have always with us. It is a delight, therefore, to find brought together this splendid collection of paintings, full of strength, freshness and virility. It is like a cool breeze from the mountain tops and quite as invigorating. We take pleasure in adding our word of thanks to those you must already have received

for your great service to us all in bringing to our shores this important exhibition, which I am sure will prove an inspiration to our own painters, and an education and delight to our public."

SWEDISH HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Council of the Swedish Historical Society of America, meeting at Evanston, Ill., March 14, voted to accept the invitation of the American-Scandinavian Society to affiliate with that organization. At the same time the Council expressed their cordial desire to co-operate in the work of the Foundation. By the plan adopted each member of the Swedish Historical Society becomes an affiliated member of the American-Scandinavian Society, and will receive henceforth the American-Scandinavian Review. The Swedish Historical Society is collecting at Evanston a unique and invaluable library of Swedish Americana, including rare manuscripts relating to early settlements and copies of all books and periodicals published in Swedish in America. The Society publishes Year-Books and contributes in many other ways to promote Swedish studies. The organization was founded in 1905 and is growing steadily. The president is Prof. David Nyvall, and the secretary and librarian is Prof. C. G. Wallenius, both of Chicago.

This is the first organization to affiliate with the American-Scandinavian Society, member for member, and to adopt the REVIEW as an organ to be read in the home of each of its members. It is probable that other societies will follow their example. Meanwhile, other organizations not in a position to affiliate as individual members have joined the American-Scandinavian Society as a body. Many seers predict that the American-Scandinavian Society will in time become the great central body, aiding and concerting the work of the thousands of Swedish, Danish, and Norwegian organizations throughout America. In union there is strength.

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN SOCIETY

The American-Scandinavian Society, during the last month, has had a more rapid growth than ever before in its history. The present membership is approximately 1,300. New life members are Consul Oscar H. Haugan and Mr. William A. Peterson, of Chicago; Mr. Olaf O. Searle, of Minneapolis; Mr. Hans Lagerlöf, of New York, and Mr. J. M. Andersen, of Boston. New patron members are Director G. M. Bryde, Norway; Mr. E. A. Cappelen Smith, New York; Dr. Peter Lauritzen, Minneapolis; Mr. C. H. Hanson, Mr. George E. O. Johnson, and Mr. Charles S. Peterson, Chicago. Mr. Charles S. Peterson has been appointed honorary vice-president of the American-Scandinavian Society, in recognition of his services to Swedish art. As president of the Swedish Club in Chicago he has

been instrumental in organizing the recent successful Swedish Industrial Art Exhibition, as well as the annual exhibitions of Swedish American painters and sculptors held by the club. Among distinguished Scandinavians recently elected to membership is Captain Roald Amundsen. A Social Committee composed of twelve women and four men has been organized in New York, under the efficient chairmanship of Dr. Johannes Hoving. It will arrange not only social affairs, but also, beginning in the fall, a series of lectures on Scandinavian subjects, and a grand concert. The members in other cities where there is a large contingent of the American-Scandinavian Society, have under consideration the appointment of similar committees.

AMERICAN SUPPORT FOR AMUNDSEN

THE REVIEW is happy to announce that, through the negotiations of the president of the American-Scandinavian Society, Mr. John A. Gade, an agreement has been reached by which the National Geographic Society in Washington will put at Captain Roald Amundsen's disposal for his next expedition the sum of $20,000. The name of the expedition will be: "The Norwegian Polar Expedition, undertaken with the Co-operation of the National Geographic Society." Mr. Gade has also received a letter from Colonel Goethals promising that every facility will be given the *Fram* for passing through the Panama Canal among the first vessels.

THE NORWEGIAN CENTENNIAL

A new and significant international link will have been established June 7, when the first steamship of the Norwegian America line, the *Kristianiafjord*, sails from Bergen. Returning from New York June 24 this ship will carry a passenger list of the most prominent Scandinavian citizens of America. A direct Bergen-New York connection offers many interesting possibilities, not the least of them being a direct tourist approach from America to the fjords, as well as a new direct communication over Christiania and Stockholm, with St. Petersburg. The Norwegian government is part owner in the new line, which opens at a most opportune time before the Norwegian Centennial of 1914 that is engrossing the attention of all Norwegian-Americans. Mr. C. J. Hambro, editor of *Morgenbladet*, in Christiania, secretary of Normandsforbundet, which has charge of America's display at the Exposition, is now in America. The legislature of North Dakota has appropriated $10,000, and Governor Hanna heads a private committee to present to Norway a statue of Lincoln, by Gutzon Borglum, while Minnesota, upon the recommendation of Governor Eberhart, is likely to grant $25,000 for the Exposition. It is hoped that the United States will be represented by a man-of-war.

HONOR TO CONSUL GADE

Another sign of the more intimate understanding between Norwegian-Americans and the mother country is the recent appointment by the Storting of Consul F. Herman Gade on the new Commission for the Revision of the Diplomatic and Consular Service. Mr. Gade was until a few years ago a resident of Chicago. The fact that he has won this recognition from the Norwegian government tends to show that Norway is abandoning her policy of putting difficulties in the way of returning Norwegian-Americans who wish to resume citizenship in the old country.

Books

CHIVALRY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE: CHAUCER, MALORY, SPENSER, AND SHAKESPEARE. By William Henry Schofield, Cambridge, Harvard University, 1912. $2.25.

The immediate interest of this book to readers of the REVIEW lies in the fact that the volume embraces in substance four lectures delivered by Professor Schofield during the spring of 1911 at the University of Copenhagen. Its author, known throughout the world of Scandinavian scholarship for his writings on medieval and Northern literature, is chairman of the Department of Comparative Literature in Harvard University, and a trustee of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The present volume is the second of a series of "Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature," founded and edited by Professor Schofield, and two of the six books now in preparation for the series are upon Scandinavian subjects: "The Comedies of Ludwig Holberg," by Oscar James Campbell, instructor in English in the University of Wisconsin, and "The Literary Relations of England and Scandinavia from the Norman Conquest to 1300," by Henry Goddard Leach, secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

Professor Schofield, in his "Chivalry in English Literature," interprets the distinctive English,—if you please, the Northern,—conception of chivalry. "In the Middle Ages England borrowed chivalry from France; but English chivalry and French chivalry developed differently. In France it was chiefly restricted to a class; in England, almost from the first, it was democratized." It is true that each of the four writers under discussion interprets chivalry in his own way. "Chaucer presents a standard of conduct for the knight, Malory for the noble, Spenser for the courtier, and Shakespeare for the man." With all four, however, chivalry is the Christian ideal of personal conduct that has developed into our modern English and Northern conception of a "gentleman." In fact, this old-time ideal from the Middle Ages, proclaimed anew, is proving effective in the materialistic generation in which we live. "Chivalry is being revived as a practical religion for laymen. Boy scouts are spreading some of its principles abroad in the world, and under the inspiration of fair play, idealistic young men are beginning a new crusade against inequalities of opportunity, trying to lower the handicap of position and power that the privileged possess."

For the scholar these essays present an array of technical discoveries and suggestions. For the average reader they are philosophical and broadly stimulating.

The elegance and lucidity of the style is rarely found outside of the French essayists. In fact, it is doubtful if medieval scholarship in America has produced anything more finely sympathetic since Lowell's essay on Chaucer. H. G. L.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. By Ellen Key. Translated by Mamah Bouton Borthwick, A.M. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1912.

RAHEL VARNHAGEN: A PORTRAIT. By Ellen Key. Translated from the Swedish by Arthur G. Chater. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1913.

Ellen Key is becoming known in America as a broad and deeply human thinker in the fields opened by the ever present woman movement. She is the avowed opponent of what she calls the "amaternal" theory, which she believes to be most prevalent in the United States, with Charlotte Perkins Gilman as its ablest exponent. The argument of the amaternals that motherhood is a low function shared with beasts and savages, and in no way to be compared with the higher human qualities, such as truth and justice, she finds "infuriating." It has, she says, "the same validity as that which would deny to the Sistine Chapel the quality of an expression of personality, because beasts and savages also exhibit the decorative instinct." In her book, "The Woman Movement," she utterly repudiates the theory of the amaternals of substituting social for individual motherhood, and finds in the growth of such a sentiment the gravest danger of the extreme feminist attitude. While conceding as a matter of course the political, educational, and industrial freedom of women, she passes beyond these common human rights to a vindication of the rights of women as women. She believes that in the society of the future the welfare of the child will be the central point, and that women will be remunerated by the State in the years when their occupation is motherhood.

In "Rahel Varnhagen" Ellen Key has drawn her ideal of the woman of the future. Rahel was an example of the power of a great personality, apart from what is usually considered productive work. She was the friend of Goethe, Heine and Beethoven, of artists, diplomats, princes and scientists. Though she wrote nothing except the letters published after her death, she was considered the greatest critic of her time. She exercised that influence by which Ellen Key says women become "the ancestors of the holy spirit," which she believes to be the greatest contribution they have made to civilization. H. A. L.

The Magazines

If one may judge from the reading of recent popular magazines, American interest in things Scandinavian is in the ascendant. The Scandinavian Art Exhibition has drawn forth a surprising array of articles, most of them accompanied by illustrations:

For December: "Scandinavian Painters of Today," by Christian Brinton, in *Scribner's Magazine;* "Scandinavian Art and Its National Significance," by Henry Reuterdahl, in *The Craftsman;* "Sweden—A Nation of Craftsmen," by Henry Goddard Leach, in the *Craftsman;* "Scandinavian Art," an editorial in *The Outlook;*

"Scandinavia's Art Message," in *The Literary Digest;* "Concerning Scandinavian Art," by Henry Goddard Leach, in *The Independent.* For January: "The First Collection of Northern Art Exhibited in America," in *Current Opinion;* "Scandinavian Art in Buffalo," in *Academy Notes;* "The Progressive Spirit in Scandinavian Painting," by Christian Brinton, in *The International Studio;* "First Impression of the Scandinavian Art Exhibition," by Leonard D. Abbott, in *The International;* "Anna Boberg: the Sea Painter of the North," by Hanna Astrup Larsen, in *The Craftsman.* For February: "Scandinavian Art," by Elisabeth Luther Cary, in *Art and Progress.* For March: "The Lithographs of Henrik Lund," by Henry Reuterdahl, in *The Craftsman;* "Gustav Adolph Fjaestad," by Henry Goddard Leach, in *The American Magazine;* "Bruno Liljefors," by Henry Goddard Leach, in *The Outing Magazine.*

American periodicals pay an annual tribute to Scandinavian explorers, and this year has proved no exception. Captain Amundsen would require a whole bibliography. *Harper's Magazine* is publishing monthly instalments, begun in December, of "My Quest in the Arctic," by Vilhjálmur Stefánsson, in his buoyant entertaining style. Other magazines, such as *The Scientific American* (September), *The American Museum Journal* (October), *The National Geographic Magazine* (December), *The American Review of Reviews* (April), have published accounts by Stefánsson or about him, while he is the subject of a biographical portrait in *The American Magazine* for April by Henry Goddard Leach.

The co-operative enterprises and the other social experiments of Denmark continue to receive ever growing attention on this side of the Atlantic. The most compact and comprehensive history of the whole subject is that offered by the essay, "Social Denmark," by Mr. P. Schou, of the Danish Foreign Office, in *The Quarterly Journal of Economics* (November). In March the Danish-American Association published and distributed through its press bureau in Chicago a reprint of "Agricultural Co-operation in Denmark," by John F. Sinclair, of the Wisconsin Free Library Commission. *The American Review of Reviews* for April, prefaced an article on "Consumers' Co-operation," with a photograph taken at the grave of the late Danish cabinet member, Svend Högsbro.

Scandinavian Americans are constantly contributing to current magazines on topics other than Scandinavian. For example, much discussion has been awakened by an article by Hanna Astrup Larsen on "The Cowardice of American Literature" in *The Forum* for October. Again, *The Central Law Journal* for February 28 presents a digestive essay on "The False Theory of the Binding Force of Precedent," by Axel Teisen, of Philadelphia, a lawyer of Danish birth. Mr. Teisen contributes regularly to this journal; his standpoint is broad and international, and he often illustrates from legal institutions in Scandinavia. J. Nilsen Laurvik, the Norwegian American art critic, writes on "New Paths in Art" in *The International* for April.

Recent philological articles include "The Geats of Beowulf," by Dr. Gudmund Schütte, of Copenhagen, in *The Journal of English and Germanic Philology* (October), and "Semological Notes on Old Scandinavian Flik," by George T. Flom, in the same journal for January. The third number of the *Publication of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study* (December) contains "Gotthonic Names," by Gudmund Schütte; "The Drama in Iceland," by L. M. Hollander; "The Scandinavian Languages in the High School," by George T. Flom, and "August Strindberg," by A. G. S. Josephson. A unique and invaluable feature of this periodical is its department announcing forthcoming publications. Further, Scandinavian scholars in America may congratulate Dr. L. M. Hollander, of the University of Wisconsin, on being the first American to publish in a philological journal in Scandinavia; "The Relative Age of the

Gautrekssaga and the Hrólfssaga Gautrekssonar" appears in *Arkiv for nordisk Filologi* (XXV, 120).

Meanwhile the first two numbers of THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW have met with widespread public appreciation. *Berlingske Tidende* and *National-tidende* in Copenhagen have translated Professor Hovgaard's article on "The Commercial Future of St. Thomas." Dr. Eyde's essay on "The Industrial Future of Norway" was reprinted in part with illustrations in *The American Review of Reviews* (March). The *Literary Digest* (March 8) quoted at length from Captain Amundsen's defense of Polar risks, and *Current Opinion* from Mr. Laurvik's "Intolerance in Art." These articles have been reprinted in large part, also, in the press, including the *New York Herald*, the *Chicago Examiner* and the *Chicago Record-Herald*.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MAY REVIEW

HENRY S. HENSCHEN, acting consul for Sweden, is an important figure in the financial and Swedish-American world in Chicago. Since 1908 he has been cashier of the State Bank of Chicago, the largest Scandinavian banking institution of America, and has written a history of the bank. His broad public interests have carried him into many charitable and educational movements, including the introduction of the Scandinavian languages into the high schools of Chicago.

ADOLPH OLSON EBERHART succeeded Governor Johnson as the Governor of Minnesota, and is the third man of Swedish descent to hold the highest executive office in the state. Coming from Vermland at the age of 11, he began his American career as a cattle herder. He worked his way through Gustavus Adolphus College, completing a seven years' course in four and taking every elective in the curriculum. He afterwards studied law. The memory of his boyhood struggles has given Governor Eberhart a deep interest in bettering the conditions of country life and giving the country boys and girls "a chance."

ERNST FREDERICK PIHLBLAD was born in Kansas of Swedish parents and has studied at Swedish-American institutions of learning. He was but little over thirty, when he was called, in 1906, to the presidency of Bethany College in Lindsborg, Kansas. He is also president of the Bethany Oratorical Society.

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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE JULY REVIEW

J. CLAN, as Consul-General for Denmark in New York from 1905 to 1913, and acting upon several occasions as Charge d' Affaires of the Danish Legation, has gained an intimate and sympathetic understanding of Danish-American life. He will leave New York this month in order to take a position as chief of the Second Department in the Danish Ministry for Foreign Affairs having to do with Consular and Commercial matters.

AXEL G. S. JOSEPHSON is chief cataloguer of the John Crerar Library in Chicago. He was one of the founders of the Swedish Historical Society, and is now engaged in preparing a bibliography of Strindberg's writings to be published in Stockholm.

JOHN ALLYNE GADE, during his presidency of the American-Scandinavian Society, has been instrumental in bringing the Scandinavian Art Exhibition to this country. Largely by his assistance, Roald Amundsen was enabled to make his dash for the South Pole. By donating his services as an architect and collecting funds, Mr. Gade two years ago made it possible to raise the first Norwegian church in Manhattan. He is the author of "Cathedrals in Spain," and of numerous magazine articles on subjects related to his profession as an architect.

HANS LAGERLÖF, as secretary of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce in New York, and treasurer of the American-Scandinavian Society, is active in promoting that practical Scandinavism on which he writes in the REVIEW.

CARL G. WALLENIUS is president of the Swedish Theological Seminary in Evanston, Ill., and at its recent commencement was given the degree of Doctor of Divinity, *honoris causa*, by the Northwestern University. He has given much unselfish labor to the Swedish Historical Society of which he has been president and is now secretary.

ELIZABETH BURCHENAL is the leader of the folk-dance movement in America. She has made an especial study of Scandinavian dances.



PHOTO BY GESSFORD

J. CLAN
Consul-General of Denmark
New York, 1905-13

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The Denmark Building

Denmark's Participation in the San Francisco Exposition

By J. CLAN

Consul-General of Denmark, New York

FOR many years there was little or no intercourse between Danes in Denmark and Danes in America. This deplorable situation was due on the one hand to the fact that the Danish immigrants were so busily engaged in making their way in the new world, trying to establish their material prosperity, that everything else had to be put aside. It was indeed hard work for most of them, since American conditions were vastly different from those under which they had lived in the old country, and to acclimatize themselves mentally and physically to their new surroundings took all their energy. On the other hand the mother country understood but little how her sons in striving unremittingly to gain for themselves the respect of their new fellow-citizens were, in fact, working indirectly for their native land. Danes in Denmark had a feeling that their compatriots across the water had cut all their bridges and were lost for the old country, that they had been swallowed up by the "new world," which in those days seemed very, very far away.

In this state of affairs, especially during the last decade, there has been a great change, in which every Dane on both sides of the Atlantic must rejoice. Danes in America have felt, that whatever they may have had to object to at home, they were deeply indebted to Denmark for their culture, on the basis of which they had worked in the new world, and the mother country felt that she should take a deep and unselfish interest in her sons abroad, rejoice with them in their success, sympathize with them in their misfortunes, but always be proud of them, for they were worth it. Hands have been joined across the seas, and an exchange of ideas has followed which has been of mutual benefit, not least to the mother country. Under

the leadership of prominent men, societies have been formed to strengthen the feeling that Danes everywhere should stand together and work for the promotion of Danish culture.

This Danish-American movement has demonstrated itself in many ways: In increased visits of Danish-Americans to Denmark, in gifts of affection from Danish-Americans to the mother country, in visits to the United States of artists, student singers, and professional men, who have gone from one Danish settlement to the other, and through their art or their lectures have preached the gospel of good will and understanding, calling forth sweet memories of home and childhood. It is a healthy movement, destined to bring even greater results than it has as yet achieved, for in no country in the world has it better chances of development than in the United States. The American nation is not afraid of a movement which tends to tighten the bonds that hold the immigrant to his mother country. On the contrary, in this land every citizen is permitted to keep his language, his religion, his customs and habits, provided these are honorable and sound. Not only will the American authorities refrain from laying any hindrance in the way, but they will even encourage the immigrated population to cling to the ideals with which they were brought up and to keep up their veneration for their penates. This is not only due to a sacred spirit of freedom, but also to a deep conviction, founded on long experience, that the more a man of foreign descent reveres his mother country and honors its great and good traditions, the better he will fulfill his obligations to the land of his adoption, which, though he had but his two bare fists, gave him a hearty welcome.

But a movement of this kind brings alongside of its ethical value great material advantages. A close exchange of ideas is more than likely to produce also an exchange of values. A thorough understanding between two countries is, therefore, a commercial asset of the greatest significance, leading the way to new enterprise, promoting and expanding trade and commerce, and helping to smooth over the many difficulties which inevitably arise in business relations.

A small nation like ours cannot afford to lose the love and affection of any of its sons. It is of the greatest importance to the Danish nation, endeavoring to live up to the high ideals of our great past, and struggling to maintain in a worthy manner our position in the community of nations, to know that Danes, wherever on the face of the earth they may live, will be the champions of her cause. On the other hand, we rejoice whenever we hear that our compatriots have gained the respect and admiration of their fellow citizens in the land of their adoption. We are glad to know that they are proud of their Danish descent and teach their children to respect the country

whence their parents came, and are deeply grateful for the many proofs of love and affection they have given us.

The latest expression of this patriotic spirit among Danish-Americans is the plan of erecting and presenting to the Danish nation "The Denmark Building" in the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, in 1915. Some years ago prominent Danes in San Francisco came together and formed a committee for this purpose, and the proposal met at once with the greatest enthusiasm, not only among the Danes of the Pacific Coast, but also among Danes all over the United States. The committee has guaranteed the building and offered it to the Danish Government, which has accepted. The nation has shown its appreciation through the fact that His Majesty the King has consented to become the Protector of the Committee, while the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the Ministers of the Interior and Commerce, and the Danish Minister at Washington, are honorary presidents of the committee. As it will be known, the Danish Minister has lately been in San Francisco as a special envoy of the Danish Government, in order to choose on its behalf a site for the building, the deed of which was handed to him with solemn ceremonies. Finally, the Danish Government has declared that it will participate officially in the Exposition, provided, of course, the Danish Rigsdag will grant the necessary means, of which there seems to be no doubt.

This beautiful gift, worthy of the combined efforts of all Danes in America, is an undertaking for which great hopes are entertained also in Denmark.

The object of "The Denmark Building" is twofold. First, it is intended to give Danes and Americans an impression of the high position of Danish culture at the present day, and to this end, every effort will be made to have the architecture as interesting and typically Danish in aspect as possible, while the interior decoration and equipment will worthily fit the object. It is also the intention through pictures of Danish scenery to show strangers that Denmark with its beautiful, smiling landscapes, its rich collections of art, its many historical spots, is a land well worth a visit. All possible information as to routes and trips into the country will be found in the building.

Second, the building is intended to supplement and support the exhibition of Danish products which will be found in other parts of the Exposition. This is the practical purpose but a not less important one.

The opening of the Panama Canal will, it is confidently expected, begin a new era in the trade of the world. No one can really attempt to prophesy exactly how great an influence this new waterway will have on the different countries, but one thing can safely be predicted,

that it will revolutionize the trade of Europe with the western coast of America. The states on the Pacific Coast have, in spite of the great American railroads and the routes over the Isthmus, been very remote from the European countries; all this will be changed. The products of the Far West will be delivered quickly and at less cost to the many millions of consumers in the eastern states and Europe, and the products of the old world will be able to reach the market on the Pacific Coast. There will no doubt be an influx of population to these States, which on account of their mild and healthy climate will probably attract immigrants from the Northern countries. There is thus every reason to believe that trade between Europe and the Pacific Coast will increase in leaps and bounds, and in this trade Denmark is trying to get her fair share. In this connection it may at once be mentioned that one of our greatest commercial companies has already started a line of steamers to the Pacific Coast. The fact that Denmark has decided to participate officially in the Exposition is proof of not only its readiness to promote the export trade of the country, but also of the practical value of the gift of the Danish-Americans. It stands to reason that every effort will also be made to have the exhibition of Danish goods as full and as representative as possible.

It is so customary to speak of Denmark as an agricultural country that one is prone to forget that Denmark produces many other things suitable for export. Of course agriculture is the principal source of income in Denmark. With a population of two and three-quarter millions, it is really extraordinary to think that in 1911, the last year for which complete statistics are available, the value of the exports of butter amounted to about $51,000,000, of eggs to about $8,000,000, and of bacon to about $32,000,000. Under the lower duties of the proposed tariff, there is reason to believe that an advantageous export of these articles can take place, at any rate in certain months of the year when the supplies in this country are low. For other farm products, such as hides and skins, potatoes, cabbage and seeds, there should also be a market on the Pacific Coast.

But besides farm produce Denmark has important industries in goods for which we hope to gain a market in the Far West. Among the most important can be mentioned, leather goods, embroideries, tapestries, china and pottery, enameled goods, jewelry, for all of which there should be a good sale among as wealthy and liberal a population as the American. For other articles, also, such as matches, gloves, certain machinery, it should be possible to find a market.

For visitors to the Exposition who wish to make themselves acquainted with the government, institutions, and commercial industries of Denmark, "The Denmark Building" will contain all neces-

sary and useful information in the shape of books of reference on every subject.

The main object is to make Denmark, its nature, its resources, known on the Pacific Coast, and to this end "The Denmark Building" will be of the greatest value. It is not a local undertaking, but one in which it is hoped that every Dane in the United States will take an interest, so that the building, when completed, may be a fitting expression of the unselfish and patriotic feelings underlying the idea, an object of pride for all Danes, a mute but worthy representative of the country whose name it will bear.

The Return Home*

By AUGUST STRINDBERG

Authorized Translation by AKSEL G. S. JOSEPHSON

[This is the first chapter of August Strindberg's autobiographical novel ENSAM, which describes his life in Stockholm during the winter of 1899–1900. He had just returned after spending many years abroad. The preceding decade had been a momentous period in his private life, as well as in his career as an author. It included the divorce from his first wife, his second marriage and divorce; the mental crisis which he afterwards described in "Inferno," and which supplied the setting of his trilogy "Till Damaskus"; his plunge into alchemy and his multifarious scientific studies. In this period were written the first few of his great historical dramas, "Folkungasagan," "Gustaf Vasa," "Erik XIV." The first chapter of ENSAM describes his return, his meeting with his old friends, and his final withdrawal from practically all intercourse with the outer world, during the year which preceded his third marriage. This novel is perhaps his greatest work.—A. G. S. J.]

AFTER living for ten years in the country, I was again in the city where I was born, and was sitting at the dinner table with the old friends. We were all in the neighborhood of fifty, while the younger men among us were forty or thereabout. It surprised us to find that we had not aged more since we were together last. True enough, there was a sprinkling of gray visible here and there in the beards and at the temples, but on the other hand, some of us had grown younger since we met last, and they confessed that about their fortieth year a remarkable change came over them. They felt old and thought their life was declining. They discovered diseases that had no existence, their arms stiffened, and they no longer found it so easy to get into their overcoats. Everything seemed old and stale; everything repeated itself, came back, eternally the same; the younger generation pushed forward threateningly and took no notice of the exploits of the older men; yes, and most annoying of all, they made the same discoveries that we had made and, worse still, they presented their old novelties as though nobody had ever dreamed of them before.

* Copyright 1913, by Aksel G. S. Josephson.

However, as we conversed about our recollections from our younger days, we sank back through time, we literally lived the past over again, we dwelt in a region twenty years back, so that one of the men began to wonder whether time existed.

"Kant cleared that up," explained a philosopher. "Time is merely our conception of existence."

"There! I have always thought so, for when I remember little things that occurred forty-five years ago, it all seems as clear as if it had taken place yesterday, and the incidents of my childhood are as near to me as what happened last year."

And we wondered whether all people had felt the same in all ages. A septuagenarian, the only one in the company whom we regarded as an old man, remarked that he did not feel old yet. (He had recently married for the second time and had a child in the cradle.) When we heard this remarkable statement we all began to feel like boys, and the conversation really became quite youthful.

When I first met the old friends again, I had noticed that they were still their old selves, and it had surprised me; I found, however, that they did not laugh so readily as in former days, and that they observed a certain caution in their talk. They had discovered the power and the value of the spoken word. Life had not made their judgments milder, but prudence had at last taught them that all our words come back to us, and they had learned that men are not fashioned only by whole notes, but that half notes must also be used in order to express with tolerable precision our opinion of a human being. At last, however, the spirits were let loose, there was no mincing of words, and no views were respected; we fell into the old trot and ran wild, but it was fun.

Then there was a pause, then more pauses, and the room became disagreeably quiet. Those who had talked most felt a sense of depression, as though they had "talked their heads off." We felt that during the last ten years each one had quietly formed new connections, that new, alien interests had risen between us, and that those who had talked most freely had struck hidden reefs, had rent threads, had trampled in virgin land, all of which they would have noticed, if they had seen eyes steeled for attack and defence, seen twitchings of the mouth, as though the lips concealed a suppressed word.

When we left the table it was as though the threads, so newly spun, had been torn asunder, and each man had taken a defensive position—had, as it were, buttoned himself up—but we felt the necessity of talking and, therefore, mere perfunctory phrases were used, as might be seen in eyes that did not follow the words, and in smiles that did not match the eyes.

The evening was unbearably long. Occasional attempts by

groups of two or more, to revive old-time memories failed. From pure ignorance, questions were asked about things which should not have been mentioned. For instance: "How is your brother Herman?" (A question thrown out without any desire to get a piece of news which really did not interest the questioner.) Gloom over the company. "Thank you, he is about the same, no improvement to be seen." "Improvement? Has he been ill?"

"Yes, don't you know?"

One of the friends came to the aid of the unhappy brother and saved him from the sorrowful confession that Herman was insane.

Or, "Your wife is quite a stranger?" (She was just getting her divorce.)

Or, "Your boy is a big man by this time; has he graduated yet?" (He was the lost hope of the family.)

In a word, the continuity of our intercourse was broken, and, therefore, it went to pieces. But we had tried the seriousness and bitterness of life, and, at least, were boys no longer. The past was the litter of straw in which the present grew, and the straw had already sunk together, was sucked out and had become moldy.

Another thing which we noticed was that nobody spoke of the future, only of the past, for the simple reason that we were already in the future of our dreams and could no longer conjure it up.

A fortnight later I was again at the same table, in nearly the same company and in the same place. By this time, we had each been able to learn by heart the answers to all the assertions that, from courtesy, had been left unanswered last time. We came armed, and the conversation turned like sour milk. Those who were tired or lazy or who preferred the good things of the table, let odds be even, fell back and left a silence behind them, but others, with fighting blood up, began the attack. We had compromised with the secret party program, which had never been proclaimed very plainly, and accused one another of desertion.

"No, I have never been an atheist," shouted one.

"Is that so?"

And now began an argument that should have taken place twenty years ago. We now consciously tried to call forth the seeds that would have sprouted unconsciously in the happy time of growth. Our memory failed; we had forgotten what we had said and done; we quoted ourselves and others wrong, and there was a tumult. At the first pause some one took up the same topic again, and the conversation went along as in a treadmill. Then things quieted down, only to start up again. This time we parted with the feeling that we were through with the past, and had grown to man's estate, had acquired the right to leave the nursery and grow in freedom,

each in his own way, planted in free soil, without gardener, shears or label.

So it came to pass that for the most part we became solitary, and so, presumably, has it always come to pass. But the end was not yet; some of us who did not wish to become stunted in our growth, but wanted to go forward, make discoveries, conquer new worlds, gathered in a small group and used the café as a place for our discussions. We tried it in the homes at first, but soon found that the host had a lining in his coat, which was called "the wife," and it pulled in the seams at times. In her presence we must talk of "something else," and if any one forgot himself and spoke his real thoughts, one of two things happened—either the wife took the floor and settled all the questions once for all, and we had to keep still for the sake of politeness, or else she got up from her chair, ran out into the nursery, and did not show herself before she came to the table, where the guests felt like beggars and parasites, and were treated as though they wanted to drag the husband from house and home, from duty and faith.

That would not do. Often, too, the friends were separated by the mutual antipathy of their wives. They were always picking at one another.

The café remained as a last resort. But, strange to say, we did not enjoy sitting there so much as we used to do. We tried to convince ourselves that here we were on neutral ground, where no one was host and no one was guest; but the married men felt uneasy at the thought that some one was sitting at home alone, some one who, if she had really been alone in the world, would have sought company of her own, but who was now doomed to loneliness in her home. And, besides, most of the frequenters of the café were bachelors, therefore a sort of foe, and they seemed, because of their being bachelors, to have special rights there. They acted as though they were at home, were noisy and boisterous, laughed uproariously, regarded the married men as intruders—in a word, they were bothersome.

I imagined that I had certain rights in the café in my capacity of widower, but it seemed I had not; when I took the married men there, their wives began to hate me, and I received no more invitations to the homes. And perhaps rightly, for marriage is a life *à deux*.

If the married men came at all, they were often full of their domestic affairs, and I had to listen to their tales of woe about servants and children, schools and examinations; I felt myself dragged into other men's family mess so completely that it was just as though I had never pulled out of my own.

When, at last, we approached the realities of life, it often hap-

pened that we spoke one at a time, while the others, eyes cast down, waited their turn to talk about their own problems—without any reference to what the first man had said. Or it happened, in a really devilish way, that all talked at one time, while no one seemed to understand the others. It was a Babel, which ended in a row and an absolute failure to comprehend one another.

"You don't understand what I am talking about," was the usual cry.

And so it was; every one of us had, during the passing years, given new meanings to old words, new values to old thoughts, and besides, no one cared to express his innermost thoughts, his trade secrets, as it were, the coming thoughts of an unborn future, which he jealously cherished.

Every night, when I came home from such a gathering at one café or another, I felt the futility of these dissipations, in which each one really wanted only to hear his own voice and to force his own opinion on the others. My brain was in shreds, or as though it had been harrowed and sown with weed germs, which had to be raked away, before they could get a chance to sprout. When I returned to the seclusion and quiet of my home, I found myself again. I wrapped myself in my spiritual atmosphere, where I felt at home, as in well-fitting clothes, and after an hour of meditation I sank down into the annihilation of sleep, free from wishes, desires, wills.

Thus I gradually ceased to visit the café, trained myself to be alone, fell again before the temptation, but drew back, each time more completely cured, till at last I discovered the supreme pleasure of hearing the silence and listening to the voices that sound there.

APHORISMS FROM THE ELDER EDDA

(HOVAMOL, 16, 58)

Translated by ARTHUR G. BRODEUR

A coward deems he shall live forever, if he keep him from battle:
But age will in no wise grant him peace, though the spears spare him.

Betimes must he rise that would have the lands or life of another:
The lying wolf seldom gets the ham, nor a sleeping man the victory.

Royal Copenhagen Porcelain

By JOHN ALLYNE GADE



A ROYAL COPENHAGEN STATUETTE

WHENEVER a collection of rare old Copenhagen porcelain is advertised for sale, Danish collectors and museums, despite foreign competition, are usually the highest bidders, and collectors or lovers of porcelain going to Denmark cannot hope to run across choice old pieces of "Royal Copenhagen" at a bargain.

The art is well worthy of this rare home appreciation—one which for nearly twenty-five years has been shared by connoisseurs all over the world. The Royal Copenhagen factory has in the past produced some of the most exquisite of European china, and during recent years, when it has competed with the first factories of the world, it has stood without a peer. The Nordiske Industriudstilling of 1888 opened the eyes of northern Europe to what Danish artists were really accomplishing in porcelain and clay. At the Great Paris Exposition of 1889, "Royal Copenhagen" captured the *Grand Prix* and, going from one victory to another, it now stands by the side of the works of Sèvres, the other of the two first porcelain factories of the world. These are great claims, but they rest on a record of long and almost unremitting experiments through more than a hundred and fifty years; on a modern understanding of the highest esthetic principles; a thorough comprehension of the limitations of the materials with which the artists worked, an embodiment of all that was essentially national; rare sagacity in the employment of a low and limited scale of colors; abandonment of all that was valueless in the old methods, and a simplicity of treatment which, after all, will ever remain the stamp of true art.

Porcelain differs from some of its sister arts in demanding for its understanding, or even appreciation, some intimate study or knowledge. The manufacture of true or "hard paste" porcelain was rediscovered by the German, Böttger, while working in the employ of the Elector of Saxony in 1709. Through factory hands and artists who were bought, captured or enticed away, the secret of the process—so priceless in the eighteenth century—soon spread to the works of Vienna, to Frederick the Great's factory at Berlin, to Fürstenberg,

Baden and Zurich. In 1768 even the marvelous works on the Seine procured workmen who enabled the factory to abandon the *pâte tendre* process, and soon afterwards King Frederick V could see produced in the Danish factory the same true porcelain which had roused his envy when his couriers returned with their packets from Dresden or Meissen.

The difference between hard paste (*pâte dure*) and soft paste (*pâte tendre*) porcelain is mainly that the hard paste or true porcelain contains only natural elements (the white clay or kaolin and petuntse, the felspathic stone) in the composition of the body and the glaze, whereas the soft paste is an artificial composition of the body and the glaze. All Chinese porcelain is true or hard paste. The Danish factory early found on the Island of Bornholm the necessary kaolin (hydrous silicate of aluminia) and also imported some for intermixture from Limoges, while, under Müller's direction, it obtained petuntse from Arendal in Norway. The felspar is now procured from the rocks of the Danish coast itself.

The factory has had a most interesting history. Noteworthy facts are the important role it has played in Denmark, whether under royal or private control, the remarkable longevity of its celebrated Mussel pattern, the importance it assumed in the court circle of the eighteenth century, and the factor it has been in that marvelous development of the Danish industrial arts which has taken place in the last decades (especially owing to the initiative of *Etatsraad* Philip Schou).

In 1680 a Sèvres artist, Fournier, was called to Copenhagen to become director of the first factory situated near the old *Blaataarn*. His ovens and his state of knowledge did not lead him beyond the production of soft paste porcelain, in which, however, he executed some beautifully modeled and decorated pieces for his royal patron, Frederick V. Frederick died in 1766, and as his successor, Christian VII, cared little for the ware which was such a craze of the fashionable society of this period, Fournier returned to France, the furnaces were put out, and the King, instead of visiting the ovens, became involved with his country in the turbulent and dramatic scenes connected with Struense's career. At this time, however,



A Royal Copenhagen Group



A Royal Copenhagen Vase

appeared the man who was possibly the greatest of all who have been connected with the manufacture of Danish porcelain. Amid the days of mad dissipation and national calamity which commenced with the accession of Christian VII to the throne and terminated with the imprisonment and banishment of the unfortunate Queen and the beheading of Struense and Brandt, Frantz Heinrich Müller had been building his new furnaces, teaching his workmen and making endless experiments, which resulted in his being able, in 1772–3, to present to the Commerce Deputation his first piece of true porcelain. The foundation of *Den Danske Porcellænsfabrik* followed.

Director Madsen is probably right in describing Müller as imperious, difficult and quarrelsome, and yet he must be recognized as the greatest potter Denmark has produced. Though he adopted much from both French and German factories, he went far beyond this and developed for Denmark a national style of pottery. He was a great chemist, improving and developing processes of manufacture and ranges in coloring which made possible all that followed. His perfect "virgin white" paste and his blue and green and purple colors stand as triumphs of his chemical skill. His modeling was fine and his coloring remarkable. It might almost be said that much of the porcelain now produced falls short of Müller's finest work.

Naturally, difficulties constantly beset him during the long period of his directorate. The factory was rescued from its early financial shipwreck by the old vixen of a Queen Mother, Juliane Marie, by whose name the porcelain for a period was known. It came to be known even better, however, by the mark it still bears, the three waves of the waterways of Öresund, Storebelt and Lillebelt.

Müller himself attempted, by visiting foreign factories in disguise, to assimilate the best of his competitor's knowledge and secrets, as well as to cajole to his own factory and employ such French and German modelers, painters, and artisans as might be most serviceable. We have the modeling master, Lupau, the painters Bayer and Lehmann and groups of Saxon artisans working side by side with the Danes and Norwegians. As a result jealousies and quarrels arose.



A Royal Copenhagen Vase

We must yield Director Müller sympathy as well as admiration when we find that in response to his entreaty for skilled help he was informed that he might draw such from the yokels of the artillery corps. Müller philosophizes that "In order that such apprentices should not become too great an expense to the factory, nor later, when they became workmen, demand as high wages as foreigners of their



WHITE CATS

A Jar designed by Vilhelm Fischer, valued at $1,900, now exhibited in the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain show-rooms in New York.

profession, one ought, in my opinion, to select for the work children of small and humble conditions, who from comparison with their earlier circumstances would consider it good fortune to be taken into

the pay of the factory. I think such could best be found among the peasantry, or perhaps even better in 'King Christian's Home,' because of the good discipline and subordination in which they always are kept there, and preferably those among them who, I have been told, have made good progress in the art of drawing at our general Academy of Painting. Such young persons might be fed and clothed to satisfaction, and in consideration of their lowly birth best be kept in awe and discipline (a most necessary matter in such a factory) without one's having to fear restraint or remonstrances from friends or relations . ."

Through it all, the Royal factory developed into a national one, remarkable for the versatility of its output and the restraint and charm of its pieces, with almost perfect glaze and limpid body. As in almost all the European factories, much was borrowed in the field of decoration from Chinese precedents. The blue Mussel pattern on the white fluted ground, which for a hundred and thirty-four years has been the best-known of the Royal Copenhagen ware, and which was from the outset highly esteemed, was taken directly from the Chinese. It has been and remains the pride of the factory and of thousands of Danish homes. Mr. Reuter, writing on the subject in the *Connoisseur*, says that "Among the plant motifs used for decorating the very old Chinese porcelain was found a plum tree with flowers at the root in full bloom; above it is a fine branch forming a bow with buds just opening in the center, and small symmetrical leaves on either side. The Danish factory adopted this motif in its original form, but by constant repetition, it became generally transformed into its present definite form." The conventionalized pattern, whether originally from Chinese plum or tea branch, is admirably adapted for its use, and while the first services containing it, found among the great collections at Rosenborg, only number some dozen pieces, it now appears on fifteen hundred different shapes and forms manufactured in infinite numbers. The surface it ornaments is remarkably white and perfect in its density. It has, in fact, become a classic service.



TEAPOT OF MUSSEL PATTERN

Müller was given a monopoly for the manufacture of porcelain in Denmark and Norway for fifty years, and he ruled supreme practically the whole of this time. His regime culminated in the renowned Flora Danica service, painted at the end of the century, and covering fifteen years of the best efforts of the factory. It was originally intended for the



TOUREEN OF MUSSEL PATTERN

great Empress, Catherine II of Russia. She died, however, before she ever had a chance to eat from it. The production seemed to go on forever, certainly until the set numbered more than 2,600 pieces. It is the greatest complete creation in the "over-glaze" painted by the Royal factory. From a decorative point of view, the greater number of the pieces are, of course, exceedingly weak, but, on the other hand, they are most interesting as an artistic attempt to express the botanical study of the day, undertaken in various manners by Holmenskjold, Verder, O. F. Muller, Vahl and Horneman. The beloved Crown Prince Frederick (VI) saved the factory from ruin by taking off its hands the Flora Danica service, now sufficient for 100 persons.



SOLDIER AND WITCH
From Hans Christian Andersen's "Tinder Box"

In Nelson's bombardment of Copenhagen the factory did not escape the general havoc. From among the porcelain that was saved, we find the British Admiral sending Lady Hamilton a number of pieces with the following letter from the "St. George":

"My dearest invaluable Friend: I can get nothing here worth your acceptance, but as I know you have a valuable collection of china, I send you some of the Copenhagen manufacture. It will bring to your recollection that here your attached friend Nelson fought and conquered. Captain Blight has promised to take charge of it, and I hope it will reach you safe: our guns are all out of the ship in order to get her over the shallow water: my Commander-in-Chief has left me, but if there is any work to do, I dare say they will wait for me. . . ."

During the first fifty or sixty years after Müller's death (1810), the factory produced little indicating vigorous life or development. The Golden Age had passed, and the world was busy with its mechanical inventions and industrial progress. From an artistic point of view it was a poverty-stricken age. But when Thorvaldsen's classical revival in sculpture came, the influence extended to porcelain. The disastrous war of 1864–5 and general crippling of all activities naturally first made itself felt in such places as a porcelain factory, but fire was again kindled at the altar, and an artistic Renaissance began, of which the old factory may well be proud. The new Aluminia Com-

pany, formed in 1888, was only one of the results of the strong and broad movement which lifted Danish arts and crafts to high artistic levels, and as early as 1889 caused a veritable revolution in ceramics, a revolution leading to a strong Danish influence wherever porcelain was being produced in Europe.

Nature in all her various forms and moods became the source of inspiration; what was frigid, artificial and expressionless was abandoned. A new factory was built in the country at Fredriksberg and fresh life was infused into all its parts through the vigorous leadership of Philip Schou and Professor Arnold Krog. In underglaze decoration a new technique was created. The steps that have been taken are self-assured and confident. The designs are bold and strong, while the execution is never careless. Many a valuable leaf has been taken from the book of the Japanese naturalists, and not least from Makudzo as well as from French impressionists. Everywhere the best and most fitting has been assimilated.

The coloring is most remarkable,—for the great painter combines the restraint of his palette with the magical vision of the chemist. The colors that may be used or combined with success in the great heat to which true porcelain is subjected in firing, are limited,—three or four are about all; and all must be applied underneath the glaze. The motives are all taken from nature and from the country in which the artists are living. The Copenhagen porcelain of today would well repay study if it were only to learn the infinitely varying delicate tones of the waters that wash the shores of the Danish Islands, the soft gray and cloudy browns of their birds, the cool, nebulous haze of the atmosphere, the crisp, white foam on the waves, the olives and celadons of Danish beaches, the pearly skies, the browns and ochres in sand dunes, and feathery eel grass. Even an experienced colorist may well be surprised at the effects produced by such simple means and restrained, low color scale. One realizes the everlasting truth that great effects are not attained with a multiplicity of means, but rather with few and simple ones. There is an exquisite true picture of Denmark before you, and with what is it rendered? Blue, sea-green and greenish gray, with perhaps for a high light a touch of amber, but of course all applied by a true artist on a form admirably adapted for its purpose. It is all so Danish,—the art becomes the expression of the country.

In practically no other artistic field during the last decades have such fundamental changes been made in plastic and color expression as in the "porcelain sculpture" of Copenhagen. Here we have not only coloring and surface decoration, but modeling by a group of artists who are triumphantly sure of what they are doing. Every piece is modeled (as well as signed) by a man of distinct ability. Again the national note is dominant—the figures are from the history,

story-books or market-places of Denmark; the animals from its forests, swamps and farmyards. Look at the white cats of M. E. Nielsen; the mice and little foxes of Chr. Thomsen; the ducks of C. F. Liisberg; or at Hans Christian Andersen's Swineherd or Chimneysweep or Mermaid, or the groups from the Tinder Box, or the Emperor in nothing but his shirt and imagination! Are they not marvellous? You pick up a wonderfully stolid and flabby porcelain hippopotamus, and wondering how he can be so lifelike, you learn he was modeled by Princess Marie after being trundled across to her on a truck from the Zoo, which is next door. He was tranquilized (while the sculptor worked) by a hose being played up and down the folds of his stomach. Look at the porcelain lion,—truer to life than perhaps even the sculptor realized, for it is no king of beasts, but merely a dejected Zoo lion.

The colored and crystalline glazes discovered in 1886 are also steadily producing most remarkable effects unknown before in crackled or other glazes.

There is none of the mystery and secrecy surrounding the ateliers and workshops of the Royal Copenhagen Factory that seem to pervade the atmosphere of most other porcelain works. At Sèvres the visitor is practically admitted only to the Museum, but at Fredriksberg, as you pass the beautiful palace garden to the ideal new factory, you are admitted without question, if you are genuinely interested or experienced. Naturally the mixture of the colors is the factory's own secret, and chemical formulæ are not given away with advertising pamphlets.

The factory teems with workmen—over 800 of them. In their splendidly lit ateliers, practically at liberty to select such motives as best suit their fancy, and express them according to their different individualities, are the artists whose names are known to every Dane. There are many girls, carefully trained designers. There are the chemists experimenting, trying patiently to produce once more the lovely brown shade of the "solid" Chinese color, or watching anxiously the result of a recent burning, with its new Andersen figurines. Most of their work is going to Germany and France, where the appreciation is keen; some of it is going to the little shop in New York, but the finest pieces, it is hoped, will stay in Denmark, where they are loved best of all.

Editorial

PRACTICAL SCANDINAVISM

Some of the noblest acts of Scandinavism, of disinterested Northern patriotism, like many of the supreme works of Northern literature, must be traced to Scandinavians in foreign lands. The newer, practical Scandinavism of the present time may be said to have been inaugurated by the great Swede, Alfred Nobel, when he entrusted the annual Nobel peace prize to the Norwegian Storting; Nobel's perspective was from abroad—he lived, worked and died in Russia. More recently we have read how two descendants of Scandinavians, one in North, one in South America, Mr. John A. Gade, of New York, and Don Pedro Christophersen, of Buenos Aires, by their understanding and financial support of Captain Amundsen, secured for Scandinavia the honor of annexing the southern extremity of the earth. Again, in the commercial relations of the three northern countries with the outside world, we see an increasing desire to obliterate national jealousies. There are important Danish and Swedish steamship lines with regular routes to the far East, putting in alternating steamers and working in full harmony, in the same way that the Swedes and Norwegians are conducting a combined steamship line to the United States, Cuba and Mexico. One of the largest private stockholders in the new Norwegian America line is a Swede residing in America.

In the United States a Danish-American, Niels Poulson, gave proof of his disinterested belief in Scandinavism by donating his fortune, not to further purely Danish interests, but to foster harmony among all Scandinavians over the wide world. The Foundation which he established and the Society of which he was president are striving year by year to increase in the United States a respect for Scandinavian institutions, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, side by side. Steadily they are winning the moral and practical support of loyal Scandinavian citizens throughout America, and many local organizations, like the Odin Club in Minneapolis, testify how readily the three northern peoples in this country put aside petty differences for the common cause.

Scandinavism is an issue perennially old and new, since Arild's time, rising and falling like the tide. At its flood it is extolled alike by poet and politician; at its ebb ridiculed by fool and schoolboy as impractical. The events of the last half century justify its reinsistence. If Denmark, in 1866, had had the entire Swedish and Norwegian armies and navies behind her, Kiel would undoubtedly be Danish today, and the border of Denmark would reach down to Lübeck and Travemünde. At this very hour the Russian bear lies in wait for an isolated Sweden, an isolated Norway—a menace which a triple Scandinavian alliance would render ineffective. We live in a

very practical time; the people of all nations are becoming more and more republicanized; they demand as leaders men who are sane and efficient rather than blue blood sluggish with blind traditions and turgid sentiment. The example of the cantons of Switzerland, of the states of Germany, is being followed, apparently, under our eyes by a sane and practical federation of the Balkan States. That the Scandinavian States do not likewise act in concert is a perpetual source of surprise to the governments of German, Anglo-Saxon, and Latin countries, whose peoples regard the North as one community. The German and Latin nations would welcome such a Scandinavian alliance, for it would create a new wall of defense against Asiatic and Slav. Further than this, they realize that the world can ill afford to lose the high individual culture of the North—brain workers like Ibsen and Strindberg, Arrhenius and Finsen, Nansen and Hedin—the most intensive civilization of modern times.

The Swede may be the aristocrat, the Norwegian the democrat, the Dane the business man, but their many cultural and commercial interests in common ought easily to pave the way for a plan to insure their permanence as a free people. Today the Swedes stand united as never before, responsible and eager to achieve. The strength of their national feeling was manifested in 1912 by two unparalleled events: The spontaneous national collection to strengthen Sweden's naval power, and the honors of the day that this little nation won at the Olympic Games, in competition with the entire world. Will Norway and Denmark join with Sweden to make up the clover-leaf of understanding and union, for the entrenchment of Scandinavian culture, for the protection of national liberty?

HANS LAGERLÖF.

THE SWEDISH HISTORICAL LIBRARY

One of the first objects that the organizers of the Swedish Historical Society of America had in view was the establishment of an historical library or storehouse of information concerning the many thousands of immigrants who have come to America from our common fatherland. More than a generation has passed by, and traces of the movements of the early settlers are being rapidly swept away. Collections by private individuals or organizations who have sought to preserve some of the more important data of their history are of necessity provincial, incomplete, and often inaccessible to the general public. We deem it our duty to our forefathers, as well as to our descendants, to put on record the achievements of our race and to show the world what part our nationality has played in building up this new and progressive civilization. To collect and preserve for future generations a library of books, newspapers and manuscripts

relating to Swedish men and institutions on the American continent has been the chief goal of the Swedish Historical Society.

In order to set before the reader the full scope of this work, I cannot do better than follow the outline of the first report of the Library Committee, prepared by its chairman, Mr. Aksel G. S. Josephson, of the John Crerar Library in Chicago:

> The library should contain: (1) Books dealing with Swedish immigration to America; (2) books by Swedish-Americans; (3) publications of Swedish-American publishing houses; (4) publications of Swedish-American institutions, churches, schools, societies, lodges, etc.; (5) Swedish books dealing with America; (6) American books dealing with Sweden; (7) translations of works of Swedish authors into English, and of works of American authors into Swedish; (8) original records, or manuscript copies of such records, of Swedish-American churches, societies, lodges, labor unions, etc.; (9) photographs of Swedish-Americans, as well as of buildings of interest on account of their associations with the Swedish people in America; (10) a selection of the most important works on Swedish history and literature.

The collection, numbering more than three thousand volumes and pamphlets, is at present cared for in the Swedish Seminary at Evanston, a department of the Northwestern University. These quarters are being rapidly filled up. The Society needs a permanent, centrally located home for its library, where it could be cared for by a trained librarian, and made easily available for students and investigators. The Society needs also a larger membership and an endowment fund from the income of which a competent librarian could be paid, and such books as cannot be had for nothing, bought.

In the meantime, the Council of the Society is laboring faithfully in accordance with a clear and well-defined plan. A solid and broad foundation is already laid. Historical material is constantly coming in from all parts of the country, and when we can show our generous people that the valuable collections must have commodious quarters and better care, we trust that the necessary equipment shall not be wanting.

C. G. WALLENIUS,
Secretary and Librarian, Swedish Historical Society of America.

THE FOUNDATION A most important undertaking for the furtherance of Northern culture in America was initiated by the American-Scandinavian Foundation at its meeting in New York on May 3. An appropriation was made for the beginning in 1914 of the publication of a series of learned monographs on Scandinavian subjects and a series of Scandinavian classics. The latter will include translations of modern Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish authors and of some of the Sagas and Eddas. The plan has grown naturally out of the increasing demand on the part of the student and the general reader for Northern literature, and an endeavor will be made to present the best and most characteristic. The selection

of books will be made by a Publication Committee, consisting of Professor W. H. Schofield, chairman, Professor A. H. Palmer, and the Secretary of the Foundation. It is probable that the first volume in the Scandinavian Classics will be three of Holberg's most famous comedies. The books will be uniform in size and appearance, with a simple, dignified binding, suitable for libraries.

Appropriations amounting to $6,000 for the academic year 1913–1914 were made to students. Six fellowships of $750 each have been established for Scandinavians wishing to study in the United States. A traveling stipend was granted Dr. Amandus Johnson, professor in the University of Pennsylvania and author of "Swedish Settlements on the Delaware," who will spend the summer in Scandinavia collecting manuscripts for his forthcoming series of books, "Original Scandinavian Narratives of American History." The same amount was granted P. Christiansen, a graduate of Horsens Technical School, Denmark, for study in America. In addition $250 each was given two Norwegian Americans, Henning Larsen and Martin B. Ruud, both scholars of the Foundation, for continuing their studies in Northern philology in the universities of Scandinavia. The fellows of the Foundation will be selected by Advisory Committees in Denmark, Norway and Sweden, and the Secretary of the Foundation, Dr. H. G. Leach, is now in Scandinavia in order to confer with them.

THE REVIEW While abroad Dr. Leach will secure new and interesting material for the REVIEW. He will make arrangements for articles on Scandinavian topics by noted writers and for illustrations in color to be printed in Sweden. Beginning in 1914 the REVIEW will be doubled in size, and the price to those not members of the American-Scandinavian Society or affiliated organizations will be $2.50. Members of these societies will continue to receive the REVIEW as part of their membership privileges. Dr. Leach reported at the meeting of the Foundation that the REVIEW was already self-supporting, and it is expected that the income from subscriptions and advertisements will be sufficient to meet the increased expense.

LOUIS S. AMONSON The Foundation at its meeting passed resolutions of sympathy to be sent to the family of Louis S. Amonson, whose death a few days earlier deprived the Board of an active and devoted member. Mr. Amonson was also a trustee of the American-Scandinavian Society and deeply interested in the work of that organization.

Books

Lyrics and Poems from Ibsen. Translated by Fydell Edmund Garrett. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton

With their marvelous concentration, their virtuosity and utter flawlessness of technique, their depths below depths of hidden meaning—whose crystal abysses a single word of different specific weight, so to say, will perturb, Ibsen's two score of lyrics present the most exacting test imaginable to their would-be translator. Indeed, your reviewer confesses that he secretly held the opinion that an adequate rendition in the original metres was an impossibility. Nevertheless, it has been done, and astonishingly well done, in the volume before us. Poems as strikingly characteristic of Ibsen's genius as "With a Water Lily," "The Petrel," "The Eiderduck," "To my Friend, the Revolutionary Orator," may now be said to have become English lyrics. Though almost replicas in spirit, in some instances no stone stands as in the original. Particularly remarkable is the translator's resourcefulness in rendering that bugbear of translators, feminine endings, into English, without lapsing into caricature.

With F. E. Garrett, the gifted statesman-journalist, the task of translating Ibsen's poetry seems to have been a lifelong labor of love. And the outcome is such that we may congratulate English literature on having added to its spiritual treasures an admirable translation of one of the great poems of all times, "Brand," (included in this volume), and at the same time bitterly regret that he was not spared to render also the whole of "Peer Gynt." The unapproachable scene of "Aase's Death" supersedes all previous translations.

There is a modest and feeling general introduction by Ph. H. Wicksteed, favorably known from his deeply appreciative "Four Lectures on Ibsen."

L. M. H.

Swedish Song Games. By Valborg Kastman and Greta Köhler. Ginn and Company, Boston.

"Swedish Song Games" comes as a welcome addition to the scant list of intelligible and authentic working material on the subject of folk dancing. Since the organization in 1905 of the folk dance movement in this country, there has been a tendency to confuse various kinds of odd or characteristic dances with folk dancing, due, without doubt, to the general dearth of authentic information on the subject. In this way the beauty, simplicity and genuineness of the movement has been threatened. Personally I stand for dancing as a means of *play* for both young and old, and for the use of dances that are simple, sturdy, sincere and refreshing. For this reason I welcome "Swedish Song Games."

Sweden is perhaps richer in such material than almost any other country, and Miss Köhler has been identified in her own country with the movement there at its best. All of the games described are simple. unspoiled folk plays, and while some of them are already widely known in this country, the majority of them will, for teachers, have the added charm of novelty. The descriptions are quite clear, and with the accompanying appropriate music and illustrations make up a book that will be decidedly useful.

Elizabeth Burchenal.

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SEPTEMBER · 1913

· THE · AMERICAN · SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



THE REVIVAL OF NORWAY'S DOMINION ON THE SEA

By G. M. BRYDE

PUBLISHED · BY · THE
· AMERICAN · SCANDINAVIAN · FOUNDATION
· NEW · YORK ·

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LEE M. HOLLANDER, Ph.D., has written articles on philological and literary topics in American, Scandinavian and German magazines. Together with Arne Kildal, city librarian of Bergen, he published "Ibsen's Speeches and New Letters." He has translated Drachmann's "Renaissance" and Björnson's "When the New Wine Blooms." At present he is instructor in German and Old Norse in the University of Wisconsin.

GODTFRED MAURITZ BRYDE has the distinction of being the pioneer in that revival of Norway's shipping industry of which he writes in the REVIEW. He comes of an old seafaring family of Sandefjord and has himself followed the sea. He is one of the largest ship-owners in Norway, and is a member of various organizations tending to lift the level of his profession. In 1907 he opened the Norway-Mexico Gulf Line, popularly known as the "Bryde Line," the first Norwegian enterprise establishing regular service between Norway and America.

IVAN NARODNY was a musical and literary critic for newspapers in his own country, Russia, when he was caught in the revolutionary movement. He was arrested and spent four years in solitary confinement and later has twice been forced to leave Russia. He came to America with Maxim Gorki and has since then been a contributor to American newspapers and magazines. He is a regular writer for *Musical America* and has published books on musical subjects.

JOHN ASPEGREN is a Swede by birth. During his business career in America he has held many positions of trust. He was unanimously elected president of the New York Produce Exchange, the youngest man who ever held that office; he is first vice-president of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce and chairman of the New York Arbitration Committee of the "Interstate Cotton Seed Crushers' Association of the United States." His own business interests are very large, two cotton oil factories of which he is president having alone an output of $40,000 worth of goods a day. He is a life member of the American-Scandinavian Society.



GUSTAF OSCAR AUGUSTIN MONTELIUS

Former Antiquary of the Realm of Sweden
Chairman of the Swedish Advisory Committee
of the American-Scandinavian Foundation

THE
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REVIEW

VOLUME I SEPTEMBER · 1913 NUMBER 5

The Song of Haf

From "Sword and Crozier," by INDRIDI EINARSSON

Translated from the Icelandic by LEE M. HOLLANDER

[On the eve of a fierce conflict between opposing chieftains the Bishop of Iceland ordered the church-bells to ring "The Peace of God," and no one dared lift a sword until the bells had ceased pealing.]

Hither I see the ravens winging;
They steer their flight to Holar's steeple
On their errand bent, death bringing;
Hard the bishop's bells are ringing:
Longest peals great Likabong:
"The peace of God shall save the people."

Heroes head their warlike forces;
Mailed fists 'gainst shields are clashing;
Over Herad's water-courses
Thunder thousand hoofs of horses,
Over fords and bridges dashing.
Long afar moans Likabong.

Death foretells the cock's dawn-greeting:
Many a fey man's fair limbs mangle
Soon the sword and spear in meeting.
Hot the Northland blood is beating!
Low and dull weeps Likabong.
The shiv'ring Southron sea-cod angles.

Peace—how many a foe will crave her!
In Woden's spoor the sward is bloody—
Many a head the swords dissever;
Be our host victorious ever!
Silent lastly Likabong—
Women weep for men once ruddy.

The Revival of Norway's Dominion on the Sea

By G. M. Bryde

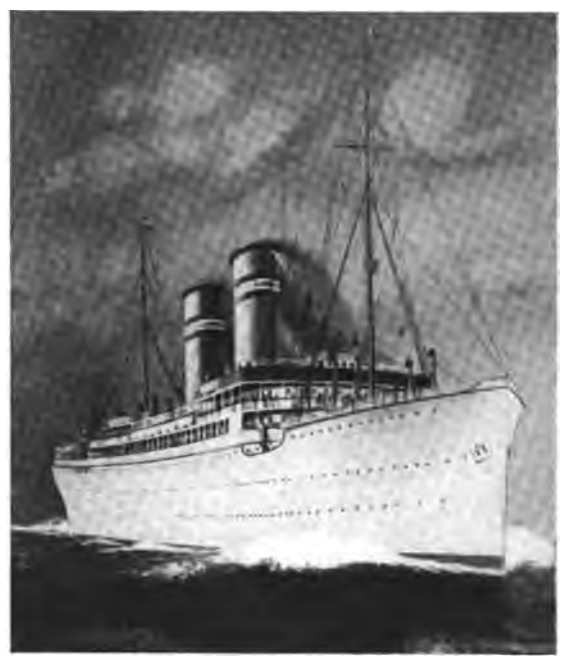
IN THE very beginning of our thousand years of history Norway was noted for an amount of shipping that is impressive, considering the age. In the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries Norwegian merchants and vikings ruled the sea from Norway to Scotland and from the Faroe Islands to Iceland. For many years Norwegian kings reigned in Dublin and other Irish cities. The Isle of Man and all the islands north of Scotland were Norwegian, while there were colonies on the mainland and in Iceland and Greenland. Norwegians penetrated to the very end of the Mediterranean on their expeditions of trading or warfare, and they discovered America five hundred years before Columbus. At the same time they had extensive deep-sea fisheries, and the whaling and sealing in the Arctic regions seem to have begun at an early date.

Hard times came to our people. The country entered upon a period of decline, and the shipping diminished, but it revived as soon as new life was infused into the nation. In the latter half of the nineteenth century the total tonnage of the Norwegian merchant fleet was surpassed only by that of the United States and by that of England, a truly remarkable achievement for a people of only two millions. Shortly afterwards the white sails, which have carried our name to every port of the world and have held so large a place in all our history and poetry, were supplanted by steam as a motor power. This meant a very serious crisis in our shipping. Scores of shipyards were forced to close, and many flourishing coast towns stagnated, never to revive again. Many believed that our shipping had forever ceased to be the chief mainstay of our people. I shall endeavor to show in the following how far this is from being the truth.

A cursory glance at the map will show Norway as an elongated strip of coast, bounded by the ocean on three sides and encircled as with a bead string by countless tiny islands. Many of these are inhabited. Narrow forked fjords, cutting deep into the mainland, still further extend the coastline, of which Norway has a longer stretch for each inhabitant than any other civilized country. It has made the Norwegian a sailor; many have said the best sailor in the world. The life of the sea has become a part of his bone and flesh. In bending the energies of our young, progressive people to a revival of our ancient dominion on the sea we are, therefore, following the line of least resistance. The various manufacturing enterprises that have been started within the last decade or two, far from supplanting the

shipping, have given it precisely the impetus it needed. The profits made in whaling, after the adoption of modern methods, have had their share in promoting this revival. I need only mention the fact that seven years ago we had no trans-oceanic line, but since 1907 we have established two very important direct steamship lines to North America, two to South America and one to South Africa and Australia. When I further point out that practically all the large first-class steamers are less than five years old, while two-thirds of the total tonnage of the steamship fleet is in vessels less than fifteen years old, it will be seen of what recent and rapid growth is the revival of Norwegian shipping.

During the period of depression, when many prophesied that our shipping had seen its best days, our ship-owners, with those of Bergen in the lead, built steadily and quietly, while they could build cheaply, and they have made millions by so doing. A fleet of vessels grew up, which even in the nineties could show impressive figures, and which continued to increase, even in the hard times from 1900 to 1911. Counting by total ship tonnage alone, we are at present the fourth seafaring nation in the world, but in proportion to our population we rank as first. According to estimates made January 1, 1913, the Norwegian merchant fleet consists of 2,156 vessels of 100 tons or more, having a combined gross tonnage of 2,365,063. That is, there is one ton for every man, woman and child in the country. If we compare this with other nations, we find that Great Britain has less than one ton for every two inhabitants, while other nations have much less. The value of this fleet is at least $100,000,000. Divided among all the people in Norway, it would mean a per capita ownership of $40 in shipping shares.



THE NEW PASSENGER STEAMER "KRISTIANIAFJORD"

To this must be added thousands of vessels of less than 100 tons. The fleet of small craft—steam, sail and motor boats employed in fishing, whaling or coast traffic—represents an additional value of several millions. The present year brings an unprecedented increase

in the number of large ships; among these are the two new passenger steamers for the Norwegian America Line, a 6,200-ton motor boat for the Norway-America-Mexico Line, and one of 4,000 tons for the new line to Brazil. Never in the history of the world has any nation owned so large a fleet in proportion to its population as Norway does today, and this fleet consists mostly of well-equipped modern freight steamers. The following table will show the development in recent years:

	Net tonnage			Total dead weight tonnage
	Sail	Steam	Total net tonnage	
1875	1,375,433	43,875	1,419,308	2,171,000
1880	1,502,584	203,115	1,705,699	2,761,000
1900	1,002,675	505,443	1,508,118	2,766,000
1910	630,287	895,869	1,526,156	3,185,000
1912	600,958	1,073,776	1,674,734	3,750,000

We will proceed to examine more carefully certain phases of Norwegian shipping. With regard to size, the general average of our ships has been revolutionized, and as a consequence the character of our fleet is undergoing a change. It is only a few years ago that most of the new boats were under 2,000 tons; these are now rarely built, except for special purposes, such as fruit trade or lumber carrying. At the end of 1911 Norway owned four of the largest freight steamers in the world, and two of these, *Themis* and *Thellis*, had a gross tonnage of 7,000 and 8,000 tons, with a capacity of 12,900 dead weight tons. At the same time the equipment of our ships has become tiptop. It is interesting to note that Norway has already begun the construction of a Diesel motor ship, while Norwegian ships are more and more frequently supplied with wireless apparatus. This modern convenience is found not only on the large passenger steamers, but also on those designed for freight or for fishing and whaling.

The mere fact that almost all our large ships are new raises the general average of seaworthiness to a very high level. The total tonnage of the steamers rated in the Norwegian Veritas as first-class is 1,200,000. About 500,000 are surveyed in foreign institutions, and most of these are also rated as first-class. When it is further remembered that the depth of the water line is regulated by law in Norway, and that the Government, as well as the Norwegian Veritas, exercises a strict control over the seaworthiness of our vessels, we may infer that the condition of our steamship fleet is in the main very good.

With regard to sailing craft, these are no longer being built, and it follows that the sailing fleet must consist of old vessels. The old timber-built boats have dwindled to about 200. The rest are of iron

or steel, are generally well rated in Lloyds, and do good service. The existence of this sailing fleet has given Norway an unusual advantage in the training of her young seamen, an advantage which our shipowners have not been slow to make use of. The old boats are better for the purpose than any training ships and have done much to keep up the standard of efficiency in the Norwegian seamen. It is significant that requests are constantly being received from Germans who are willing to pay for the privilege of placing their boys on Norwegian ships to be trained. An attempt has also been made by Germany to establish an international agreement to lower the port dues for sailing vessels, in order that this form of navigation may not become extinct.

About 2,100,000 tons of the Norwegian fleet is in freight service, mostly in the tramp ships, which are sometimes chartered for single trips, sometimes for a certain period. This freight fleet is distributed practically all over the world and is engaged in the most varied traffic. Sometimes the business is of a highly specialized character, such as the fruit trade between Central America and the United States, or certain kinds of mineral freight. Along the entire American coast, as well as the coasts of Asia, Australia and Africa—in fact, wherever keel can float in salt water—we may meet our country's flag.

As a consequence of this scattered and diversified traffic, often in the most dangerous waters and with the least manageable kind of freight, our percentage of shipwrecks has apparently been large. It is evident that a fleet which is nineteen-twentieths tramp ships must take a heavier risk than one of which 50 per cent follow regular routes. On this basis the comparison becomes more favorable, but it must be admitted that no other tramp fleet does such hard service as the Norwegian. Our ships and our seamen have shown themselves capable of meeting and conquering the greatest dangers and difficulties, but it goes without saying that under such circumstances there must be more accidents than in an easier service.

The development of steamship routes has not by any means kept pace with that of the tramp fleet. The ships engaged in regular passenger service have now a total tonnage of about 150,000. A not inconsiderable part are employed in the coast lines. The beauties of our islands and fjords may now almost everywhere be enjoyed from the decks of comfortable, fast steamers, especially adapted for the purpose. We have also lines connecting us with the principal ports of the European continent and the British Isles. The Otto Thoresen Company has opened a regular steamship service to Spain, the Canary Islands and Mediterranean ports. In all these lines the traffic has increased greatly in recent years.

Still, Norway had no trans-oceanic line until 1907, when, in behalf of the Norway-Mexico Gulf Line Company, the writer opened a

regular steamship service to the United States, Cuba and Mexico, entering the ports of Newport News, Galveston, New Orelans, Havana, Vera Cruz and Puerta Mexico, the last named being changed in 1912 to Tampico. The line, which received a government subsidy of 100,000 kroner a year for three years, with the privilege of renewal for three years, began with two hired steamers. By 1911 the company owned two steamers, and in addition had hired three and chartered seven steamers. In February, 1912, yet another boat was added, and in October of the same year the contract was signed for Norway's first large Diesel motor ship. To begin with, the volume of business was small and gave small profits, but in 1911 the line was able to pay dividends. The total exports of that year amounted to 54,000 tons, of which 35,000 went to the United States, the remainder to Cuba and Mexico. The total imports were 59,000 tons, of which 58,000 came from the United States, the remainder from Mexico. In 1914 the line will begin a direct service, with special steamers to Boston and Philadelphia.

The success of the Norway-Mexico Line has given others faith in the power of Norway to support trans-oceanic lines, and we have now several. The Fred. Olsen Company in Christiania has opened a line to La Plata with two boats; Fearnley and Eger in Christiania and Wilhelmsen in Tönsberg have started one to South Africa and Australia, and the Lorentzen Norwegian-Brazilian Company is starting one to Brazil, with motor boats. Finally, we have the Norwegian America Line, with two large passenger steamers to ply between Norway and New York. With these and with the projected extension of the Norway-Mexico Line to Philadelphia and Boston, Norway will have direct freight and passenger service to all parts of the American east coast, except Canada, to two important gulf ports, Galveston and New Orleans, and to Mexico and Cuba. There is no doubt that when the Panama Canal has been in operation for a while, direct communication will be established with the Pacific coast.

This rapid extension of our deep-sea carrying trade is closely connected with the development of our export industry. The harnessing of our waterfalls, the rational utilization of our forests and the beginning of several important mining enterprises have added greatly to the amount of our exports, and as most of the goods produced are heavy, which is also true to a great extent of our imports, the foreign trade of Norway makes an excellent basis for building up a steamship service. Our leading exports are wood pulp, cellulose, paper and lumber.

The sealing and whaling vessels constitute an important part of our fleet, which must be treated separately. The latter alone, including the floating try-houses, have a total tonnage of 150,000. More than half of these are owned in Sandefjord, and the remainder are

divided between Tönsberg and Larvik, with a smaller number in Christiania, Haugesund and Bergen. Whaling is a highly specialized pursuit and can only be profitable with an experienced crew. Enterprises started outside of the above-named cities, which have tradition in their favor, have therefore seldom been successful. On the other hand, Norwegian whalers have taken tribute from waters in all parts of the world. They have crossed and recrossed the southern as well as the northern oceans. They have stations in Europe, America, Australia, and the South Sea Islands, and carry on their pursuit on the eastern coast of Asia. The marvelous extension of whaling is largely due to the floating try-houses, in the adoption of which Messrs. Chr. Christensen, Bogen, Consul Johan Bryde, Thor Dahl



THE TOURIST STEAMER "FINMARKEN"

and Ingvald Bryde, all of Sandefjord, have been the pioneers. It is a hazardous business, capable of yielding immense profits, but often inflicting serious losses.

In the matter of insurance, Norway has developed a system of mutual protection, which has been imitated in the neighboring countries. All coast towns of any importance as shipping centers have one or more co-operative societies, which cover the greater part of the Norwegian hull and freight insurance. They are without doubt among the greatest co-operative undertakings the world has seen, and have on the whole been very beneficial, not only directly by giving our ship-owners cheap insurance, but indirectly by competing with the regular insurance companies and forcing down the rates. Furthermore, it is these co-operative societies that have established and support the Norwegian Veritas, an organization that takes rank beside the best surveying institutions of the great seafaring nations.

Our own shipyards, with a maximum production of 50,000 tons

a year, have not been able to take care of even half of the new construction necessitated by the extension of our shipping, but there are signs that their output will be greatly increased in the near future. About 8,000 men are at present employed in the ship-building trades. The fleet itself at the end of 1911 employed 36,433 men. This, however, does not by any means give an adequate idea of the Norwegian sailor class, as there are many Norwegians on foreign vessels and some foreigners in the Norwegian fleet.

I believe the facts presented here will show that the shipping industry in our time is of greater importance than ever as a source of income to Norway. We are proud to know that we are the inheritors of the Phenicians, the Portuguese, and the Dutchmen on the sea, and that today we may venture to compare our merchant fleet with those of the great seafaring nations. The dominion on the sea which our country exercised a thousand years ago through her viking marauders we hope to win again by the peaceful efforts of our shipowners, our merchants, and our brave sailors.

Ole Windingstad and His Musical Career in New York

By IVAN NARODNY

IT SEEMS that a new musical era of vigorous nationalistic schools is dawning upon New York, and that the songs of many nations are rising ever increasingly from the shadows of the city's skyscrapers and tenement houses. I was surprised recently to find that the New York Scandinavian colony was not less provided with music of its native color than were those of other musically educated nationalities, especially the English or German-speaking citizens. Although I knew that all Scandinavians are born adventurers and lovers of song, yet I had no idea of the existence of a Scandinavian symphony orchestra, much less of the alert musical activity of the Northmen.

It is a well-known fact that Scandinavian folk songs are considered most brilliant gems of art, for they contain something inexpressibly tender, romantic and rugged at the same time. There is a vein of Northern poetry and magic in most of their melodies. Is it a gleam of the scintillating aurora borealis or is it the echo of a murmur of the mountain brook? This is hard to define, but they are fascinatingly beautiful.

It is only natural that those of the Scandinavians who have made their homes in this country could hardly live without musical stimulation. One of the most striking incidents that brought me to realize the significance of the Scandinavian music in New York was listening to one of the first big concerts of the combined orchestra and choruses that was given during the past season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. It was on this occasion that I came to see for the first time Mr. Ole Windingstad, the practical leader and inspiration of the musical life of his countrymen in New York. With his modest appearance and simple manners, he made at once a deep impression upon me. He was conducting the first movement of his own symphony with the orchestra which he himself had organized, while the remainder of the performance was devoted to "Olav Trygvason," the unfinished opera by Grieg, arranged later by the composer in concert form. On both occasions Mr. Windingstad acted as a conductor magnificently, and thus aroused my curiosity to know something of his individual traits and life story.



OLE WINDINGSTAD

A very remarkable fact in connection with the standards of the New York musical colonies is that they depend altogether upon the leader. A colony may have good singers and many lovers of music, but if it lacks the leader, everything drags. Scandinavians are therefore fortunate in having their musical affairs in the hands of Ole Windingstad, who is not only a highly educated musician and conductor, but a pedagogue and composer of great talent. His life story is a thrilling novel of struggle and heroism in itself. Having worked days and nights for his living, mostly by giving music lessons or playing the piano or organ at insufficient prices, he has managed to compose his first symphony, to conduct the three choruses and to organize the splendid symphony orchestra, of the existence of which few people have known, outside of the Scandinavians themselves. How he has been able to accomplish this huge amount of work remains a perfect wonder, for Mr. Windingstad has been in this country only six years, and he arrived here without any means or friends. His courage and self-sacrifice may serve as an inspiring example for many others. He is the type of a great idealist and poet, whom the commercial issues of this cosmopolitan city have been unable to affect.

Not a mere amateur is Mr. Windingstad in his various capacities, but a man of thorough musical education and experience. Having been graduated at the Conservatory of Music in Christiania, where he studied to become an organist, he made a trip to Germany, where he happened to see Arthur Nikisch conducting his Gewandhaus Symphony Orchestra in Berlin, and the great conductor so magnetized him that the young Norwegian decided to become his pupil and went to Leipsic, where he studied music in the Nikisch Conductor School for two years.

As he realized that there was little opportunity for him to get along as a foreigner in Germany, he decided to try his luck in America, of which he had heard so much. When he arrived in New York, without means and friends, however, he found nothing to encourage him, and started to earn his living as well as he could, still hoping to get some opportunity to become a conductor of some orchestra or chorus. Finally, as he saw that there was nothing to be done, he began to reorganize the choruses of his countrymen. It took him years of hard and untiring work until he succeeded, and that only recently. He is now the leader of two big Norwegian singing societies, one Danish singing society and the Scandinavian Symphony Orchestra, as well as head conductor of the Danish Singers' Union of America and of the eastern division of the Norwegian Singers' Union of America.

The example of Mr. Windingstad in the musical life of his countrymen in New York has not failed to show its admirable features. I found, for instance, that the music that is produced in the New York Scandinavian colony is at least a spontaneous expression of emotions. There is little of the commercial element in evidence, still less of the conventional stiffness that one feels in the audiences of the gilded concert halls. And when one realizes that their music is produced and enjoyed not by people living in ease or having music for their profession, but comes exclusively from the hearts of working men and women and goes into the hearts of the same simple people, it truly should inspire and stimulate every American to emulation. One of the noblest qualities that any foreigner has imported with himself is the love of music, not as a social function but as something poetic and sacred.

When I left Mr. Windingstad and returned from Brooklyn, it seemed to me as if I had been in another age, as well as among another race than average New Yorkers. All the Norwegian music is in some way semi-Oriental, weird, poetic, yet full of Northern ruggedness and power. It suggests the mysterious atmosphere of the aurora borealis, the sweet flute of a fairy and the rich phantasy of sagas.

America in Scandinavia

A Letter from the Secretary of the American-Scandinavian Foundation:

RIKSGRANSEN, July, 1913.

TO THE READERS OF THE REVIEW:

Every bridge should reach two shores. During the past months readers of the REVIEW have heard a great deal about Scandinavian art in America, about English translations of Northern literature, and the preservation of their languages, arts and crafts by American descendants of the vikings. These are some of the issues which the American-Scandinavian movement has already faced in America. But there is another side of our work—America in Scandinavia. How can we promote a better understanding across the sea of the real and permanent values of American life?

One important step has already been taken by the American-Scandinavian Foundation. To help towards a true appreciation in Scandinavia of American methods and ideals, the trustees of the Foundation established fellowships with stipendia of $750 each, to enable six advanced Scandinavian students to work at the same time in American universities, it being expected that these students would return after their sojourn in America, effective interpreters of the best in our life and thought. The better to secure the right persons for this end, the choice of the Fellows was left entirely in the hands of advisory committees, who have been officially appointed by the governments of Denmark, Norway and Sweden.

It was especially to confer with these committees that the trustees of the Foundation instructed the Secretary to proceed in May to Scandinavia. The spontaneous cordiality with which he was received everywhere as their representative is but another evidence of the growing friendship for America of the countries of the North.

In Denmark, the Secretary was received in private audience by His Majesty King Christian X, also by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Ahlefeldt-Laurvig, and by the Minister of Education, Mr. Appel. He was entertained by the American Minister, Dr. Egan, and by various members of the Danish Advisory Committee. Furthermore, he as well as Professor William Hovgaard, a trustee of the Foundation, were guests of the Industrial Congress in Copenhagen.

In Sweden, His Majesty King Gustaf V also graciously received the Secretary in private audience. He was present at a dinner given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Ehrensvärd, at his official residence, for all members of the Swedish Advisory Committee, the American diplomatic corps, the Minister of Education, and several officials in the foreign office. The Secretary was also entertained by Professor Montelius, chairman of the Swedish Advisory Committee,

and by Mr. Stabler, Secretary of the American Legation. In his journey through Sweden he was the recipient of special hospitality from the State Railroads, the Royal Waterfalls Commission and the Kirunavaara-Luossavaara Company in Lapland.

In Norway, His Majesty King Haakon VII also granted the Secretary an audience. He was the guest of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Ihlen, at a dinner at which various officials were present, including the Minister of State, the Ministers of Denmark and Sweden, the American Minister, the Governor of Christiania, and the chairman of the Norwegian Advisory Committee. The members of the Committee and the Secretary were entertained at luncheons by the rector of the University of Christiania, Professor Morgenstierne, and by the American Minister, Mr. Swenson. The Secretary was also the guest of Mr. Endicott, Secretary of the American Legation, and of Consul F. Herman Gade, brother of the president of the American-Scandinavian Society.

To all these and to numerous other individuals throughout Scandinavia who tendered him their hospitality as a representative of the Foundation, the Secretary is glad to extend the trustees' gratitude.

Their Majesties, the Royal Patrons of the Foundation, expressed approval of the policy of the trustees, not only in promoting closer relations between America and Scandinavia, but also in strengthening indirectly the friendship between Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. Subjoined is a list of the members of the three Advisory Committees, who, it will be noted, are all men of unusual prominence.

The Danish Advisory Committee

Mr. A. P. Weis, chairman of the Danish Advisory Committee, is chief of department in the Ministry of Education. He was formerly the director of the Royal Theatre, and is a member of the board of the New Carlsberg Fund.

Professor Bernhard Böggild represents the Royal Agricultural College of Copenhagen. Throughout Europe he is recognized as an authority on scientific dairying and is a director of the *Fédération Internationale de Laiterie*. In 1910 he made an extended lecture tour in the United States.

Mr. Alexander Foss may be said to represent applied science and the industrial life of Denmark. He is a member of the firm of F. L. Smidth & Company, which supplies Portland cement machinery, not only to practically every country in Europe, but also to North and South America. As president of the *Industriforening*, Mr. Foss delivered memorable addresses in 1912 on "Denmark as an Industrial Country," and in 1913 on "Danish Commercial Treaties." He visited the United States in 1912 and was guest at a dinner given in

his honor by the president of the American-Scandinavian Society.

Professor Otto Jesperson, representative of the University of Copenhagen, is known throughout the world by his works on the history and structure of the English language. He is a member of the Danish Academy of Science. In 1904, and again in 1909, he lectured at American universities, and in 1910 received an honorary degree from Columbia University.

Professor Wilhelm Johannsen, also of the University of Copenhagen, is an eminent biologist, a member of the Danish Academy, and the author of many scientific works, his special study being heredity and vegetable physiology. In 1911 and 1912 he lectured extensively in the United States as guest of Columbia University, Harvard, Johns Hopkins, Cornell, and the state universities of Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois and others. He received an honorary degree from Harvard at the inauguration of President Lowell.

Professor Viggo Johansen represents the fine arts. He is a distinguished portrait painter and the director of the Academy of Arts.

Mr. Hans O. Lange, Chief Librarian of the Royal Library, is also a member of the Danish Academy of Science. His works include "The Great Sphinx of Gizeh," "A Theban Abbot's Testament," and a "History of the Art of Printing."

Dr. H. L. Möller represents commerce. For many years he was director of the Brock Business Schools and a member of parliament.

Professor Asger Ostenfeld represents the Royal Polytechnical School. His special field of investigation is iron construction.

All applications of Danes for fellowships should be addressed to Mr. Weis at *Kultusministeriet*, Copenhagen.

The Swedish Advisory Committee

The King of Sweden named Professor Oscar Montelius as chairman of the Swedish Advisory Committee. From 1907 until the present year, Professor Montelius was Antiquary of the Realm of Sweden. He is a member of the Swedish Academy and of numerous learned bodies throughout Europe and America, the author of epoch-making works, and is recognized as one of the world's most distinguished archeologists. It is said that he knows Sweden in the stone age better than any living man knows Sweden today. In America Professor Montelius has many personal friends; in 1909–10 he delivered a series of lectures at the Lowell Institute in Boston, and lectures also at the Universities of Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and Pennsylvania.

The University of Uppsala is represented by its chief librarian, Dr. L. Aksel Andersson, author and bibliographer, who has also traveled extensively in the United States, carrying our best library methods back to Sweden.

Professor C. F. Gunnar Andersson has also visited America. He is the author of various scientific works and occupies the chair of economic geography at the Business College of Stockholm.

Professor Svante A. Arrhenius, the renowned chemist and physicist, was the first Swedish recipient of a Nobel Prize, the award for chemistry in 1903. He has been a member of the Swedish Academy since 1901, and since 1905 director of the Nobel Institute. He is the founder of the theory of electrolytic dissociation. In 1907 Professor Arrhenius lectured at the University of California, and in 1910–11 was Lowell lecturer at Boston, and the guest of several American universities.

Professor John V. Berg, of the Caroline Medical Institute in Stockholm, is one of the most eminent surgeons in Sweden.

Mr. Per T. Berg, honorary consul-general of the United States in Sweden, came to Pittsburg in 1879 as an expert engineer, and remained until 1902 a member of the Carnegie Steel Company. In that year, after the absorption of the company by the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Berg returned to Sweden as technical representative in Europe of that corporation, and has also been identified in various ways with the recent industrial development of Sweden. His brother, Mr. Fridtjuv Berg, is Swedish Minister of Education. Consul Berg is a life member of the American-Scandinavian Society.

The University of Lund is represented by Dr. P. Axel Herrlin, professor of psychology and pedagogy, and author of a series of psychological treatises.

The Academy of Agriculture at Stockholm is represented by its secretary, Professor Herman J. B. Juhlin Dannfelt, author of various works on the science of agriculture.

Mr. Thorsten Laurin, director in the publishing house of P. A. Norstedt and Sons at Stockholm, was chosen in the interests of literature and the fine arts. Patron and collector of art, Mr. Laurin is one of the founders of the Society called "Friends of the National Museum" and of the "Society for the Decoration of the Schools." He possesses the largest existing collection of etchings by Zorn. Mr. Laurin has several times visited America and married in 1901 Miss Elizabeth Emery of Cambridge, Massachusetts. He is the brother of the author and critic, Carl G. Laurin, who wrote the introduction on Swedish art in the catalogue of the recent Scandinavian Exhibition of the American-Scandinavian Society.

Professor J. Gustaf Richert, a member of the Swedish Academy, professor from 1903 until 1911 at the Technical College of Stockholm, will visit America in September as a delegate to an international congress. He is one of the expert consulting engineers of Sweden on waterways, canal construction and railroad building, and a member of numerous public commissions.

Professor Gustaf F. Steffen represents the University of Gothenburg, where he occupies the chair of economics and sociology. He is the author of "Modern England" and other standard works on social conditions in Great Britain. He is also a member of parliament.

All applications of Swedes for fellowships should be addressed to Professor Oscar Montelius at the National Museum, Stockholm.

The Norwegian Advisory Committee

The chairman of the Norwegian Advisory Committee is Knud Johannes Hougen, *ekspeditionschef* in the Department of Church and Education, who was formerly Minister of Education and a member of parliament.

Nordmandsforbundet is represented by its president, C. C. Berner, one of the leaders of the liberal party of Norway, and member of many public commissions. He has been Minister of State, president of the *Odelsting*, and president of the *Storting* from 1898 to 1909, in which last office he distinguished himself as a parliamentarian of eminent ability.

Dr. Samuel Eyde, director of the great saltpeter works of Norway, represents applied science. Through the Birkeland-Eyde process of creating saltpeter by oxidizing the nitrogen of the air, he has harnessed the waterfalls of Norway and established a great chemical industry. In 1912 he visited the United States, delivering a memorable address before the Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry in New York, and wrote an article for the American-Scandinavian Review on "The Industrial Future of Norway," which attracted widespread attention.

The interests of literature and art are protected by the author, Vilhelm Krag, poet and dramatist, formerly chief of the National Theatre.

The only woman member of the Advisory Committees is Mrs. Martha E. Larsen, formerly librarian of the public library in Trondhjem. She is a graduate of the New York State Library School at Albany.

The University of Christiania is represented by its rector, Professor Bredo von Munthe of Morgenstierne, who occupies the chair of jurisprudence, economics and statistics, and has written several standard works in his special field.

Mr. Johan Ludwig Mowinckel, a leading merchant of Bergen, is mayor of that city and now president of the *Odelsting*. He is vice-president and director of the new Norwegian America Line. In 1912 he was a delegate to the Congress of the Chambers of Commerce in Boston and traveled extensively in the United States.

The Technical School at Trondhjem is represented by its rector, Professor S. Sæland. The Technical School is being greatly enlarged

at the present time, occupying a commanding position over the city of Trondhjem.

Director Nils Ödegaard represents the School of Agriculture at Aas. He is a member of various public commissions and author of several books on the science of agriculture.

All applications of Norwegians for fellowships should be addressed to Mr. J. Hougen at *Kirke- og Undervisningsdepartementet*, Christiania.

Fellows of the Foundation

Hereafter all applications for fellowships for the following autumn must be made to the advisory committees before January 1 of each year. The following six Fellows of the Foundation have been appointed for the academic year 1913–14: for Denmark—C. M. Pedersen, student of technology, and Vilhelm Slomann, student of library methods; for Norway—Arnt Jacobsen, student of bridge construction, and Ellen Gleditsch, investigator in physical chemistry; for Sweden—Erik Köersner, civil engineer, and Einar Corvin, investigator in experimental psychology. Further details of their work will be published in the November issue of the Review, after they have begun their studies in America.

The American-Scandinavian Society

Many friends of the American-Scandinavian movement in the North have felt the need of a large, free working body of members to co-operate with the Foundation. The need of greater resources is apparent when one realizes that in Norway alone, where two applicants for fellowships were chosen, seventy-eight had to be rejected. Other avenues of usefulness—exhibitions, lectureships, standard translations of American books—are open to the American-Scandinavian Society in Europe. Certain public-spirited men in the industrial world of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, are at present formulating plans for the organization of the American-Scandinavian Society in each country—let us hope with good success.

H. G. L.

Editorial

SWEDISH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

In the early years of the twentieth century the great progress of Swedish industries created a demand for new markets and new outlets for Swedish trade. Many merchants realized the possibilities for export to the United States, but the long distance and the lack of reliable information were two drawbacks which caused many importers to deal through German and English houses, with connections already established in the United States, rather than directly with the American importer.

To meet this situation a few Swedish-American business men began to discuss the founding of a Swedish Chamber of Commerce in New York. It was not without misgivings that the undertaking was begun. Many felt that the expenses would be too heavy and the results doubtful, as it was difficult to know to what extent the Swedish business men would be interested. At a preliminary meeting in April, 1906, however, those present pledged themselves to meet the expenses for one year. A committee was appointed to act as a board of directors, consisting of the following ten members: A. E. Johnson, Hans Lagerlöf, Charles K. Johansen, G. Thyreen, G. P. Wern, Emil F. Johnson, H. A. C. Dahl, Ernest Lundgren, Adolf Aspegren, and John Aspegren.

The Chamber was incorporated in March of the following year, and at the first annual meeting there were 58 members, 31 in Sweden and 27 in the United States. New applications for membership were constantly received, while the inquiries which poured in proved that merchants on both sides of the Atlantic took an interest in the useful and patriotic institution founded by private individuals. At the end of 1912 the membership reached 308.

It is beyond a doubt that the Chamber from the beginning has been an important factor in the development of Swedish business enterprise in this country and has fulfilled its mission of being a link between the commercial, financial and industrial interests of Sweden and of the United States. The most important part of its activity has been the establishment of connections between Swedish and American merchants. It has also furnished information regarding the trade between the two countries and issued detailed mercantile reports as to the commercial and financial standing of firms and persons here and abroad. It has often acted as arbiter in business disputes, effecting settlements in an amicable way. Its monthly and yearly publications have been distributed broadcast among business men here and abroad, and by occasional circular letters and articles in the Swedish and American press it has brought to the attention

of the public matters of special interest relating to the trade between the two countries.

The Chamber is in frequent correspondence with the two governments, and by co-operating with them has been able to effect several important measures. Notable among these are the reduction of cable rates and the establishment of a direct steamship line, both of which have been at least partially realized. Believing in the benefit of personal meetings between Swedish and American business men, the Chamber has arranged annual banquets, which have been largely attended by prominent business and professional men, including the Swedish ministers and consuls, as well as American public officials. It has often been invited to join in official functions in the City and State of New York. An office is maintained in the Annex of the New York Produce Exchange, in the heart of the downtown business district. It is in charge of Mr. E. C. Herslow as general manager, and has on file books and periodicals bearing on trade relations between Sweden and the United States. Every facility is extended to Swedish business men visiting this country.

The president of the Swedish Chamber of Commerce is at present Mr. A. E. Johnson, general agent of the Scandinavian-American Steamship Line. Among its directors are men of large business interests and broad experience. To this fact must be attributed the prestige it has gained. It is confidently expected that the Swedish Chamber of Commerce shall not only maintain its present efficiency, but extend further its useful activity, increasing the feeling of consanguinity between the Swedes of the Mother Country and those who have found new spheres of activity in this land of promise.

JOHN ASPEGREN,
First Vice-President.

THE ART EXHIBITION FINAL STATEMENT

The first step toward bringing an exhibition of Scandinavian art to this country was taken by the American-Scandinavian Society in the lifetime and with the enthusiatic concurrence of its founder, Niels Poulson. In April, 1910, Mr. Poulson being then president and Mr. Carl Lorentzen secretary, a committee was appointed to confer on the matter. The plan was discussed in several meetings and was given publicity in a pamphlet sent out by the Society in the early part of 1911, as well as in the press. But a plan of such magnitude naturally needs time to mature, and it was not before the autumn of 1911 that it took definite form. Mr. Henrik Lund then came to New York to arrange an exhibition of Norwegian pictures, but consented instead to lend his services to the larger enterprise, combining the art of all three nations. In February, 1912, the American-Scandinavian Foundation voted to "guarantee a sum not exceeding $5,000 to promote the

project of the American-Scandinavian Society to bring a collection of Scandinavian pictures to exhibit in America, on the understanding that the pictures shall be approved by the governments of Denmark, Norway and Sweden." At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the American-Scandinavian Society the following month, it was voted that "the Society accept the grant and proceed with the exhibit, and that President Gade be given full power in the matter, including the making of artistic and financial arrangements within the scope of th grant." Mr. Gade spent a part of the summer in Scandinavia and personally received the promise of the three kings that they woul act as patrons of the exhibition.

The Exhibition itself and the reception accorded it have been described in an earlier number of the REVIEW. A list of magazine articles dealing with it may be found in the May issue. It only remains to give a final statement of attendance, sales, receipts and expenditures. The following works of art were sold: Danish, "Winter Day," by Lauritz A. Ring and some pieces of Royal Copenhagen porcelain; Norwegian, "Fisherman's Cottage," by Harald Sohlberg; Swedish, "In the Snow," by Carl Larsson; "September Night" and "Meditation," by Gustaf Fjaestad, "At Rest, Sunday," by Anna Boberg, and three groups of wood carvings called "The Christening," "At the Photographer's" and "The Burial" by Axel Pettersson. The attendance was as follows: New York, 8,000; Buffalo, 45,000; Toledo, 32,000; Chicago, 70,000; Boston, 13,000; total, 168,000.

The REVIEW has obtained from Mr. Gade a statement of receipts and expenditures showing the actual cost of the Exhibition, after deducting the income from sales of tickets, catalogues and posters, to have been slightly over nine thousand dollars. We have ascertained that this is many thousand dollars less than the cost of the German exhibition managed by Mr. Hugo Reisinger, in spite of the fact that the latter was collected in one country only and exhibited in three galleries, while the Scandinavian was collected in three countries and exhibited in five galleries. Thanks are due to the generosity of Messrs. A. E. Johnson & Co., of the Scandinavian-American Line, who carried the pictures from Scandinavia and back, entirely free of charge. The Society is also indebted to Mr. Henrik Lund and Mr. Christian Brinton, who gave their services for an amount that did not even cover their traveling expenses. It must further be noted that Mr. Gade himself visited the artists who were invited to send their pictures, and his expenses in traveling throughout Scandinavia are not entered in the account. Finally, no mention is made of postage, clerical help and publicity, as the correspondence and administrative work, reaching over a period of a year and a half, were done partly in the president's private office, partly in that of the Society. Mr. Gade's statement follows:

EXPENSES OF ART EXHIBITION

RECEIPTS

The American-Scandinavian Foundation	$5,000.00	
Consul C. A. Smith	100.00	
James Boyce (Through Henrik Lund)	100.00	
Wilhelm Castberg " " "	75.00	
Consul Oscar Haugan " " "	100.00	
Joachim Gjaever " " "	50.00	
Marius Kirkeby " " "	50.00	
Total donations		$5,475.00
Sale of tickets:		
American Art Association, New York	2,408.00	
Office of the American-Scandinavian Society	137.30	
Total		2,545.30
Sale of catalogues and posters:		
American Art Association	906.00	
Buffalo Fine Arts Academy	512.25	
Toledo Art Museum	107.00	
The Art Institute of Chicago	600.09	
Boston Museum of Fine Arts	300.00	
Sweden	5.58	
Office of the Society	2.62	
Total		2,433.54
Refund of insurance from galleries		1,347.50
Total receipts		11,801.34
Deficit made good by John A. Gade		3,555.02
		$15,356.36

DISBURSEMENTS

Henrik Lund, salary and expenses		$3,000.00
Collecting and shipping pictures in Scandinavia, honorarium and expenses of:		
V. Jastrau, Danish agent	$718.25	
Oscar Warner, Norwegian agent	384.20	
Percy Tottie, Swedish agent	285.51	
Total		1,387.96
Catalogue and poster:		
Christian Brinton, compiling catalogue	1,000.00	
Special articles for catalogue	211.75	
Printing catalogue	2,024.50	
Special binding for foreign distribution	50.00	
Gunnar Hallström, design for poster	134.50	
Printing and mounting of poster	244.02	
Total		3,664.77
General expenses:		
Advertising in Scandinavian papers of N. Y.	59.90	
Photos for newspaper reproduction	40.50	
Custom House brokers	201.59	
Packing and cartage	390.92	
Cables	82.23	
Expenses of Buffalo Fine Arts Academy	4.25	
Expenses of Boston Museum of Fine Arts	44.43	
American Art Association (New York), advertising, service, printing, decoration, rental, etc.	3,267.80	
Insurance	2,597.35	
Expressage	614.66	
		7,303.63
Total disbursements		$15,356.36

SUMMARY

Total disbursements	$15,356.36
Less refund of insurance	1,347.50
Total cost of Exhibition	14,008.86
Total income from sales of tickets, catalogue and poster	4,978.84
Net cost of Exhibition	$9,030.02

Bills not yet rendered—Expenses in Scandinavia, returning pictures to artists.

SALES OF ART OBJECTS

Cash receipts from sales, less commission of galleries:		
Art Institute of Chicago	$2,515.67	
American Art Association, New York	1,113.50	
Private sales	2,223.75	
		$5,852.92
Duties on pictures and carvings sold	$999.10	
Paid Danish agent	491.75	
Paid Norwegian agent	1,615.36	
Paid Swedish agent	2,586.96	
Royal Copenhagen porcelain	51.00	
Cash on hand	108.75	
		$5,852.92

Bill not yet rendered, duty on picture, "At Rest, Sunday."

NORTHERN MUSIC

The American-Scandinavian Society has engaged Carnegie Hall, in New York, for Sunday afternoon, October 26, for what promises to be the greatest musical event ever undertaken by Scandinavians in the Eastern States. Three eminent soloists, whose names will be announced in the next number of the REVIEW, will take part. The United Male Choruses of New York, with two hundred voices, will represent this characteristic feature of Scandinavian music. In addition, the committee, realizing that much of the finest in the music of the North can be adequately interpreted only by a full orchestra, have taken the important step of engaging the Scandinavian Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. Ole Windingstad. This organization is yet new, but its brilliant young leader is making it a permanent institution. Mr. Windingstad's remarkable success in helping the Scandinavians to take a place in New York musical life worthy of their traditions and ideals is described by Mr. Ivan Narodny in another part of the REVIEW. The committee under the chairmanship of Dr. Johannes Hoving hope to make this concert the beginning of a series of musical events, presenting Northern music not only to the Scandinavians, but also to the American public.

FORTHCOMING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEW

Dr. Valdemar Poulsen, of wireless telegraphy fame, a few weeks ago received the editor of the REVIEW in his laboratory, a few rods behind the City Hall in Copenhagen, where he is working in collaboration with Prof. P. O. Pedersen. In these days he is very busy, but he promised "as soon as the next link is formed" to write an article for the AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW. The November number will contain another authoritative article on the development of the Scandinavian nations from a pastoral and seafaring life to a place in the van of modern progress. Mr. Alexander Foss, of Copenhagen, has under preparation an article on "Denmark as an Industrial

Country," which promises to be as interesting reading and as illuminating in its facts as the article by Dr. Samuel Eyde on "The Industrial Future of Norway" in the January number. Other noted men who have promised articles for the REVIEW are Prof. Svante Arrhenius, Prof. Oscar Montelius, Mr. Ferdinand Boberg and Dr. Sven Hedin.

Books

PLAYS BY BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON. Translated by Edwin Björkman. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1913.

Of the three plays translated in Björkman's volume, viz.: "The Gauntlet," "Beyond Our Power," and "The New System," only the second, which is also by far the shortest in extent, can lay claim to be a really great drama—one which the world can not willingly let die. It is the only one of the three in which the purpose for which it was written has been bodied forth in classic form. Never did Björnson more truly sound the profoundest stirrings of our times. In "Beyond Our Power" Björnson is the poet-seer. In "The Gauntlet," the purpose, viz. the discussion of "the double standard of morality," is so much in the foreground that the characters carrying the fable remain schematic and the play is, dramatically, unconvincing. This is much less the case in "The New System," with its highly original scenes and sparkling dialogue. Mr. Björkman's renderings are, on the whole, excellent, revealing deftness, literary skill and tact of no mean order. It is all the more to be regretted that he has in not a few places misunderstood idioms any Norwegian could have explained to him. Nevertheless, these plays are now available in thoroughly good renderings, and it is to be hoped that they will enrich and revitalize the repertoires of our Metropolitan theatres. The introduction of fifteen pages is pleasantly written, but rather thin. However desirable it is that the reader be told the story of Björnson's life and works, it is at least as advisable to say something more than a few generalities about the works in hand. L. M. H.

SWORD AND CROZIER. By Indridi Einarsson. Translated from the Icelandic by Lee M. Hollander. *Poet Lore*, July, 1912.

Dr. Lee M. Hollander's rendering of Indridi Einarsson's "Sword and Crozier" is one of the few translations which have no less a claim to literary distinction than their originals. The translator's task is never light; in the present case the original represents a literary and cultural tradition so foreign, and is written in a tongue of so different a development from English, that the reader is as much astonished as gratified to hit upon such excellent work as Dr. Hollander's. He has selected the English form which he believed was best fitted to express the essence of the intensely dramatic original. The outcome has justified his choice; and it is significant that Mr. Einarsson, in a letter to the translator, has expressed his satisfaction with the result. "I have three translations of 'Sword and Crozier,'" he writes, "Danish, German, English, and I think I like yours best. . . . English suits better the Icelandic." In his excellent article on Indridi Einarsson and his Saga Drama, appended to the translation, Dr. Hollander remarks that "the poet has succeeded admirably in reproducing the cool coloring, the ironic-pessimistic attitude, that uncompromisingly masculine sentiment we know so well in their refreshing acerbity from the best sagas." It is the triumph of the translation that it reproduces in English these very effects, and presents the play to us a Saga Drama indeed.

Mr. Einarsson expresses himself as particularly pleased with the translation of the Song of Haf in Act V, and justly so. This song (reprinted on page 5 of the REVIEW), is a brilliant imitation of the Old Scandinavian minstrelsy, reminding one of the Biarkamol, or the Krokumol. I doubt if there is in English another rendition of Scandinavian verse comparable to this, which does justice to the metrical form of the original without abating a jot of its freedom and fire. It has been considered impossible to reproduce the metre of old Icelandic verse without offending the unaccustomed English ear; but Dr. Hollander has opened a new road to the translator. The splendid article by Dr. Hollander which follows the translation cannot be too strongly commended.

ARTHUR G. BRODEUR.

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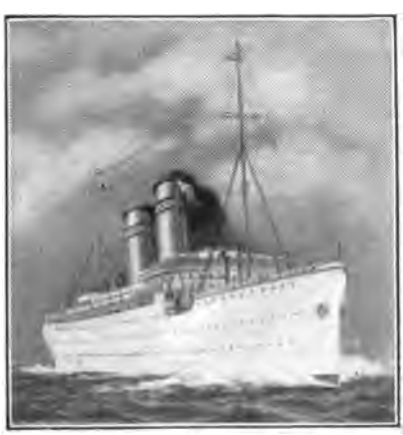
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The American-Scandinavian Society

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN SOCIETY is an international organization to cultivate closer relations between residents of the United States and Scandinavia, to strengthen the bonds between Scandinavian-Americans, and to advance knowledge of Scandinavian culture among American citizens, particularly among descendants of Scandinavians.

New Members

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HENRY GODDARD LEACH
Secretary

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NOVEMBER · 1913

· THE · AMERICAN·SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



INDUSTRIAL DENMARK

With Five Illustrations and a Chart

By ALEXANDER FOSS

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·AMERICAN·SCANDINAVIAN·FOUNDATION
· NEW·YORK ·

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ALEXANDER FOSS, C.E., is one of the captains of Danish industry. The house of F. L. Smidth & Co., in which he is a partner, invents and constructs on a vast scale for the manufacture of Portland cement, machinery that is used not only in Denmark, but in practically every country of Europe and South America, with a branch factory even in the United States. As president of *Industriforeningen*, Mr. Foss delivered memorable addresses in 1912 on "Denmark as an Industrial Country," and in 1913 on "Danish Commercial Treaties." His government recently appointed him a member of the American-Scandinavian Foundation's Danish Committee.

PER HALLSTRÖM, one of the most interesting of the modern Swedish masters of the short story, is still a comparatively young man, having been born in Stockholm in 1866. His career has been very varied; a few of his younger years (1888–1890) were spent in Chicago, Ill., where he occupied a position as an analytical chemist. Among his most striking collections of short stories is "Thanatos," which takes up various phases of man's attitude in the face of death, thus being comparable in substance, if not in treatment, with Sudermann's series of plays called "Morituri." Life in Hallström's stories is often futile, but full of warmth and variety for all that. The story in this issue is from a collection called "Vilsna Fåglar"—*Birds Astray*—which appeared for the first time in 1894.

JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN, Ph.D., who rendered Per Hallström's story into English for the REVIEW, is an Instructor in the Department of the German Language and Literature at the College of the City of New York. His book on the Old Norse Göngu-Hrolfssaga was very favorably reviewed in the first number of this magazine.



ALEXANDER FOSS

THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN
REVIEW

VOLUME I NOVEMBER · 1913 NUMBER 6

Industrial Denmark

By ALEXANDER FOSS

WHEN the generation to which I belonged went to school—in the years around 1870—we were taught that Denmark was a pastoral country untroubled by the numerous social evils that follow industrial life in the great manufacturing nations. And we learned, further, that an agricultural people is happier and more fortunately situated than a manufacturing population. This was an article of faith, which contained some truth, but considerable misunderstanding.

It is not difficult to discover the dark side of social development as manifested at times in communities like those of Saxony or England; yet the comparison is misleading, if we give the picture of manufacturing conditions all the shadows and agricultural life all the lights. In farming countries, as well as in other lands, we may find poverty, ignorance and a low intellectual level. True, money can by no means accomplish everything, yet it must be clear to all that a close and indissoluble relation exists between economic advancement and cultural advancement, while the dogma that a small, impecunious country is synonymous with a happy country at any rate contains more poetry than fact. There are in our time many circumstances tending to lessen any cause for alarm that might be felt at the prospect of Denmark's development along industrial lines. I may mention a single one of these—the improved means of communication, which make it useless and undesirable to crowd the workers in congested cities, and which permit us to distribute industries throughout the land, so that a factory worker need not necessarily be a city dweller, nor one who lives in the country necessarily a farmer.

There are many who maintain that Denmark lacks the essential qualifications for becoming an industrial country, but with the present increase in our population, a large number of our people have

no other means of livelihood. It must be presumed that a normal rate of increase will give us, in 1950, 800,000 more inhabitants who must be supported by manufacturing; agriculture cannot be expected to be able to nourish this increment; there is no other alternative except emigration or growing poverty. We must, therefore, face the issue and ask ourselves the question—what are the requisite conditions in our age that create an industrial community, or at all events make it possible to develop a self-sustaining industry? I will attempt to examine three different factors, each one of which I believe to have a determining influence.

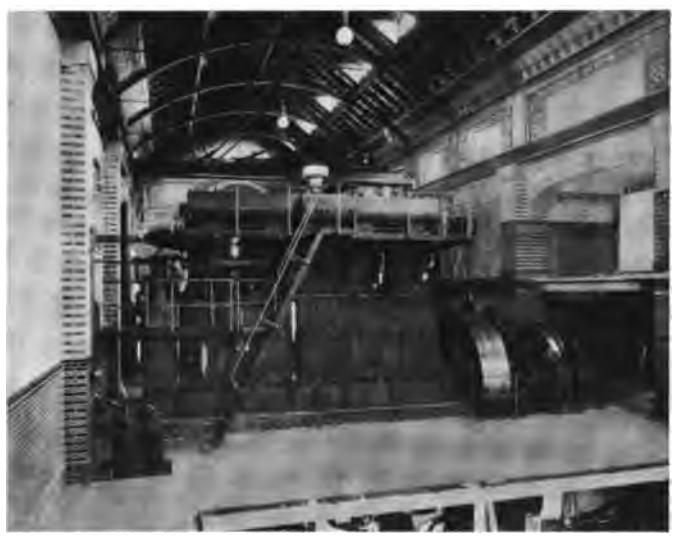
The first factor that I will take up is the question of *raw materials.* It is a common belief, well founded on historical observation, that industrial development is associated with the presence of mineral wealth in the soil, and in this connection we naturally think first of coal and iron deposits. Yet this is not entirely correct, since water power has also been of great importance in the rise of manufacturing in England and still more in Switzerland, which has neither coal nor other minerals, and is so situated that it is extremely difficult to obtain them. In the same manner, water power is a mighty factor in the present development of the Scandinavian peninsula and the Alpine lands.

It must be granted, nevertheless, that mineral deposits in the soil are a very important source of wealth. Now, Denmark has none of these, neither coal nor petroleum, neither ores nor potash. The fact that it would be of immense value to us if we could find such materials in our soil is self-evident, but at the same time it is a mistake to suppose that the conditions for the existence of industry depend entirely upon the presence of these substances in the earth. German and English iron manufacturers take an increasing proportion of their ore from Sweden and Spain, Germany from France as well; English cotton manufacturers get their cotton from India, Egypt, and America, while on the other hand neither Egypt nor India have any considerable cotton factories, nor does the iron production of Sweden correspond to the production of ores, any more than Chili can manufacture all the copper mined in the country. Another example: The vast German coal tar color industry, the annual output of which is valued at $110,000,000, builds its operations on tar and sulphuric acid as the two most important ingredients, but the sulphuric acid is derived from foreign, particularly from Spanish pyrites.

And yet—some one may say—all these things depend upon coal; manufacturing belongs in coal districts and perhaps among waterfalls. In reply, I wish to point out that England ships such enormous quantities of coal that the coal export rivals that of the greatest separate industries. It must also be remembered that the importance of coal

is greatest where the products are of a coarse nature; the further we go in fashioning and transforming raw materials, the smaller is the role played by coal consumption in comparison with other items in the cost of production, And in the matter of waterfalls, cheap power is in many instances outweighed by the great cost of transportation. This is true of many of the Norwegian and Swedish waterfalls, and to a very great degree of those in Iceland.

In this connection, the second factor of which I treat plays a decisive part: it is *the situation of the country and its means of communication.* In this respect Denmark is quite exceptionally fortunate. I do not know whether any of the other middle or north European countries possess so many and so striking evidences of a very early and thick colonization as Denmark does, but it seems to me quite natural that, just as the Greek archipelago in a remote period became a center of culture in the Mediterranean, so the Northern archipelago at an early date became an outlet for a growing population. Some modern philologists maintain that the whole Gothic and Germanic race proceeded from the Danish Isles.



ELECTRIC POWER HOUSE AT AARHUS. 1,000 HORSE-POWER GENERATED BY DIESEL MOTOR

The advantages of this geographic situation and configuration make themselves felt at different times in different degrees. During the revolutionary development of the railroads, I admit that they were of lesser consequence, but I believe we are now entering upon a period when the advantages of sea communication over land communication will make themselves felt more and more. Is it not important that Denmark has a coast line measuring 4,375 miles full of splendid natural harbors, which are moreover cheap, from the fact that in most of them there is scarcely any tide? Is it no advantage that the freight rates from the coal regions of Scotland and northern England to Denmark are no greater than to London or other ports in the South of England, and that the rates from almost any city in Denmark to distant



F. L. SMIDTH & COMPANY'S WORKS AT VALBY

transoceanic ports are less than the railroad freight rates from Hamburg or Bremen to points a comparatively short distance into the interior of Germany?

Industry will to an ever-increasing degree devote itself to the further working over of partially finished products, and this can often be done to greater advantage in countries at a distance from the seat of the raw materials. The number of examples is almost unlimited. Take the common bag that is used to ship potatoes; it is made of jute, vegetable stuff from India, spun and woven in Scotland, in Dundee, which is in no respect more favored by nature than any large Danish harbor town. Another striking example is furnished by the manufacture of Soya-cake as fodder for cattle, which has had a surprising development in Denmark recently. A few years ago nothing was known about Soya except that it was a peculiar sauce. Suddenly the Soya bean from Manchuria became important as fodder in Europe. And by a combination of happy circumstances and correct initiative our manufacture of oil fodder cakes received an enormous addition through the establishment of "*Dansk Soyakagefabrik.*" If we had not had the Danish East India Company, wise heads would perhaps have told us that this industry could not thrive in Denmark.

If any one should ask why the countries across the sea do not themselves manufacture their own products and ship them to us in a finished state, thus forcing the European nations, including Denmark, to confine themselves to the manufacture of their own natural products, the answer is not difficult. All industry depends in the beginning and the end upon the third and most important factor, *the men.* This is more true the higher the plane of the industry and the more specialized, refined and complicated it becomes. Attempts have been made to stimulate industry by artificial means; think of Russia, with its great treasures of coal and other minerals. Russian industry is growing, but the progress is very small, in spite of the

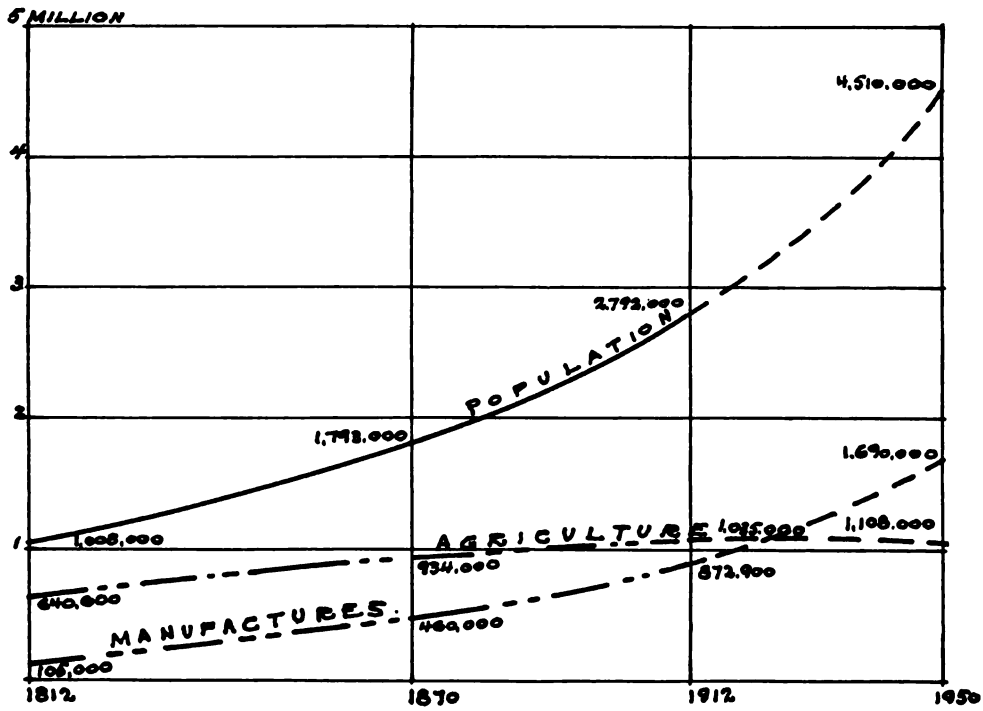


AALBORG PORTLAND-CEMENT FACTORY
Annual output, 1¼ million barrels (210,000 tons)

high custom walls. Not long ago, it might be safely assumed of any well-managed Russian factory, that it was under the direction of a West European. There are indications of great changes for the better in Russia, after the Japanese War, but still a mighty transformation must take place in the whole Russian people, if it is to compete with the West European nations on an equal footing. It is not enough to have a few intelligent leaders and for the rest uncultivated laborers; on the contrary, a vital, progressive industry is possible only where the workers at every step of production are intelligent, diligent and reliable. For this reason Asia, Africa and South America—with the exception, perhaps, of such countries as Japan and China—will not for a long time be able to achieve industrial development, nor to compete with Europe and North America, unless we ourselves undermine our position or retrograde intellectually and morally.

I have endeavored to show that Denmark's lack of mineral wealth is in many respects balanced by our geographic situation. As to the third factor, *men*, we may say without conceit that Denmark is fortunate. Danish working men are among the best circumstanced and most enlightened in Europe. With regard to their numbers, I shall demonstrate how in the next thirty-eight years 20,000 new workers annually will knock at the door demanding employment and a livelihood from our industries. The whole question of Denmark as an industrial country is largely one dealing with the new conditions brought about by *the increase in population.*

The accompanying chart shows the relative growth in the pursuits of agriculture and industry in proportion to the population, I have selected the years 1812 and 1912 to measure a period of one hundred years, the year 1870 as being in many respects a characteristic turning-point, and finally the year 1950, for which the statistics are computed according to the present rate of development.



The top line shows that the population of Denmark within her present limits has increased from 1,008,000 in 1812 to 1,793,000 in 1870, and to 2,792,000 in 1912. It should therefore receive an acquisition of more than one and a half million souls by 1950.

The second line indicates the number of people who from period to period have derived their support from agriculture. The number rises from 640,000 in 1812 to 1,035,000 in 1912, but will, if the development goes on as at present, only reach 1,108,000 in 1950. While the curve denoting the growth of population shows a fourfold increase, that of farming does not even indicate a doubling; while the curve of population shows a rising scale, that of agriculture bends the other way and shows a falling scale.

The third curve represents that portion of our people who are engaged in manufacturing. Here the increase is as strong as for the total population. Comparing the estimate for 1812—105,000 souls—with that for 1950—1,700,000 souls—we find that the number has increased sixteen-fold, if this calculation is correct. The most striking fact illustrated by the chart is perhaps the intersection of the curves of agriculture and manufactures. Denmark's leading occupation is still today, as it was in 1870, agriculture; but in so near a future as 1925 our manufactures will employ as many men as agriculture, and after 1925 manufactures will be in the ascendancy.

So much for terms of population. In terms of money, a careful comparison of the assembled products of Danish agriculture and Danish industry in 1911 reveal a total for agriculture of 860,000,000 kroner; for manufactures of 558,000,000. But these figures do not do full justice to manufacturing. The largest single item of agricultural products is butter, the sales of which reached 238,000,000 kroner annually. Butter, like sugar, is really an industrial product, turned out by 1,164 Danish butter factories, in which human energy is almost dispensed with, nearly everything being accomplished by harnessed forces of nature, with the help of delicate apparatus perfected to the minutest detail. The industrialization of agriculture is advancing steadily; the actual products of the field are delivered to the animal, and the animal products to the factory. Not only the milk is handled industrially; the meat is also subjected to a sort of industrial treatment in slaughter-houses, sausage factories and canning establishments; the hides go to the tanneries. There seems to be no limit to the uses to which agricultural products can be applied by industry; now even buttons are being made from the blood of pigs. If we were to reckon butter as an industrial instead of an agricultural product, the total value of manufacturing for 1911 would exceed that of agriculture by 796,000,000 kroner against 622,000,000 kroner. In the following summary of industrial products, however, butter is not included:

DANISH MANUFACTURES

	1905 Million Kroner*	1911 Million Kroner
1. Staples of food and consumption	197.1	255.0
2. Metal products	65.4	77.2
3. Technical-chemical products	35.2	69.2
4. Textile products	49.7	46.8
5. Stone, clay and glass	28.0	35.5
6. Paper and printing	22.4	29.2
7. Wood	25.0	23.5
8. Leather	16.8	21.5
	439.6	557.9

*One Krone equals about 27 cents.

The explanation of the fact that food stuffs constitute our largest industry lies in the fact that they are derived chiefly from the native products of our own soil, while the raw materials for other industries, as metal and wood, have in a large measure to be imported. In this first group, the sugar refineries take the lead, showing an astonishing increase in annual production from 23,000,000 kroner in 1905 to 55,000,000 kroner in 1911. Next come grain mills, with an output in 1911 of 52,000,000 kroner, breweries with 36,000,000 kroner and margarine factories with 35,000,000 kroner.

In the metal group, the foundries and machine factories stand first with an annual output worth 39,000,000 kroner, and steel ships second, with 13,000,000, while a single company, "The Northern Cable and Wire Works" has succeeded in raising the production of wire and cable in Denmark from two and a half million kroner in 1905 to seven and a half million in 1911! In the third or technical-chemical group, the oil works lead, with an increase from seven million to thirty million kroner in six years, due largely to the employment of oil cakes as fodder and of vegetable oils for the manufacture of margarine. In the fifth group, that of stone, clay and glass, the rise is due largely to the cement industry, which has greatly increased its output.

As to the question: *which industries Denmark will develop in the future*, a study of those we already have will give some indication.

First of all, the group which includes articles of food and drink. We may hope that in the future, as in the past, unexpected results will be accomplished by the industrialization of agriculture. But we must not limit this process to the products of our own soil. A far-sighted policy is embodied in the new plans for the development of the Danish colony of St. Thomas in the West Indies: to establish a line of steamers that will bring the raw stuffs to Denmark to be worked over into finished products and shipped abroad again. Another industry directly connected with agriculture is the manufacture of farm machinery. We import much, especially from America, but export very little. Russia could take an enormous quantity from us. But it is not enough that we copy American models; we must take the lead. In this domain, we feel the necessity of a better understanding between agriculture and industry. It will not profit our farmers in the long run to regard us manufacturers as a kind of intruding foreigner. We do not demand sacrifices from agriculture; only interest and support for what is national.

In all departments of industry, however, it is necessary to strike out in new directions. The possibilities for new lines of manufacture in Denmark are infinite, despite the frequent assertions that the good chances are all taken, and that we cannot compete with the great industrial countries abroad. Many of the Danish industries already developed, as shown in the summary above, owe their existence to the last generation. Now, when we have a porcelain industry and a Diesel motor manufacture of the first rank, the accomplished fact seems quite natural, but in advance it would have appeared almost impossible that such results could be achieved in little Denmark.

Modern industry depends on intellectual and moral values. Of these two I am tempted to say that the center of gravity lies in the latter. Here patriotism enters. The growing generation must have a vital sense that we are working for the fatherland: *laboremus pro*



DANISH SOYA-CAKE FACTORY AT COPENHAGEN

patria. We must learn also to value our own men. While no economic loss results if our actors, singers and dancers seek employment in foreign lands—but rather an advantage, if they bring honor to our country—it is of vital importance that we keep our industrial pioneers, our efficient technical forces, our solid merchants and intelligent working men. The ethical values—interest, sense of duty, diligence—may escape statistics, but they make history.

There are many difficulties to be overcome. There are custom walls erected against us by other countries, but, on the other hand, there are great undeveloped foreign markets easily accessible to Danish products—especially England, Russia and the markets across the sea. Another difficulty is the lack of the necessary capital. The Danish people must learn more about the art of saving than they have evinced in recent years: we must set aside annually at least 115,000,000 kroner, if we are not to lose ground. A third disadvantage, the psychological handicap of a narrow horizon and a language confined to a limited community, is met by the advantage of belonging to a small country, not dangerous to other nations, and regarded by them, as a whole, with sympathy.

These difficulties, and many others, must be overcome by a straining of forces all along the line throughout the industrial population, and more especially by the exertions of the leaders who are to guide us, whether on old paths or new, to the industries of the future. In this task, there are two classes of men who can help us: the men of commerce and the technical men.

The importance of the merchant lies in his business ability and his knowledge of the market. Many a new industry has failed, because the factory was built before taking any thought for the sale of the wares to be produced. In the long run, however, all industrial development rests mainly on technical skill. Moreover, the skilled

engineer can train himself to become an efficient salesman, while the merchant would experience difficulty in becoming a leader in the technical world. The center of gravity in industrial progress lies, therefore, with the technical expert.

While the energy of the mercantile class in Germany has had a considerable share in making German industry out-distance the English in many fields, yet the determining factor has been the tremendous development of German technology, founded on a thorough study of the natural sciences. The great German coal tar color industry, to which I have called attention, is built solely upon the investigations conducted by thousands of chemists. Another instance is the German electric machine manufacture, which has been created by German electricians, not by German commercial men.

The very fact that the Danish people have so many difficulties to overcome makes it imperative that our industry should be technically of the highest rank. A striking example of industrial success, due solely to a highly specialized technical study, has recently been furnished by the Diesel motor ship. If you will examine carefully the most successful industries in Denmark, you will find that they stand technically in the lead. Our industrial future will depend, therefore, upon the training of our technical students to take the highest rank in their profession. Technical education in Denmark is, fortunately, upon a very high level. Thanks to the initiative and interest of our artisans, we have a number of technical schools, and we possess one of the oldest technical institutes in Europe, *Den Polytekniske Læreanstalt* in Copenhagen, established in 1829, and greatly developed in recent years, owing largely to the efforts of its former director, Mr. Hagemann. The number of engineers who graduate from this institution is very great in proportion to population, greater, for instance, than the number of technical graduates in Germany.

Future improvements in our system of technical education should look toward better practical training. Chemistry and other intensive studies foster a necessary faculty for exactness and attention to details, but at the same time they often weaken the ability to grapple with larger questions. If I were to suggest any special line of study as deserving of preference, it should be that of the machine engineer.

The number of new problems is legion. They are not easy to solve, but every happy solution, every new conquest for Danish industry, means prolonged preservation of the Fatherland and the assertion of Danish nationality. How much it means I have endeavored to show in these lines, and it is my hope that they have succeeded in throwing new light on the great question:

DENMARK AS AN INDUSTRIAL COUNTRY

Interesting People

JOHN LIND: The Swedish-American most discussed in these days is Mr. John Lind, of Minnesota, who was sent in August on an extraordinary mission to Mexico, as the personal representative of President Wilson. A native of Småland, in Sweden, Mr. Lind came in 1868, at the age of fourteen, with his parents to Minnesota. Here he was admitted to the bar and rose rapidly to positions of public trust, including the presidency of the Board of Regents of the University of Minnesota. From 1899 to 1901 he was governor of Minnesota, being one of three Swedish governors of that State. He is a man reputed for sane and acute judgment and strict integrity. His quiet and collected personality, made more heroic by the loss of his left arm, impresses one with immediate confidence and respect.



JOHN LIND

The success of Mr. Lind's difficult mission to Mexico only the historian will be able to judge. He was personally well received, but his proposals were rejected by the provisional government, and at present matters are allowed to take their course, with battles and rumors of battles, while many Americans are fleeing from Mexico.

There is a distinctly picturesque side to the situation, the reaction of the northern upon the southern temperaments in this delegation of a representative from the New Sweden to the New Spain.

The Scandinavian Concert

CARNEGIE HALL in New York has seen many triumphs of Northern song. There the Swedes, at their last Song Festival, filled the great hall for two successive nights from the stage to the topmost gallery. There the Danes in 1911 greeted their Student Singers. On Sunday afternoon, October 26, Danes, Swedes and Norwegians will unite in Carnegie Hall for the first time in a Scandinavian programme, the richest and most representative that has ever been offered an American audience. The American-Scandinavian Society has been singularly fortunate in the artists chosen. A few months ago, Western papers told of a new star of the first magnitude appearing in that Northern constellation which contains such shining names as Jenny Lind, Christina Nilsson and Olive Fremstad.



MADAME CHARLOTTE LUND

Madame Julia Claussen has sung in the Royal Opera of Stockholm and won already a European reputation. Last New Year's Day she made her first appearance in America in the Chicago Auditorium, as *Ortrud* in "Lohengrin." Her success was of the complete and instantaneous nature which—the critic of the Chicago Daily Tribune points out—comes only to the very greatest singers. She has a deep contralto voice of phenomenal range, and adds to the personality of a Wagner heroine something essentially Northern. She will sing in Danish the tender and passionate "Dyveke Songs" by Heise.

Madame Charlotte Lund's beautiful dramatic soprano is well known to New York audiences, from her appearances with the New York and Philharmonic Symphony Orchestras. She has also sung in Paris—where, according to *Le Figaro*, she had an enormous success—in Rome, London, Christiania, Copenhagen and Stockholm. Madame Lund comes of an artistic Norwegian family, being related to Grieg and Ole Bull. She will render songs by Lange-Müller, Sinding, Agathe Backer Gröndahl and Kjerulf.

German male chorus singing is famous the country over; American audiences do not yet know the beauty of the Northern voice, with its fine, resonant, flexible timbre and its minor strain underneath the rugged virility. The United Male Chorus of 200 members, under the leadership of Mr. Ole Windingstad, will sing the great national anthem, "Hör oss Svea," with its noble chorale running through the vigorous patriotic strains, and Grieg's "Sighting Land." The latter, perhaps the greatest composition ever written for male chorus singing, will be accompanied by the orchestra and the solo part sung by Gustaf Holmquist, of Chicago. Mr. Holmquist—one of the greatest bassos of the country—has been soloist for the last two years at the Messiah Festival at Lindsborg, Kansas, together with Madame Schumann-Heink and other singers of a world reputation. He will also render songs by Sjögren, Södermann, Stenhammer and Peterson-Berger. The Scandinavian Symphony Orchestra, increased to 61 pieces, will play music especially selected by the director, Mr. Windingstad, on his visit to Scandinavia this summer. He has chosen Hugo Alfven's "Midsummer-Night," which has in it all the riotous, colorful life of the short midsummer frolic, and the overture "Helios," a musical expression of the sun worship of the far North.



MADAME JULIA CLAUSSEN

The composer and pianist, Professor Cornelius Rubner, has consented to play with the orchestra Grieg's Concerto in E Minor, which he has studied under the personal guidance of the master. Professor Rubner was born in Copenhagen and studied first in the Royal Conservatory of Music under Gade, Hartmann and Neupert. For a number of years he was Director of the College of Music in Carlsruhe and of the Philharmonic Chorus and Orchestra. Since 1904 he has been head of the Department of Music at Columbia University. In arranging the programme for the concert the Committee has had the benefit of Professor Rubner's musical knowledge and ripe judgment.

Symposium

By Per Hallström

Translated from the Swedish by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann

ANYONE beholding Herr Oswald Heinrich von Riesenbach, as he walked rapidly toward the old aristocratic quarter of Philadelphia, his eyes familiarly regarding the dull, prudish house-fronts, could tell by a number of almost imperceptible things—possibly from the concavity of his back, the twist of his moustaches, the manner of his grasp on the realities of his walking stick—that his name was Von Riesenbach. The observer would have said that he represented that type among the nobility of Europe, which, while it did not forget its innate superiority, was nevertheless modern enough to approach the New World with a restless spirit of energy, and to attach but little importance to mere external elegance of dress.

A few minutes later, on the other side of Oliver Street, where the elegant houses show their backs only, and where a rather frugal class resides, his thoughtful steps and his observing glances still clearly showed his name to be Von Riesenbach. In addition to the qualities above indicated, he also seemed to possess a warmth of human sympathy that enabled him to study the struggles of the lower classes and to enrich his memory with a wealth of interesting little observations, while employing his abundant leisure in morning walks.

In both cases the observer would have judged Herr von Riesenbach correctly, but only as one may judge the creations of a great histrionic artist; for Herr von Riesenbach did not live in the handsome quarter, and had nothing to do and was never in a hurry to get home. Nor did he have the slightest interest in the life of these poor streets; in reality they bored him. He had a very unpretentious room in one of them, and his manner was merely a part of an artfully devised plan for reaching his lodgings without arousing suspicion that he lived there. He made it plain to one and all that he resided in one of the respectable houses with asphalt in front of them, with a balcony and a view over a modest little park and a church or two.

And his name was not Von Riesenbach, either; that was his mother's name, which he had assumed, thinking it would help him realize his mission in America, a marriage with some young heiress.

I have forgotten to mention that he was an officer of the reserve, but that goes without saying, as he was a German in America. He had possessed a diamond pin and a ring with a large pearl, which he was accustomed to finger absent-mindedly while traveling on the street cars.

But all this happened in the time before the beginning of this account.

Of the diamond there now remained only a few scratches in the windows that once had been Von Riesenbach's, and the pearl had been gobbled up by a Jew with long black nails, who declared that "it was not mature and, therefore, hardly worth twenty dollars, but that he would take it for a short time." For several months the Jew had remained in undisturbed possession of the pearl.

Von Riesenbach subsequently suffered reverses. Therefore the above description is really no longer appropriate. Now, instead of promenading through the elegant thoroughfares, he might be found walking along the docks, the factory districts and the outlying parks, and he no longer lived in his modest room. In fact, he did not live anywhere. Recently he had been sleeping wherever he could, and, since the weather had become warm, he had usually chosen the suburbs for the purpose. He was looking for work, but seldom found any and never kept it long. He was unable to do anything, had become gloomy and was just the man for the Irish laborers to try their wit on. He was starving, and shambled as he turned the corners in an embarrassed manner. To himself he seemed to be straying more and more inextricably into a labyrinth.

He brooded much. His disposition was not at all of the critical variety, and he had never suffered from an over-supply of ideas, but as he stood hungry before the gay windows of the delicatessen stores, more ideas than he could manipulate would rush in upon him. And they were subversive ideas, wicked, revolutionary notions, thoughts that pummeled him more severely than reality, hard though reality was. He felt a consuming envy of everybody, and not being able to conceal this feeling under a handsomer name, it made him suffer. Finally, he sought refuge in the process of reconstructing happier days, before he had been fool enough to throw away his opportunities, and he cherished fond hopes of a lucky chance that might set him up on his feet again. He was the most unfortunate of vagabonds, for he had no feeling of class solidarity: he was as Harun-al-Raschid in disguise, who must take his licking, because he cannot prove his identity.

One morning, as he was basking in the sun before one of the white marble entrances, and dejectedly revolving thoughts as to the manner of obtaining a breakfast, a figure that looked familiar came ambling along. It was a German named Müller, a thickset, sharp-eyed fellow, who had studied everything, who, as he himself expressed it, was acquainted with the vestibules to all the halls of knowledge, without being able to get a job as janitor or watchdog in any of them. "And as I'm not fit to be even a professor in this country," he sighed into his glass of beer, "I suppose I shall have to play the nigger at one of the hit-the-coon-and-get-a-good-cigar joints, three for five."

He was nearly dark enough to fill such a position, dust and sun having done their work. He had long ago lost all his little tutoring jobs with suburban families, and the soles of his shoes were gone.

In more prosperous times Riesenbach had met him in the Bierstuben, and his robust loquaciousness, had not made a very strong appeal to that gentleman, but this morning he thought that a little gossip might warm him up a bit. He was curious to know the reason of Müller's haste, which seemed alluring to one surrounded by a desert waste of time. "Excuse me," said Müller, "I'm in a hurry. Won't you come and have breakfast with me?"

"Breakfast" cast out all other thoughts. "You bet! I'm hungry!"

"Hungry! Then let's be quick about it! My appetite, too, is best in the morning. Habit, you see—I seldom eat at any other time. And how can you express your joy of living better"—here his voice took on a gentle intonation, as if he were touching some precious object—"than by breaking fresh bread and imbibing milk in honor of this fine morning?"

"Beer and beefsteak wouldn't be so bad, either."

"Beer and steak! I am sorry for you. Your spirit is weighed down by material longings, not at all in accord with our butterfly existence."

They had reached a little neatly swept street, with modest, red, two-story dwellings, with their white window frames and marble steps. Müller's eyes were casting about restlessly, but soon they regained their calm.

"Table's set; I guess we have three-quarters of an hour." He walked toward the iron railing and sat down with a sigh of satisfaction beside a fat paper bag and a bottle of milk. Riesenbach stared at him.

"You see, this saves them the trouble of getting up early to go out and buy the breakfast things. In the morning they find their bread and milk out here, just as good little children find their Christmas presents, but today they shall have nothing. Help yourself."

"But this is stealing! You expect me to—and my family honor!"

"Stealing—*ach was!* The things you do say! Would you not rather take the gifts the gods provide than dwindle away to a mere nothing, as a modern Echo, until nought but the name remains to whisper Von Riesenbach, Von Riesenbach from the alleys, every time I undertake to break this beautiful bread? The sweetest of baker's maids, with cheeks like breakfast rolls—it is thus I sometimes see her from afar—buxom as Flora or Ceres, or as the head on the cover of 'Die Gartenlaube,' offers you these golden loaves, and you remain hard and cold!"

He spoke with such conviction and his bodily attitude was one of such rooted righteousness, that Riesenbach felt himself yielding.

Müller continued more gently: "Birds are we, picking up crumbs,"—his speech was somewhat impeded by the size of this mouthful. "I am a big tit-mouse, and you are a great heraldic eagle, double-headed, with one head preventing the other from eating."

Riesenbach ate his half of the bread in silence, and with timid glances toward the windows. Müller politely handed him the bottle. "Here you are; drink deep! Anathema on that milkman! I knew it the first time I ever saw his narrow, rascally face! If he hasn't adulterated this milk with water! We've got to put up with a good deal, I tell you! Here's a paper, too, the *Press*, so they must be Republicans. Let's see whether there's anything interesting."

He unfolded the paper with a dignity suggesting that he possessed the right to vote, occasionally smiled the smile of a schoolmaster on lighting upon some clumsy phrase, found the whole business in bad taste, but bore it goodnaturedly. Riesenbach began thinking aloud, tempted by his sense of tranquility to relieve himself of the ideas that constantly oppressed him. Here was his opportunity, moreover, to redeem his dignity a bit in the eyes of the other man.

"If we could only begin life all over again. If some one would only extend a helping hand. Don't you think a man ought to be able to raise his life to a higher plane, and be, on the whole, a nobler personality than before? We could profit so much by the lessons life teaches if misfortune did not crush us so! If I only had a job and could show what is in me!"

Müller winked ironically. "What would you like to be? A police magistrate?" He put down the paper and shrugged his shoulders. "There's never anything new. Same eloquence, same vituperation, same abuse, and none of it serious. At bottom both parties are exactly the same. Their accusations and defences remind me of the clown in a Danish comedy who played the two opposing lawyers before a judge. He ranted most awfully against himself, and finally boxed both his own ears. But why should we worry! We, Fortune's favorite sons—our lives perpetual holidays! Let the ox bellow deep down in the well: why should we pull him out? You consider yourself unfortunate! Válame Díos! What more poetic existence can there be than ours? Yellow sunlight cutting oblique paths over the street, marble steps to sit on, like the disguised children in the fairy tale, fed on milk and bread! What more can existence offer—unless, perhaps, a cigar. And inside they are dreaming of the money for a new piano and of how to force their fellow-citizens to nominate them for Alderman, while we sip the cream of life—a little adulterated, I admit—enjoy a little crumb from their breakfast and leave them to lunch and dine on the huge volume of their cares."

His laughing face against the red wall behind him was as cheerful as the rising sun.

Riesenbach at that moment was full of admiration and almost proud to sit on the same steps with so great a philosopher. Müller rose, held out the bottle at arm's length, and declaimed: "Now I shall sacrifice the remains of this watered milk to the Sun and to Joy on this marble altar. May Joy still flourish somewhere in the obscure corners of this unnecessarily noisy world, may she not be entirely driven out by the sound of steam whistles, and may she occasionally find a breakfast at the door of her sleeping fellow-citizens! Evoe! E-e-e—— Now they're waking up! I was too loud! Skip! I should not like to witness their rage at the loss of their milk; it might not have a desirable effect on my love of my fellow-men."

A few blocks off they separated. Müller broke off a twig from a twining ivy and rolled it in his lips, as he shuffled away carelessly in the sunshine. Riesenbach felt his happy frame of mind disappear as rapidly as it had come on, and he looked after his companion, somewhat ashamed at the necessity of so unceremonious a flight.

Editorial

Minister Swenson Retires

It would be a dangerous diplomatic policy for the United States to send always to a foreign country as minister a man whose fathers were born in that country, unless, indeed, generations have intervened, as with Dr. Henry Van Dyke, our new minister to the Netherlands. A notable exception, however, may be instanced to prove the rule—Mr. Laurits Selmer Swenson, our retiring minister to Norway. Although Mr. Swenson was born in Minnesota, his parents were Norwegians, and he was educated among strong Norwegian traditions at Luther College in Iowa; yet his tact, dignity and simple charm of manner have made him, during the two years of ministry in Norway, beloved to all classes, and won him the personal friendship of the rulers of Norway, crowned and uncrowned. During these two years the feeling in Norway for the higher values of American life has grown perceptibly warmer, and this better understanding Norwegians themselves generously ascribe in the first instance to the influence of Minister Swenson. Norway was Mr. Swenson's third diplomatic post; from 1897 for eight years he was minister to Denmark and again, from 1909 to 1911, minister to Switzerland. We trust that he will soon again return to the service.

Mr. Albert George Schmedemann, our new minister to Norway, is of German ancestry, and was a resident of Madison, Wis. In Sweden Colonel Charles Hinman Graves has entered his ninth year, and in

Denmark Dr. Maurice Francis Egan his seventh year as minister. Last June President Wilson offered Dr. Egan the post of ambassador to Austria, which he declined.

Scandinavian Students in America The six Fellows of the American-Scandinavian Foundation chosen by government commissions in Sweden, Denmark and Norway, have now taken up their researches at various universities in America. Three of the six are civil engineers. Mr. Erik Köersner, of Sweden, is studying concrete and water-power construction in the Graduate School of Applied Sciences at Harvard University, where he has received the appointment of Scandinavian Scholar. Mr. C. M. Pedersen, of Denmark, is continuing his advanced work in railroad construction, begun last spring at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Mr. Arnt Jakobsen, the Norwegian Fellow, has gone west to the University of Wisconsin, where he was offered a liberal scholarship at the school of engineering, and is studying the construction of bridges of iron, stone and concrete.

Of the other three Fellows, one is a psychologist, another a librarian, and the third a student of radium. Mr. Einar Corvin, who has pursued advanced courses at Uppsala, Stockholm, and Lund, is making experiments in psychology at Columbia University. Mr. Vilhelm Slomann, of Denmark, last year studied library methods at the New York State Library School at Albany—an institution which has graduated several librarians from the Scandinavian countries—and will continue his work there.

Miss Ellen Gleditsch, of Norway, the only woman in the group, has spent five years in Paris in the laboratory of Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, and has published several articles dealing with problems in radio-activity. Miss Gleditsch has received flattering invitations from the Universities of Yale, Johns Hopkins, and Minnesota. At Harvard, women are not admitted to the physical laboratory, but the Director of the Laboratory has made an exception in this case, and invited Miss Gleditsch to be his guest for the year. Miss Gleditsch will carry on her investigations in radio-activity at Yale University.

In addition, two other scholars of the Foundation are now in America. Bernhard Bergersen of Norway, is studying the English language at Harvard, while Mr. Pauli Christiansen, a machine constructor of Horsens, Denmark, has entered the sophomore class of the Carnegie Technical School, in Pittsburgh. Both of these students received their appointments directly from the Trustees of the Foundation before the formation of the foreign Advisory Committees.

Of the American traveling scholars of the Foundation in Scandinavia, Professor Amandus Johnson has just returned to the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania from a successful summer gathering historical material in the libraries of Stockholm and Copenhagen. Mr. Henning Larsen, student of Northern philology, has resigned in order to accept a Fellowship at Princeton University. Mr. Martin B. Ruud, also a student of languages and literature, who spent the last semester at Copenhagen, has taken up his residence for the winter at Uppsala.

The Review THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW is not an endowed publication, but depends, like any other magazine, upon the support of its subscribers and advertisers. It is essentially a cooperative experiment. The REVIEW has been so far successful, especially through the increase in the membership of the American-Scandinavian Society, that the magazine begins this last issue of its first year with a modest surplus. As in all cooperative undertakings, this surplus will be shared by the members, being distributed in the form of an enlarged and beautified Christmas number. It is confidently hoped that the increased size of the magazine can be maintained throughout the coming year.

During the year the REVIEW has been widely quoted by magazines and newspapers at home and abroad and publicly praised for its direct appeal and its artistic appearance. A Harvard professor, desperately busy in maintaining a large family and editing a great series of works, is lured in spite of himself to read the advertisements of the REVIEW:

"I am overwhelmed with periodicals, but I must say the advertisements of your REVIEW are certainly interesting, even if one has not time to read the articles themselves."

A prominent Seattle attorney, a president of the Scandinavian Brotherhood of America, states:

"It is my opinion that all Scandinavians should be subscribers, irrespective of creed, faction or nationality."

The Yule Number There will be many surprises in this Christmas number of the REVIEW, pleasant ones, we hope. To begin with, two of the masterpieces of modern Swedish painting will be reproduced for the first time in America, in beautiful colors, suitable for framing—*Kings Karin*, by Anders Zorn, and *The Hunter*, by Bruno Liljefors.

These alone would make the issue worth printing; but this is not all. Sweden's great authoress, Miss Selma Lagerlöf, has written for the Christmas REVIEW a new story—to appear simultaneously in Sweden—a tale with its roots in real life, which her good friend and translator, Mrs. Velma Swanston Howard, is now rendering into English from Miss Lagerlöf's own manuscript. It is a narrative written in Miss Lagerlöf's best vein, cogent and appealing.

Beginning with the Christmas number, the REVIEW will print a

series of illustrations of Danish castles—picturesque royal residences beloved by all good Danes, and crumbling feudal "Herregaarde," still surrounded by their moats, consecrated to the memory of the past. These pictures will be some of them from photographs, some from drawings made expressly for the REVIEW by clever Danish artists. They will occupy each a full page and thus be suitable for framing. The series will begin most auspiciously with Rosenborg, the residence of Christian IV, now a royal treasure house, and Minister Maurice Francis Egan is writing, expecially to accompany the picture, a beautiful dedication in verse.

A humorous Danish-American Christmas story by Countess Raben-Levetzau; the triumphant tour through Norway of the Singers from St. Olaf's College in Minnesota; and a copiously illustrated account of recent experiences in the land of Laps and iron mines above the Polar Circle, by Henry Goddard Leach, are only a few of the surprises in this attempt to produce a Christmas gift book. Copies should be ordered in advance for the edition de luxe in color, which will appear about December 1 in only five thousand copies.

A Smokeless Marine On August 1 the editor of the REVIEW was invited by the shipbuilding house of Burmeister and Wain in Copenhagen to attend the trial trip of a new merchant ship of 6,600 tons, run by a Diesel motor, the *Pedro Christophersen* designed for Swedish trade to Buenos Ayres. This is the seventh Diesel ship constructed by this firm, although it is scarcely more than a year since Emperor William's telegram to King Christian proclaimed to the world Denmark's realization of an ocean-going motor ship. To no one is this marine revolution due more than to the Danish inventor, Mr. Ivar Knudsen. At the request of the Editor, Mr. Knudsen has snatched a few hours from his busy days to prepare an article for the Christmas REVIEW, in which he tells the story of the Danish Diesel ship, simply and impersonally, as a triumph of Danish patience and technical skill.

It is a subject which should interest American commerce. Our abundance of oil places the Diesel motor ship at a special advantage here. This type of ship could, for example, be used in the fruit service between the United States and the West Indies and South America. It will, no doubt, find its place in our increased merchant marine after the opening of the Panama Canal.

Books

Icelandic Authors of Today. By Halldor Hermannsson. Issued by Cornell University Library, Ithaca, N. Y., 1913. $1.00.

This is the sixth volume of the bibliographic series, "Islandica, An Annual Relating to Iceland, the Fiske Icelandic Collection, etc.," all by H. Hermannsson, which has already become indispensable to students of Old Norse literature, history and law. It is made possible by the munificence of the late Willard Fiske, the gifted librarian of Cornell University.

As only living authors are included and the bio-bibliographic method was chosen, we have now virtually a "Who's Who" of present-day Iceland. Mr. Hermannsson has spared no pains to make his work accurate and complete. The astonishing mass of compact information he furnishes on the lives, publications and activities, not only of men of letters but of all persons prominent in the intellectual life of Iceland (Canadian Icelanders included) must in many cases have been gathered by correspondence. Some 150 names are presented, with individual articles up to three pages of close print—an imposing array, considering the diminutive size of the nation.

There is an excellent brief introduction on the literary activity of Iceland from its inception, a thousand years ago, and a very useful appendix giving a list of books and essays relating to modern Icelandic literature. L. M. H.

Is It Art? Post-Impressionism, Futurism, Cubism. By J. Nilsen Laurvik. The International Press, New York, 1913.

In his article, "Intolerance in Art. Apropos the Exhibition of Scandinavian Art" in the March number of the Review, Mr. Laurvik wrote in defense of the "lawless Norwegians," Munch, Lund, Karsten, and Kavli. Putting the question of what they were driving at in their apparently chaotic paintings, he answers himself: "Nothing less than a new form, based upon ancient primitive forms, that shall express with greater intensity the new feelings and emotions aroused in man by all the objects in the natural world." In reviewing the work of the Futurists and Cubists in his book, "Is It Art?" Mr. Laurvik finds, not as in the Scandinavians a sound primitive basis, but what he calls a "pseudo-primitivism," an affected disregard of what humanity has learned through long efforts, a straining beyond the bounds of pictorial art and a consequent poor and cheap attainment.

The most consistent expression of this attempt to render by fumbling primitive methods not the thing itself but the sensations it excites in the mind of the artist Mr. Laurvik finds in Kadinsky's "Improvisation." It is an attempt to convey by means of color the emotions produced by music. It lacks even the concession to visible form found in the Cubists—where an occasional arm or leg strikes the eye through the "exploding shingles,"—and looks simply as though a child had emptied a paint box over the canvas. The failure of the effort, Mr. Laurvik points out, is due to the irreconcilable difference between the two forms of art, music being in its nature fluid, dying as it is produced, while the essence of graphic art is its fixity. The writer has approached his subject with an open mind, and his book is, in the opinion of the present reviewer, the most sane and illuminating word that has been spoken on the show that set New York agog last winter. H. A. L.

The Magazines

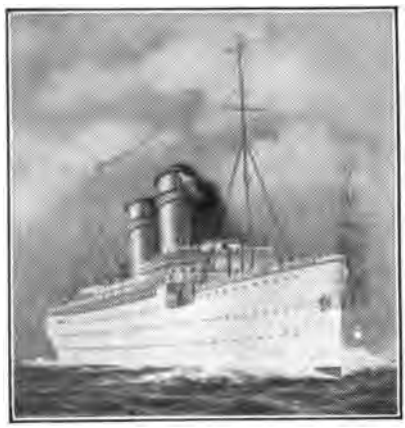
Perhaps the most noteworthy of the year's contributions to our American magazines pertaining to Scandinavia are the two essays on "Education for Motherhood," written for the *Atlantic Monthly* (July and August) by Ellen Key. In the first essay she praises the cottage system of intimate family life, as opposed to the demoralizing effect of a common kitchen and dining-room. In the second article she advocates a year of social service for women, corresponding to enforced military training for men. Ellen Key at home in the country, with her dog, is the subject of a sympathetic sketch by R. C. Dorr in *The Bookman* for July. At Strindberg criticism various American critics have tried their hand; J. W. Hartmann in *The International* for January, P. H. Grumann in *Poet Lore* for January, *The Nation*, July 17, *The Bookman* for June, and *Current Opinion* for July. *The Living Age*, May 24, contains a discussion of novels by Selma Lagerlöf. *The Nation*, May 15, reviews favorably Sigurd Ibsen's "Human Quintessence," as translated by Marcia Hargis Janson—a Kentucky girl married to a Christiania business man. "Höffding, Denmark's Foremost Thinker," is the title of a page in the American *Review of Reviews* for September, apropos of the recently celebrated seventieth birthday of the Danish philosopher. In *The Bookman* for May, Miss Bolette Sontum, daughter of Ibsen's physician, presents a personal, though not too intimate side of "The Old Doctor" (Ibsen) in his contact with the Sontum children. The article contains a hitherto unpublished photograph and an English translation of several letters of Ibsen to the Sontum family.

"Modern Tapestry Work in Sweden" is the subject of an essay by A. Branting in *The International Studio* for April. The same magazine publishes in July an essay on the "Chateau of Rosenborg and Its Collections" by that versatile writer on Scandinavian art, literature, life, Mr. Georg Bröchner, of Copenhagen. The writer compares Rosenborg to "A huge, magnificent Renaissance jewel casket, proudly resting on a cloth of rich green velvet." Under "Studio Talk" in the September number of the same magazine, Mr. Thorsten Laurin discusses the recent exhibit of portraits of the Idun Society in Stockholm. In *Musical America*, April 26, Ivan Narodny, the Russian-American who wrote the article on Windingstad in the September REVIEW, describes the "Music Colony of Scandinavians as Modern Scalds."

Following the article by Prof. William Hovgaard on "The Commercial Future of St. Thomas" in the January issue of the REVIEW, *Harpers Weekly*, January 11, published a treatment of the same subject entitled "A Bid for the Canal Zone." More recently, on September 13, the same weekly revives the incident of the unofficial connection of Capt. Walter Christmas, with the proposed sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States some years ago, in a page of scathing satire, under the caption, "Lamar, Mulhall and Christmas, Which is the Biggest Fakir?" In *The Craftsman* for March Jacob A. Riis writes on "Co-operation in Denmark," and in *The Outlook*, July 26, on "The Real Lucky Penny," a new Danish device for raising money for the blind. An article entitled "The New Conservatism," in the American *Review of Reviews*, the January number, interprets the beliefs of the new political party, The Young Right, in Sweden—the probable increase of executive as opposed to legislative power and the solution of government by occupational as opposed to geographical representation.

H. G. L.

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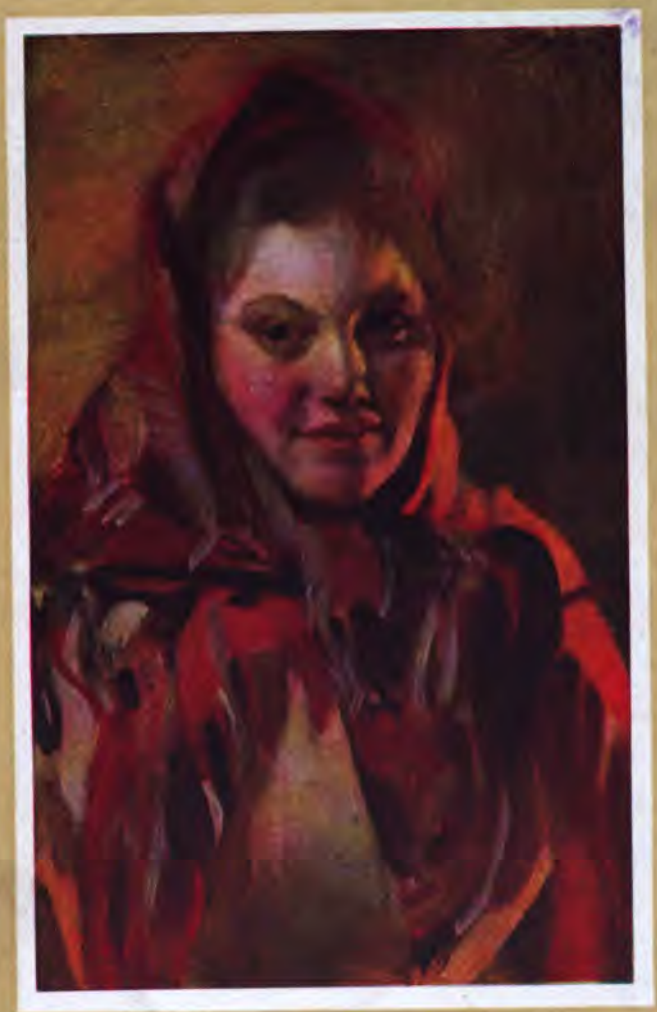
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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE YULE NUMBER

SELMA LAGERLÖF, the foremost living author in the Scandinavian North, has contributed her "Mathilda Wrede" to the Yule REVIEW at the request of her kinsman in America, Mr. Hans Lagerlöf of New York. This is practically the first narrative written by Miss Lagerlöf since she received the Nobel Prize, to be translated in America. The sympathetic English interpretation is the work of Miss Lagerlöf's friend and representative in America, Velma Swanston Howard. Baroness Wrede, the subject of this biographical tale, has devoted a life of service to the prisons of Finland, and while this service has recently been taken from her by the Russian government, Mathilda Wrede is a national heroine among her Finnish people.

The recent unfortunate death of Dr. Diesel, the German inventor, has awakened a worldwide interest in the Diesel motor. IVAR B. KNUDSEN is recognized on the continent as one of Denmark's most brilliant inventors and constructors; his article on the Diesel motor ship, generously prepared at the urgent solicitation of the editor, Mr. Knudsen modestly desired to be anonymous, but the announcement of its authorship was deemed necessary to give the full weight of authority.

Like her mother, Madame Hegermann-Lindencrone, author of "In the Courts of Memory," COUNTESS RABEN-LEVETZAU is an American girl happily married to a Danish nobleman. Her husband, Count Raben, is heir to Aalholm Castle and other fine old Danish estates. From 1905 to 1908 he was Danish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Our readers will welcome the reappearance of MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, our first contributor, who follows the "Three Danish Sonnets" with which the REVIEW opened last January, with a delicate sonnet dedicated to Rosenborg Castle. The new administration at Washington has retained Dr. Egan as Minister to Denmark.

PAUL G. SCHMIDT, A.M., is Vice-President and Professor of Mathematics in St. Olaf College, Minnesota. He was President of the St. Olaf Choir during their tour abroad last summer.

LEONARD DALTON ABBOTT is a native of England who came to New York in 1897 and became prominently identified with the Socialist movement. Since 1905 he has been an editor of *Current Opinion*. Mr. Abbott is a gentle belligerent, a foe to convention and a friend of the radical tendencies in Scandinavian thought.

JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN, Ph.D., of the College of the City of New York, is a confirmed contributor to the REVIEW.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, editor of the REVIEW, though born in Philadelphia in 1880, is not of Quaker, but of Mayflower descent. After two years' residence in Scandinavia he became a contributor on Northern topics to English and American magazines. Formerly instructor in English and Old Norse literature at Harvard University, he has during the past year devoted all his time to the educational work of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

The portrait of a Dalecarlian girl reproduced on our cover, "Kings Karin," was painted by Anders Zorn in 1905 for Dr. Hjalmar Lundbohm, in whose study it hangs today at Kiruna, far north in Lapland. The REVIEW thanks Mr. Zorn and Dr. Lundbohm for their kind permission. The young lady herself is a daughter of the Kings farm in Zorn's own parish of Mora. The cover was planned by Mr. Henry Reuterdahl, the design executed by Mr. Brynjulf Strandenæs, while the plates for the portrait, as well as the frontispiece by Liljefors, were made in Stockholm.



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Mathilda Wrede

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

By SELMA LAGERLÖF

Translated by Velma Swanston Howard

I

THE first time I visited the Art Museum at Helsingfors—the winter of 1912—I remember well that my Finnish guide suddenly halted before a certain picture.

"This canvas," he remarked, "we prize more than anything else in the Museum."

I glanced at the picture. It was the portrait of a woman in a plain, dark dress, with hair brushed smoothly back. She was no longer young, neither was she beautiful.

"Whom does it represent?" I asked, trying to discover a reason for his enthusiasm.

"That is Mathilda Wrede, by Arvid Järnefelt," said the Finn; and it was evident from his tone that he thought it needless to say anything further to make me understand.

I had never before heard of Mathilda Wrede; therefore the name told me nothing; but before my guide had finished speaking a veil seemed to drop from my eyes, and I saw who was before me. I saw it in the thin, strong hands, and in the dress, which had not a button, or fold, or loop more than was strictly necessary. Above all, I saw it in the radiant lustre of the upturned eyes—a lustre not wrought by tears or by anything else earthly. Before me was one of those divinely appointed to fight the world's evil and misery, with never a thought of self.

"Mathilda Wrede must be a saint," I observed, struggling hard to control my voice; for there was something indescribably touching

about the lone woman who bore her burden with enthusiasm, though it was apparently crushing her to earth.

"Yes, she is something of that sort," returned the Finn. She devotes her time to rescue work among convicts. She must be forty now, and has been in this work from girlhood. She is of the Old Nobility, yet nothing exists for her but the poor criminals. They get all she can give them—time and money, care and consideration."

We talked long of Mathilda Wrede. My guide informed me that she kept in touch with her "wards," even after their release from prison, and was their counsellor also in purely practical matters. Her home was always open to them; she, if no one else, received them as friends.

At my request he also told me what she was like. The portrait was to some extent misleading; it revealed only the dominant purpose of her life. Meeting her under ordinary circumstances and noting the slim figure and the strong aquiline nose one could not forget that she was descended from a race of fighters. She was happy, buoyant and open-hearted; nothing troubled her save that she had not money enough to give her wards all the help that was needed. It was self-evident that she should sacrifice herself for her friends, the criminals. That was her work, and she loved it. She knew how to call forth their best qualities. She liked to talk of them, and always described them with as much love as humor.

Finally I asked if she had met with success.

"You yourself see," said the Finn, pointing to the picture, "that it isn't easy to resist her!"

Some days later I met Mathilda Wrede. However, it is not of our meeting that I would tell. Here I shall only record a few incidents in her life, some details of which she told me herself; the rest I have from her friends.

II

When a girl of eighteen, Mathilda Wrede dreamed several consecutive nights that a man cried out to her for help. She saw him plainly, heard his moans and sobs, was moved to pity, and wanted to help him. But as is usual in dreams, she could not carry out her purpose and presently awoke, feeling troubled and anxious, the tears coursing down her cheeks. This man whom Mathilda Wrede had seen in the dream she one day met in reality.

Her father, who at that time was Governor of the province of Vasa, had sent for a penal convict, a painter by trade, and had ordered him to repaint some old furniture. While the convict was at work the young daughter of the Governor came by, and he looked up. She stood stock still, unable to move. It was the man of her dream! She recognized every feature of his face.

The man, after a casual glance at her, resumed his work without a word. This amazed her. In the surprise of the moment she had expected him to recognize her and to take advantage of this opportunity by appealing once more for help.

Although the man had said nothing, she could not get away from the thought that his soul was in a state of torment, and that something must be done for him. Yet he stood there, quietly working, nothing about him betraying any inner upheaval. Nevertheless she was certain that such was the case.

The dream and the spirit of the dream returned now with a force so overpowering that she could but believe they possessed full reality. To her the only thing of import was to do something for the man at once, and thus spare herself another night of agony on his account.

Without knowing how it came about, she began to talk to him of his soul; of the burden of sin, and of salvation.

Even at that time she must have been deeply religious, but she was also timid and afraid of ridicule.

When she realized what she had taken upon herself, she felt as if she were treading on dangerous ice, which might at any moment break under her. On recovering herself, she hastily added a few significant words, then stood silent, and decidedly ill at ease. What had she said? Had she been beguiled into betraying her love for Christ, which constituted her young heart's sweetest secret?

The man was perhaps laughing at her, or resented, maybe, that she, a mere child, should try to comfort him—a mature and experienced man. The convict continued silent, working carefully but slowly, as if to stretch out the time. Presently his task was completed; a few minutes more were consumed in cleaning the brushes. Only after that did he turn to her. Then she saw that the man was moved. He had not laughed at her. He had wept while bending over his work. He looked as if he had experienced great things; but of these he did not speak. To her he only said:

"Pity you can't come down to the prison and talk to the others, too!"

Then he went. But his words were to the young girl an inspiration.

All that had happened that day seemed to her a direct command from the Most High. In her heart she felt the presence of her God, and, in devotion and obedience, she folded her hands.

"If it is Thy will I shall go to those who languish in prison and tell them of Thee."

III

One morning, some years later, Mathilda Wrede sat in the anteroom of the Governor General at Helsingfors, awaiting an audience. She was very pale, and held her hands tightly clasped so that no one

would notice how they trembled. Her suspense and unrest were not to be wondered at, for unless she could persuade the powerful official in the adjoining room to take pity on her, she must abandon her life's mission.

Almost up to that time there had been nothing to prevent her from carrying on the work which God had entrusted to her. Her father had allowed her full liberty to visit the prison at Vasa, where she made her first experiments. She had failed now and then, but on the whole her service had been a blessing. That she should not be allowed to continue seemed incredible.

But now her father had left his post, the family had moved to Helsingfors, where those in authority refused to open the prison gates to her. She had knocked at many a door, but nowhere had she found a willing ear. So, after many futile attempts, she decided to present her petition to the Governor-General himself.

One must try to understand just what this meant to her. She must needs go to a Russian official, a stranger to her faith, and place in his hands her most precious interest. She had carefully thought out what she would say to him to make him understand that she was divinely called; that she really did have the power to reach criminals, and change the bent of their minds. Yet, every second she was becoming more and more convinced that her petition would meet with no response. She tormented herself, as one habitually does when sitting waiting. God would have helped her had she been worthy of help, which she was not, of course. He had tried her, and this was His way of showing her that she was unfit to labor for Him.

She started and turned crimson, like a culprit caught red-handed. She had made a sudden discovery. At that moment she perceived that her work among criminals was of supreme importance to her own happiness. She loved this work, and to be deprived of it would be a terrible loss.

All the time when visiting the dark cells, spending hours and hours trying to awaken in some criminal a sense of guilt, she had imagined that she was doing it for love of God; but God knew that it was simply a means of self-gratification. Therefore the work was to be taken from her.

She searched her heart, again and again. Why had she chosen to work among convicts? Only because it interested her more than anything else. Now that it was over, her life would be empty. She needed these poor people far more than they needed her. For them Almighty God could call another helper at any time.

This conviction fell upon her like a crushing weight. She was already prepared to go her way and let the matter drop, when the attendant motioned to her that it was her turn.

On her way to the audience chamber she thought: "The power of

decision does not rest with this man. I am already judged. I know that this interview is to no purpose."

When she came out, some ten minutes later, she had the Governor General's promise. By his decree she was to have unrestricted entry to all prisons in Finland. Thus all obstacles were removed; the way was open.

But how could this be? How had this come about?

While with the Governor General she had certainly not said what she intended saying when leaving home that morning. The words that were to have convinced him that she was called of God had been taken from her the instant it had dawned upon her that she worked merely for her own pleasure and satisfaction. What she did say had sounded cold and colorless. Her own coldness had frightened her into outbursts which were not of the heart, and had therefore created a false impression. She had instantly detected that he did not take her seriously. Nor could she forget that she strove only for herself; this had robbed her of courage.

On reaching the street she was still dazed and mystified. But presently she recalled the look on the Governor General's face and immediately interpreted what had taken place in his mind.

He had been thinking that there were two kinds of enthusiasts in the world: The genuine, who hold to one idea through life. These were troublesome and dangerous persons. For such one must set up every conceivable obstacle from the start. The other kind burn violently for a time, but soon tire and long for change; for these one need raise no barriers. On the contrary, they should be encouraged to go ahead, in which case they will invariably tire of their own accord.

Now she understood that she had been classed with the latter kind; and therefore her request had been granted. She had succeeded because of her failure to make him believe in her mission.

Yet why had she been alarmed at the thought of her calling as a pleasure? Where was the wrong in this? Was it not a sign that the Lord had created her for just this work? That He needed her, and had fashioned her thus for His instrument?

IV

In the prison-house at Åbo was an old convict named Lauri.

One morning Mathilda Wrede spent a full hour in his cell, helping him write letters home. There was so much she was to say and so much she was not to say! The old man rambled on and on. She tried to be patient, but that day he was more tedious and long-winded than ever, and she was utterly worn out before he had finally said all. The same day she was summoned by the Governor of the prison, who detained her until half after two.

She usually dined in town between two and three o'clock, but this time she thought it best to forego the midday meal, since she had to be back at the prison by three, at which hour she held daily what might be termed a public reception. The Governor had assigned to her a special room where she could receive convicts who desired her aid.

She felt rather tired after her busy morning, and when she entered the reception room and found old man Lauri standing there, waiting for her, she was provoked.

"Why, Lauri!" she protested, thinking she could not endure a second recital of his long-winded tales. "I have given you a whole hour today; so you mustn't take up the time of the others."

But Lauri did not mind the rebuke. "Don't be afraid, Miss," he said. "I shan't be so long this time. It so happens that I've been working in the courtyard today, doing a little tinkering on a wagon, and I haven't seen you go home; so you can't have had any dinner."

"That is true, Lauri. Therefore——"

The old man beamed with satisfaction.

"I thought of you, Miss, when I was having my dinner," he said. "By good luck we had meat soup and potatoes. Now if it had been peas it wouldn't have been possible to hide any; but as it was I have managed to spare both bread and potatoes for you." Whereupon old man Lauri dived down into his pocket and brought up two small potatoes and a hunk of grimy bread, which he held out to her in a wet, dirty hand.

"What sunshine and flowers are to those who live in a free world, you, Miss, are to us who sit behind bars," said the old man. "That's why——"

She herself did not know when accepting the offering whether she was most touched or most afraid lest he should also want the pleasure of seeing her appease her hunger. But, happily, he left at once without even expecting thanks.

Then she hastened after him.

"Lauri!" she called. "You may talk as long as you like next time. You have given me more than bread. You have given me something of which I can think with joy all my life."

V

One Saturday evening Jaho Jokkinen and his comrade, Eino Illonen, sat on a bench in *Brunnspark*, at Helsingfors. It was windy and drizzly, but Jokkinen and Illonen, who paid little heed to wind and weather, were in high spirits—and with good cause. Were they not seated in an out-of-the-way corner, their pockets bulging with bottles, ready to make a night of it

Jokkinen was an old Helsingforser, while Illonen was a newcomer to the Capital, and unfamiliar with city ways. He had come from the country to be a cabman and considered himself too good to associate with Jokkinen, who was an ex-convict. However, he had been unable to resist the seductive bottles whose necks protruded from Jokkinen's pocket. While Jokkinen was forcing the corkscrew into the neck of the first bottle he was loud in his praises of the spot where they were.

"I say, old pal—nothing the matter with this, eh? Fine sea view! And not a policeman has been seen around here in ten years."

The whole park was as good as deserted. Only the dim outline of a solitary woman could be seen moving forward among the trees. Illonen couldn't imagine anything less formidable; but Jokkinen let out a volley of curses because she of all people should be strolling in *Brunnspark* when a poor devil had been looking forward to a pleasant hour, after the wear and tear of the week's work.

"Who are you so afraid of?" asked Illonen.

"Don't you know her?" exclaimed Jokkinen. "True, so far you've had no business with her. She is the lady who used to come to us in the prison."

Illonen laughed derisively: "So it's one of those who talk religion to you while you sit caged. But you're not going to be a fool, man! You're free now."

Jokkinen glanced around, perplexed, and hid the bottle behind his back.

"Can you see if she's coming this way?"

"I believe she is. Aw, brace up!" said Illonen, with a coarse laugh. "Just you let her come here and preach! I'll give her as good as she sends."

This brought Jokkinen to his senses. The ex-convict braced himself and began to draw the cork.

"Well, you see, she isn't like the others," he said, apologetically, "she doesn't preach. In prison we used to count the days till she would come. Then, too, she went to see my wife and kind of made things easy for her while I was away. I felt then that I had no friend but her in all the world. It's a confounded shame that she should happen along to-night!"

"Bah! Don't mind her!" said Illonen. "All that is only a dodge to make you soft. That kind want to convert you so that they themselves may live quietly and safely in their fine houses."

"That may be true of a lot of them, but not of this one," Jokkinen retorted. "Although she's a governor's daughter she lives in a single room; and it's not so grand but that you and I could go there to see her."

"Well, if you're so scared, let's throw the bottles into the sea and go home," proposed Illonen.

"Haven't I said it was the devil's own luck that she should show up just now? But I'm not afraid. Not I! I'll show you."

The cork came out of the bottle with a challenging pop just as the lone woman passed. She had been walking with head bent and had taken no notice of the men by the wayside. Now she sent them a long look, then paused a second; but presently continued up the slope.

When she had passed Jokkinen nudged Illonen. "Did you see those eyes!" he said, with a note of awe in his rum-coarsened voice.

He had been talking so loud that the passer-by must have heard him, but she still went on. Jokkinen's grip on the bottle tightened. He wanted to raise it for a drink, but put it down again.

"Come, now, Jokkinen!" protested Illonen, trying to seize the bottle. But Jokkinen pushed him back.

"Miss!" he called.

The woman turned, hesitatingly.

"Look here!" he shouted, and raised the bottle.

"Mathilda Wrede's health!" he roared, in a tone that cannot be described. At the same time he tipped the bottle and let its contents run out upon the ground; while Illonen, reluctantly impressed by this procedure, saw all the liquor flowing away without making a move.

The next moment Mathilda Wrede had come back to them.

"Ah, Jokkinen, how happy you have made me!" she said. This morning I felt very sad, for I thought that all my strivings were useless. I came out hoping the fresh air would give me a little more courage. But when I saw you sitting here I was more disheartened than ever. I was too tired even to speak to you. What would be the use, anyway, I thought. But now you have cheered and strengthened me. Now both of you must come to town with me, to have some coffee."

"But, Miss, you can't be seen with us!"

"Indeed I can!"

She walked into the city in company with Jokkinen and Illonen, the two proudest men in Helsingfors.

VI.

A cell in Helsingfors Prison.

A tall, slender lady, simply attired in a close-fitting gray gown, had just been let in and the door closed. Stretched full length on the floor was a man in prison garb. He made no movement when the door opened and continued motionless, his right arm thrown over his eyes.

The visitor stood quietly, for a time, looking down at the prostrate

man. He was one of whom she had heard much—no petty thief or forger, but a great criminal, an outlaw who had murdered half a dozen people, who had plundered wayfarers and had made several parishes over by the Russian border unsafe. Having finally been captured and sentenced to penal servitude for life, he proved to be so savage that the guards could not handle him. They considered it a menace to life to enter his cell. She who stood there, alone and defenceless, had been compelled fairly to battle with the governor of the prison before obtaining his consent to visit this prisoner.

"Hallonen," she said, in a low but masterful tone, "I come to you with greetings from your relatives back at Vasa."

The man made no response. He was asleep or shamming—she did not quite know which. She waited a moment; then began anew.

"I bring greetings to you from your relatives."

He continued stubbornly silent; whereupon she bent down and twitched him by the sleeve.

Instantly the man, who was fettered hand and foot, sprang to his feet and stood upright, as if by magic. She marveled at his agility, and even more at the man himself as he stood before her. He was the biggest man she had ever seen, a veritable giant with the bearing of a prince, and so perfectly formed that he might well have been the original man himself.

Naturally she stepped backward when he bounded to his feet. She had cause for alarm; the look on his face was that of one whose patience had been tried to its utmost limit, and who, on the least provocation, was ready to raise his fettered hands for a deadly blow.

He saw that he had frightened her, and smiled contemptuously.

"Who are you?" he asked, as if addressing a crawling worm.

She spoke her name and repeated that she had come to him with a message. She was provoked at herself, for she realized that she had spoken in a dejected tone, notwithstanding that she had conquered her momentary fear. What she then felt was an overwhelming hopelessness. She had the sensation of having entered the cage of some beautiful forest beast, which she could neither tame nor master.

The outlaw still ignored her greeting, but took notice of her name.

"Mathilda Wrede"—he pondered. Then perhaps you are related to the General at Vasa?"

"My father was a general and the Governor of Vasa. Did you know him, Hallonen? He is dead now."

The big prisoner measured her with a disdainful glance.

"The General was a handsome man. What a pity you're not like him!" After which sally he crouched for a spring, his eyes glittering evilly. Obviously, he was trying to provoke his visitor into giving him a sharp retort, that he might have an excuse for attacking her.

While Mathilda Wrede deliberated whether or not to answer him, her glance met his and she instantly caught the murderous gleam in his eyes. She realized that her life was at stake. This quickened her special gift, the intuition which told her how criminals and derelicts must be dealt with. Her confidence being restored, she was amused by the wild man's palpable assurance of his own superiority, despite what had befallen him.

"We cannot all be as handsome as yourself and my father," she pluckily returned, "but we must try to live just the same."

The outlaw straightened himself. This was not the moment to strike. Her answer had disarmed him.

"You are a sensible person," he laughed. "I thought you were here to preach."

Again the glint of evil was in his eyes. In all that he said lay a snare. He wanted to trap her into some retort that would give him cause for attack.

Her answer came with dignity and assurance:

"If God some day allows you to approach Him, I shall be very happy to show you the way to His throne. Until then, we had best talk of other things."

Evidently the man did not wish to understand her.

"Why do you come here, then, if you don't want to preach?" he gruffly demanded.

"I come to Hallonen as I go to others in this prison, to give such service as I may. I can write letters for you. I can bring news of your kindred; and should there be some woman or child back in the forest who suffers want while you are in captivity, I can send aid to them."

"These are only excuses!" the outlaw exclaimed. "The upshot of all this is repentance and conversion. You have come here to make me repent; but I won't—I'm beyond that."

During this speech he had worked himself into a frenzy. Purple with rage, he edged closer to her and shook his clenched fists in her face. She perceived that he was determined to pick a quarrel; and yet, in the stress of mortal danger, she pictured to herself the desperation of this poor barbarian. She understood how this man who had gloried in his strength and prowess, who had been a power among his own, must suffer as a despised prisoner. She had an instinctive fellow feeling for this captive eagle. It was this which prevented her from becoming either angry or fearful. She answered him in the same gentle manner:

"I'm not here to harm you, Hallonen."

He was perchance agreeably moved by a tremor of sympathy in her tone. He had met with nothing of this nature since the beginning of his trouble. He dropped his hands and dragged his shackled feet

a step or two, then sat down upon a narrow bench—the only seat in the cell.

"Do you dare to come and sit beside me?"

This was, of course, a new ruse. He had been at pains to seat himself so as to be between her and the door. He searched eagerly for some sign of hesitancy in her.

She saw what would be the less dangerous course, and sat down beside him.

"I'd like to tell you something," he began; "but of course you'd go tell it all!"

"Do you think I would repeat what a person tells me in confidence!" she protested.

He was silent a moment, then, quite unexpectedly, he began to tell her of sun-ups and stormy nights, of mystical lakes and crafty beasts, whose manner of living he would emulate. He told it all better than any poet, and, moreover, with the most intimate knowledge. She listened with such eager interest that she almost forgot to whom she was listening.

Suddenly he sprang up so quickly that his chains rattled, and he cried, with passionate yearning:

"Can't you see that one who has lived back yonder can't stand being shut up in a hole like this! One must be free somehow!"

"I understand your longing for freedom," she replied.

He stood bracing himself against the wall. His face had become hard and stolid; and with sinister calm he explained:

"Now, I will tell you what I was thinking of when you came in. I swore to myself that I would kill the first person who entered this cell."

He stopped a moment, but seeing that she sat quite still and made no reply, he continued:

"That I must free myself in one way or another you can understand. I thought I had already done enough killing for a death sentence; but it seems not. Therefore I'll have to kill one or two or three more—in fact as many as necessary to end it all."

"Then, Hallonen, it is your intention to kill me," she said, without rising or giving any signal that would attract the turnkey, who was undoubtedly near the door, and probably on the watch for anything which might occur.

"That had been my intention the whole time," he declared. "But now I'm thinking it was a man I had in mind when I made that vow. Therefore you may go, unharmed—but you must be quick about it!"

"But suppose I don't want to go, Hallonen?"

"There's no time now for joking. I have said my last word."

The man expected her to go, but she made no move.

"You must go quickly, or——"

She turned upon him a calm, questioning gaze.

"But it is your purpose to kill the first person who comes in after I have gone."

"That's what I said."

"Then surely you understand, Hallonen, that I must remain."

"Must you remain, Miss?"

"I could not save myself at another's cost. If some one has to die, why should not I be the one."

She turned from him, clasped her hands and lost herself in prayer, glancing no more in his direction. At the same time her face took on a look of yearning and celestial hope. The hour of freedom had come. This sojourn in a world of evil and misery was at last over—the end of all weariness, of all failure; the end of a battle which can never be brought to any final victory. Now only deliverance, freedom, eternal peace awaited her.

She heard the man by the wall rattle his chains. She could hear his labored breathing. Presently he came close to her, and then she heard a hoarse, agonized shriek—but no blow fell. Instead, the outlaw sank to the floor and lay at her feet, sobbing painfully, uncontrollably.

She bent over him with a sigh.

Spared, then; spared to wander further upon wearisome steeps among piercing thorns and venomous reptiles.

END



H. R. H. PRINCE EUGEN—SWEDISH MIDSUMMER NIGHT

A Smokeless Marine

Denmark's Recent Development of the Diesel Motor

By IVAR KNUDSEN

THE telegram of congratulation which Emperor Wilhelm sent King Christian X of Denmark, on June 25, 1912, from the deck of the new Danish motor ship, eagerly purchased in Germany on her maiden voyage, was not only a tribute to Danish technical skill but an earnest of revolution in the merchant marine of the world. Seven of these smokeless ships are now on the high seas carrying their cargoes over vast distances; they need not stop *en route* to take on coal; depending only on petroleum for their fuel, the new vessels of the East Asiatic Company load at Singapore once for each round voyage. The almost silent, swan-like passage of these ships through the water, without a smoke-stack, gave cause for an American's description of one of them as a "phantom ship," and accounted for the narrow escape of the Swedish captain who failed to respond to the signalled warnings of the *Selandia* on her first trial trip, running his ship directly across her bows, "because he saw no smoke." No sweating stokers are in the hold firing the furnaces of the new motor vessel.

The peculiar type of motor with which these ships are equipped, was originally the patent of a German inventor, Rudolf Diesel, of Munich, in the year 1894. The Diesel motor is useful for a plant in which considerable horse-power is required and differs from the ordinary motor in that no electric spark or lighting apparatus and no explosives are required, the oil being continuously ignited by contact with air previously heated by intense compression.

To Germany and other countries, the Diesel motor was, and has remained a generator for stationary plants on dry land. In 1901 the Danish rights to the Diesel motor were purchased by the machine and ship-building firm of Burmeister & Wain, at Copenhagen. The engineers of this house perfected their own type of motor, which has been supplied to hundreds of commercial electric stations and private plants throughout Denmark. After ten years of patient experimentation, they had reached such a uniform standard that they felt the moment had come to make the bold step of constructing the much larger engines necessary to win a foothold in the world's merchant marine.

It was the president of the Danish East Asiatic Company, Etatsraad Andersen, whose foresight and business courage made possible the construction and realization of the first motor ocean ship. Scarcely more than two years ago, in the autumn of 1911, the first

negotiations began between the East Asiatic Company and the house of Burmeister & Wain for the eventual construction of a ship equipped with Diesel motors. After relatively short deliberation, President Andersen courageously resolved to order two large vessels, each 370 feet long, 53 feet wide and 30 feet deep, with a capacity of 7,200 tons, equipped with four motors—two Diesel motors of 1,250 and two auxiliary motors of 250 indicated horse-power. These ships were christened after two of the great divisions of Denmark—*Selandia* and *Fionia*.

Negotiations were also in progress with a Scottish dockyard, Messrs. Barclay, Curle & Co., and a contract was concluded with them for taking over the construction of Diesel motors after the Danish system, by which the Scottish house should deliver to the East Asiatic Company a third ship provided with Diesel motors. This ship was to be a counterpart of the *Selandia* and the *Fionia*, and was to be named *Jutlandia*.

The work advanced briskly. In January, 1912, the *Selandia* was ready, and after several successful trial trips in the Øresund, in which all the local authorities participated, together with many distinguished guests from abroad, including ship-builders, representatives of Lloyd's and of the foreign press, the ship was formally taken over by the East Asiatic Company.

Shortly after its delivery, the *Selandia* made its first voyage by way of Aalborg to London. At its departure from Copenhagen, the crown prince, the crown princess, the Princes Valdemar, Erik and Viggo, and Princess Margrethe came on board to make the journey to Elsinore. Here the royal party landed, while Etatsraad Andersen and Director Schmiegelow, from the East Asiatic Company, and Admiral Richelieu, Director Ivar Knudsen, and Chief Engineer Jörgensen from Burmeister & Wain, remained on board. The voyage to Aalborg, as well as to London, proved successful in every respect, and on February 27th, the *Selandia* arrived in London and was anchored at the West India Docks. Naturally, the boat created a legitimate sensation as the first large sea-going motor ship. It was at the time of the great coal strike in England, and the sudden appearance of a great freight carrier, designed for trans-oceanic travel, and entirely independent of the dreaded strike, was hailed as a good omen for the future, and a possible solution of the coal problem.

During the passage up the Thames the *Selandia* was often hailed by sympathetic skippers with offers of assistance, for none had ever before seen a great ship without a smokestack, and they thought that it must be the victim of some mishap.

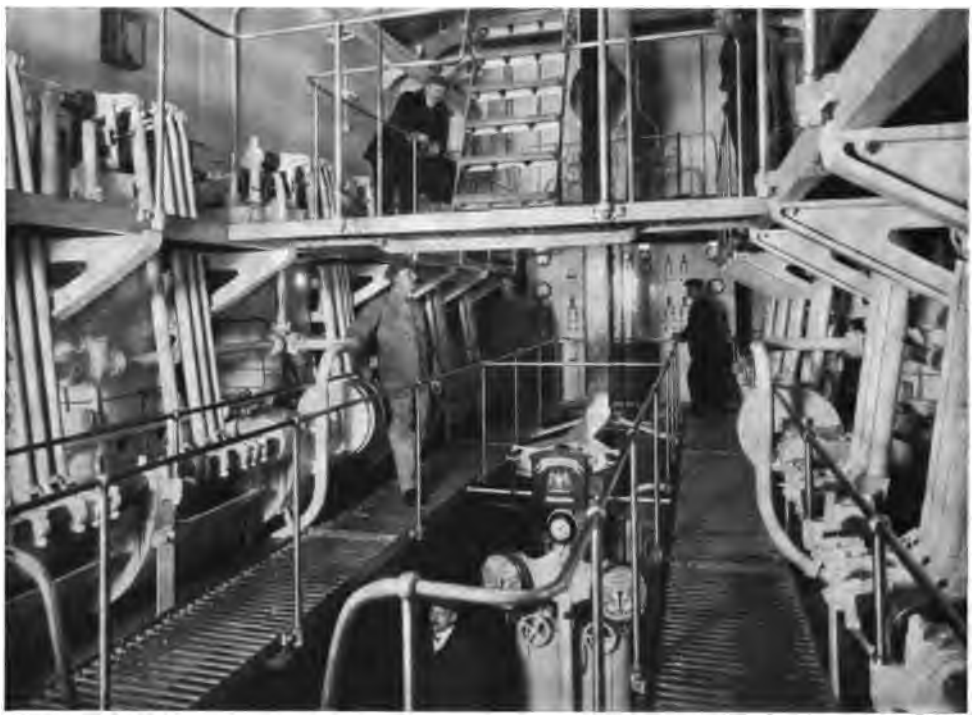
While the *Selandia* lay at the West India Docks, a great number of the most influential men in shipping circles, came on board. The English Minister of Marine, Winston Churchill, accompanied by



IVAR KNUDSEN

several admirals, inspected the ship and expressed his most unqualified praise; in his congratulations he declared that Englishmen remembered the stamp which the Vikings had set upon England, and were thankful for the new lesson now taught the British Isles by Denmark.

After having lain some days at the West India Docks and taken on a cargo, the *Selandia* sailed for Antwerp, carrying over the guests mentioned above, together with Earl Grey, formerly Minister for Canada, Sir Henry Oram, the Engineer-in-Chief of the Fleet, and



IN THE MACHINE ROOM OF THE "SELANDIA"

representatives of the English technical press. The journey to Antwerp proved auspicious, and a telegram was sent *en route* to the King of Denmark, in recognition of what had been accomplished. Earl Grey telegraphed: "On behalf of the English guests who at present find themselves under the Danish flag, on board the motor ship *Selandia*, Earl Grey takes the liberty most respectfully, to send your Majesty their congratulations on the significant progress in the domain of marine machinery made possible by the courage and enterprise of Etatsraad Andersen and the East Asiatic Company, once again giving proof of the genius of the Danish nation." From the King there arrived a telegram of thanks in reply. Likewise

Earl Grey sent a telegram to King George, communicating the great achievement; throughout the journey the *Selandia* had been under complete control. Arriving at Antwerp, the English guests returned to London, while the *Selandia* continued her voyage to the east.

The *Selandia's* sister ship the *Fionia*, was completed June 20, 1912, and after a successful trial trip, was likewise delivered to the East Asiatic Company. As just at this time, there was a great regatta in Kiel, Etatsraad Andersen resolved, like the man of action he is, to go to Kiel and show the ship to the great gathering of yachtsmen and maritime experts who would assemble there. The *Fionia*



THE HOME OF THE DIESEL MOTOR SHIP—THE SHOPS OF BURMEISTER & WAIN IN COPENHAGEN

arrived at the Bay of Kiel, June 23, and created a tremendous sensation. Director Ballin, chief of the Hamburg American Line, came on board and was so much impressed that negotiations were completed on the spot for the sale of the boat to the German company. At a celebration on board the ship the following day, in which 250 of the guests on the *Königin Louise* participated, the *Fionia* passed into German hands, at the same time being christened in honor of Denmark, after the new Danish King *Christian X*.

The next day Emperor Wilhelm, who was at the regatta, announced that he wished to see the ship and came on board at the head of a large staff of admirals and technical experts to inspect the whole installation. The emperor expressed his most unqualified



THE "SELANDIA," THE FIRST DIESEL MOTOR SHIP, AS SHE APPEARED IN THE HARBOR OF AARHUS AFTER HER FIRST VOYAGE TO SIAM

recognition of what had been accomplished, as manifested by the telegram sent to the King of Denmark: "I am on board the *Fionia* and hasten to send you my congratulations on the remarkable work of the Danish technologists. The ship indicates an entirely new chapter in shipbuilding which deserves admiration. The engineers of Denmark may justly claim the fame of having taken the first practical step on the new path and have become teachers to all."

With the emperor on board, the *Christian X* sailed out of the Bay of Kiel in order to let him see how the machinery operated, and, just then, the twin ship *Selandia* suddenly appeared, having accomplished its first voyage to Bangkok. This was regarded by all as a happy omen, and judging from the good luck which has followed the ship since that time, the omen has held. The *Christian X* went, a few days later, with a German party around Skagen to Hamburg. Since then the boat has been in regular service between Hamburg and Santos in Brazil, though it is destined later for traffic between North and South America.

The good results attained by these ships, induced the Asiatic Company to give Burmeister & Wain an order for two still larger boats with a capacity of 7,600 tons each, length of 410 feet and 3,000 horse-power, and still another boat to take the place of the *Fionia*



THE "ANNAM" BUILT FOR THE EAST ASIATIC SERVICE. ONE OF THE TWO LARGEST MOTOR SHIPS AFLOAT

which was sold to Germany, though with somewhat larger dimensions and of 4,000 horse-power. Later, four more boats were ordered of 9,600 tons capacity and 3,000 horse-power machinery. In addition, the Swedish Steamship Company, "Nordstjernan," whose managing owner is Consul-General A. Johnson, ordered six ships with a capacity of 6,600 tons and a machinery of 2,000 horse-power. The first of these, the *Suecia*, has already made two trips between Stockholm and Buenos Ayres, while the second, the *Pedro Christophersen*, named after the Norwegian consul at Buenos Ayres, was delivered on August 1, 1913. A boat of 2,600 horse-power capacity of 7,200 tons, the *California*, is also under construction for the United Steamship Company of Denmark, destined for Danish-American trade.

Of the two boats of 9,600 tons capacity, ordered by the East Asiatic Company after the *Selandia* and the *Fionia* had shown themselves so satisfactory, the *Siam* has just returned from her first journey to Japan, while the second, the *Annam*, is in eastern waters on the same journey; these two are the largest motor ships afloat.

After it became generally known that such success had attended the construction of motor ships by the house of Burmeister & Wain, a company was formed in England, the Atlas Mercantile Company, Limited, which has taken over the rights to Burmeister & Wain's patents and constructions outside of Denmark, and on this initiative a large factory has been erected in Glasgow, the Burmeister & Wain (Diesel System) Oil Engine Company, Limited, for the manufacture exclusively of Diesel motors. The manager is a Dane, former chief

engineer O. E. Jörgensen, who has had special experience in the construction of Diesel motors as head of Burmeister & Wain's drafting room in Copenhagen. Further, the Danish firm has sold the right of constructing Diesel motors in Norway to the firm of Akers Mechanical Workshop in Christiania; for Holland, to the Rotterdam Droogdok-Maatschappij, for Belgium, to the house of John Cockerill; while at the present time, Burmeister & Wain are negotiating with firms in various cities of Europe for the utilization of these patents.

What ultimate future has the Diesel motor in the shipping of the world? For all sorts of freight as now carried on, and for passenger service where excessive speed is not required, the ship propelled by petroleum is more economical and in many ways more satisfactory than the vessel driven by steam. More than 95 per cent. of all ships now afloat, have less than 3,000 horse-power, while new vessels can be fitted with Diesel motors of at least 5,000 horse-power. From this it may readily be seen how small a percentage of ships, taking the present average as a standard, will be barred by their size from employing the new motor.

The accessibility of oil and the length of the voyage will be the two determining factors in the choice between the Diesel motor and the steam engine. Naturally, it is of the utmost importance to the Diesel motor boat that its fuel supply should be within reach, and countries where oil is abundant and easy to get at, will therefore, find its use especially advantageous.

The Diesel ships are able to go a longer distance with a smaller quantity of fuel than the coal-burning craft, and for this reason they have a great advantage in a long voyage. The *Selandia* on its trip from Copenhagen to Bangkok and back again, consumed only 800 tons of oil; the *Suecia* finished its trip from Gothenburg to Buenos Ayres and back again with only 500 tons of oil, while a coal-burning boat of the same capacity would have used at least 2,000 tons in a voyage of the same length. It is only necessary to point to the great saving in cubic and dead weight, amounting to at least a thousand tons of cargo each way, in order to make clear the enormous advantage of the motor boat. In addition, the actual outlay for fuel is much smaller. True, the initial expense of equipment is somewhat greater; the *Pedro Christophersen*, launched last July, may have cost about $30,000 more than a steam-boat of the same size, but this sum is small compared to the saving in space and coal bills.

Whether the Diesel engine will gain admittance to ships requiring great horse-power, such as fast mail boats and battle-ships, is a question for the future. If it can be adapted to their use, it will prove of immense value; its introduction will reduce the number of men needed in the engine room and will eliminate the great funnels with their clouds of black smoke.

Waldemar Nielsen's Homecoming

By NINA, COUNTESS RABEN-LEVETZAU

WALDEMAR NIELSEN had come back from America; he had found his way through the snow-covered fields to his old birth-place. They were all well. His mother, yes, ah, *she* had been pleased to see him; his father—the country postman—had just looked up, nodded and said, "Naa, my boy, are you back again?"—and had gone on eating his evening meal as if seeing his son after an absence of eight years were not an event; but later, when Waldemar began relating his adventures, he let his pipe go out and listened with interest to all that his newly returned son had to tell.

Waldemar had much to tell—how he had gone with some other Danes to a little colony of compatriots in Iowa, had stayed there and had helped them for some time. He left them and had gone farther off. Then he had had the great luck to fall in with some Americans. It was then he began to feel how helpless he was speaking only Danish, but by always "being on the spot," and helpful and "being quick about it," he soon discovered that talking was not so necessary.

He was called "Walter Mar," Nielsen never coming into consideration. Later they dropped even "Walter." There was only time for "Mar." Two years he stayed with these good people and earned fair wages, but he began to long for something by which he should be more independent and earn more money; so he wandered off to a little town in Nebraska, called Flatbank. He arrived there just as the old milkman died from having been thrown off his cart and trampled on by his horse. Here was Waldemar's chance. Those who might have proposed to drive were old men and rather afraid of "Moses," as the old horse with the blind eye was called; so Waldemar offered to begin with low wages, and finally, he secured the whole business. He became "Mar," the milkman of Flatbank.

Urged by his inborn love for farming, he began to buy sick calves. He nursed them back to life, often sitting up all night with a bad case, or even taking them to bed with him; his little kitchen was a hospital. Soon Moses' stable became too small, as the calves grew bigger. The calves, as Waldemar expected, became cows, and Waldemar began selling his own milk; then he skimmed off the cream and made butter. His butter became famous. Orders from the other settlements came pouring in. Passing Danes were engaged by him to help in the milking. He bought land—much land—around the cow-stable, and then built himself a dwelling-house with a large and low veranda where he could sit and watch his cattle grazing.

He was a prosperous man, but the longing to see his folk and the old country crept over him, and at last the time had come when he could proudly fetch his faithful sweetheart to his new home. So he decided to cross over on the *Hellig Olav* which would sail just in time to bring him home for Christmas Eve. He would get married in the Spring, and then Karen and he would start their new life.

When Waldemar came to this point, he saw that his mother was weeping for joy. His father rose and gripped his hand. His little sisters and brothers were speechless with admiration as he stood there in the low-ceilinged room with his blond head well thrown back, his clean shaven face all aglow, his large blue eyes glittering. Any mother or father would have been proud of such a son.

"Yes, she has been faithful to you, that she has—Karen Mortensen—she has never looked at any other man since you left eight years ago," said his mother proudly.

Waldemar blushed. He wore a very low, wide flannel collar, and the red flush could be seen all over his strong brown throat, mounting to the roots of his long yellow hair.

"How is it," said the mother, "that you have never been photographed all these years, so we could see how you have changed?"

"Have changed? How? In what way?"

"Well, you look like none of us over here; it must be American," the mother answered shyly.

"Do you think so, too, father?"

"Yes my boy, you look different, but I can't tell you what it is. I'm no good at that, but"—hesitatingly—"you look foreign."

"Hurrah! all the better If I'm not like the other fellows around here, Karen will love me all the more." And as he tossed his head back, the parting in his long straight hair became disordered. Never had there been such a glorious Christmas Eve. Joyfully did Waldemar distribute to them all his presents; he proudly showed them the gifts he had for Karen—a ring, a large gold locket with "Good Luck" written on it, a blue sash with big horseshoes embroidered in blue silk—and when at last, tired out, he slept, he held in his hand Karen's photograph, taken three months ago.

The next morning he started out, a little late, for he had taken pains with his appearance, and he felt that he looked well. In some places the snow was very deep, but his feet were shod in real American shoes with round toes and large bows and very broad soles, so he minded nothing. He wore the most open of his flannel shirts, the blue collar ending in a tassel, and his Norfolk jacket with a pronounced broad belt. His cap had a very large rim, but it fitted well over his yellow hair; much care had been given to the part in the middle, and he had used plenty of water to keep it there in its place.

As he came nearer and nearer to Karen's house, his heart beat faster and faster; how well he remembered that spot where he and she had kissed goodbye! How fervently she had promised to wait for him until he came to fetch her. Well, she had remained faithful, and here he was with a home to offer her. He thought of those large golden letters over there in Flatbank:

WALDEMAR NIELSEN'S

DAIRY FARM

FRESH DANISH BUTTER EVERY DAY

FLATBANK—NEBRASKA

A girl was pulling up the pole that held the pail of water at the bottom of the well; it was Karen.

"Karen, Karen," he called. She gave a scream and let go the pail; a look of bewilderment came over her face. "Karen, it is Waldemar!"

She had fled into the house; he ran after her, tried to take her in his arms; she warded him off.

"Why did you never send me a photograph?" she said looking at him with big frightened eyes. "I feel as if you were a stranger; you are so changed!"

Poor Waldemar groaned, and his arms dropped discouraged to his sides.

"That is what I hear constantly since I have come home!"

The young girl moved away from him.

"Then you have not been faithful to me; you do not love me any more!" he moaned, and covered his face with his hands. She answered him solemnly, "I have been faithful to the Waldemar who left me eight years ago; but you are a new Waldemar with different clothes and ways. I can not marry you, you do not belong to us any more."

She looked at him once more, at his shaven face, at his fair, flatly brushed hair parted in the middle, at his low and open blue flannel collar with the tassel. She took him in, down to the broad "walkovers." When her eyes met the despairing look in his tearful blue eyes, she hesitated a moment.

"I can change all that, the clothes—I mean." He had seen that hesitation, and a glimmer of hope rose in him. He stepped toward her. "Oh, Karen! I love you so."

"No-no-no!" she cried, and with a long shudder, she turned away and walked out of the room.



DANISH CASTLES.—I.
ROSENBORG

Rosenborg

A stately garden, pent in city walls,
Frames this old castle, where he laid his head,—
Christian the Fourth, who well his people led!—
Here in this room his spirit wakes and calls;
He built this royal palace,—marble halls
Grew at his touch; the men of war he wed
To maids of peace; his ancient doublet red
And battle-smoked his prowess still recalls.

Now he is gone, and nothing's left unchanged;
This castle is a shell for by-gone things,
The meeting place of eager, curious crowds,—
Even the rose trees, once so primly ranged,
Bear modern blooms,—a newer fountain flings
Stars to the sun beneath the changing clouds!

—Maurice Francis Egan.

The St. Olaf Singers in Norway

By PAUL G. SCHMIDT

THE initial steps for the visit of the St. Olaf Student Singers to Norway in 1913 were taken by Prof. J. Jörgen Thompson. He had been for years a member of the Choir; while studying in Christiania with a scholarship from the United Church, he missed the chorus singing in the churches to which he had been accustomed and conceived the idea that the St. Olaf Choir should make a concert tour to Norway. Financial backing was secured from men who knew the work of the Choir at home, and practice began under the leadership of the Director, Prof. F. Melius Christiansen. A repertoire consisting chiefly of chorals and religious songs was selected. The Choir was limited to fifty voices.

In the spring of 1913 Professor Thompson sailed for Norway to make the business arrangements. He was most courteously received by the Department of Church and Education, and the Honorable L. S. Swenson, then American minister to Norway, rendered him invaluable service. The coast steamer *Lyra* was chartered for the trip from Trondhjem, and an itinerary was arranged, including thirty-two concerts in Norway, two in Sweden, and one in Denmark.

The Choir left Northfield on June 13. Ten concerts were given on the way, the last being in Brooklyn, before embarking on the *Kristianiafjord*. When the stately ship sailed on her maiden voyage eastward across the Atlantic, on June 24, thousands of hearts here and at home beat in unison—mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters and friends, anxious for the welfare and success of this company of boys and girls, venturing across the sea to visit the land of their fathers and bring its people a greeting in song.

It was an expectant company that stood on the forward deck of the *Kristianiafjord* on the evening of July 3, straining their eyes for the first glimpse of the land about which they had heard so much. Unfortunately a dense fog hid the weather-beaten shore, but early in the morning the passengers awoke to the sight of quaint, old, beautiful Bergen, spread out among the rugged hills, all bathed in sunshine, the piers full of multitudes that had gathered to see the young Norwegian Americans.

It was no ordinary applause that greeted the Choir at its first concert, given that night in "Logen" to an audience as large as the moderately sized hall could accommodate. It was a hearty outburst of pleasure in the song and of welcome to the visitors, continuing after the close of the programme, until the Choir appeared again and responded with additional songs. After the concert the singers were the guests of the Anglo-American Club.



REHEARSING ON THE OUTWARD VOYAGE

When the ship reached Christiania, though the hour was eight in the morning, a chorus of over three hundred voices waited on the pier to welcome the visitors with song. Beyond them a large mass of people had gathered. There was no doubt of the reception of the St. Olaf Choir in Norway!

Long before the hour set for the beginning of the concert in the University "Aula," thousands of people gathered in the streets, unable to get into the hall, but anxious to secure even a glimpse of the singers. Precisely at eight o'clock their Majesties the King and Queen appeared and were escorted to their seats by the President of the Choir. When the royal pair reached their places, the Choir intoned *Gud sign vor konge god.* The effect was thrilling. Not only was it a surprise to most people that the young singers from America used the Norwegian language, but that they should sing *Kongesangen* with such enthusiasm was absolutely astonishing. The press reports were very favorable, and among them it was pleasing to read the comment of Mr. Johannes Haarklow in *Morgenbladet:*

"If any in the audience had come with the intention of displaying an overbearing spirit toward these brethren, they soon changed their minds. It may just as well be confessed at once; in old Norway there cannot be found a choir that even approximately measures up to this one composed of Norwegian students from Minnesota, and this reflects very little credit on us."

The short stay in Christiania was a succession of festivities.

Minister L. S. Swenson and his daughter entertained at their residence and presented the choir to a large gathering of distinguished Norwegians. The United Choirs of Christiania, together with the Student Singers and Nordmandsforbundet, arranged a splendid banquet at Holmenkollen. Rev. N. B. Tvedt presided and introduced the following speakers: Minister of Church and Education Bryggesaa, President of the Storting Lövland, Dr. Otto Jensen and Rev. Birger Hall speaking on behalf of the Christiania Pastoral Conference, Professor H. Gran on behalf of the University of Christiania, Dr. Louise Isachsen for the Ladies' Student Singers, Dr. H. Gade for



GOING ASHORE AT MOLDE

Nordmandsforbundet, Mr. C. Winterhjelm for the Student Singers, Mr. C. J. Hambro, editor of *Morgenbladet*, and Minister L. S. Swenson. Rev. T. H. Haugan and Paul G. Schmidt responded on behalf of the St. Olaf singers. On the following day Director Christiansen, Mr. Haugan, Professor Thompson and the president of the Choir were received in audience by his Majesty King Haakon, whom they found very congenial and democratic.

After concerts given to capacity audiences in a large church of Drammen and in "Vor Frelsers Kirke" in Christiania, the Choir began their journey through a country rich in beautiful landscapes, stopping to sing in Fagernæs, Gjövik, Hamar and Lillehammer. With this, the first lap of the journey was successfully accomplished, and it was "all aboard" for Trondhjem. It seemed as though the

whole country knew the schedule of the Choir, for at every station crowds gathered. Wherever the stop was of sufficient duration, the Choir stepped out and sang to the assembled people.

Trondhjem was not reached until midnight, and as it was raining, the Choir naturally did not expect the usual crowd at the station. But what was their surprise to find the large depot and the platform and even the streets packed with people. It was estimated that fully six or seven thousand persons had gathered there. A large male chorus greeted the visitors with songs of welcome. Two concerts were given in the Cathedral of historic Drontheim, and on both occasions the house was sold out. After the second concert, a reception and banquet was given by the Anglo-American Club. At a late hour the party broke up and the members of the Choir wended their way to the docks and boarded the steamer *Lyra* for the trip down the coast.

All the St. Olaf students will bear in fond remembrance the delightful days spent on board this comfortable boat, drinking their fill of the wonderful scenery, sometimes stopping to climb the mountains, fish in the fjord or visit the peasant people. Probably the largest gathering that greeted the Choir on the whole trip was that at Haugesund, where tickets to the church holding 1,800 people were sold out, and the Choir finally had to give a free open-air concert from the deck of the *Lyra*.

The third concert in Christiania was given in "Calmeyergadens Bedehus," and was attended by fully 3,000 people. After an excursion to the historic Eidsvold the trip southward began, and the last concert in Norway was held in Fredrikshald. This day being the birthday of the King, a congratulatory message was sent him, to which the following reply was received:

"I thank the Norwegian American singers most heartily for their visit, and wish them a safe return."

The *Hellig Olav*, of the Scandinavian-America Line, leaving Copenhagen on August 7, brought most of the singers home, a few remaining behind to visit relatives and friends or to travel or study in Europe.



Photograph by Borg Mesch

THE NEW CHURCH AT KIRUNA

Lapland—Sweden's America

By HENRY GODDARD LEACH

Rise my clang to the sun, to the northern lights my tiding,
Waken the dreaming fells, the moors in slumber deep;
Bless the laboring fields, their fruitfulness abiding,
Consecrate at last to the peace of eternal sleep.

—Translated from Albert Engström's inscription on the great church bell in Kiruna.

THE House of God at Kiruna dedicated last December marks the transition of the old Lapland into the new. Its fresh red shingles rise like a pillar of flame over the growing city, a hundred miles above the Polar Circle. Its noble outlines inspire reverence for art and for religion in the hearts of the Finnish miners toiling on the slopes of the great iron mountain across the lake; they awaken memories of home in the minds of the Swedish guards on the ore trains thundering past to the Norwegian coast; while its belfry, visible far out over the desolate tableland, serves as a beacon to the homeless Lapps following their herds of reindeer, carefully avoiding

the mining town in their migrations by swinging past in a great circle. In its design this curious church follows the plan of a Lappish *kåta* or wigwam, and the Lapps, although they have no architecture, recognize in the design of Gustaf Wickman, the architect, and the sculptures of Christian Eriksson, an incarnation of their structural traditions.

This attempt to create a Lappish architecture is an instance of the sincere efforts of the Swedes to win the sympathy of the shy, primitive people, whose last retreat they are now invading. For with the Swedes, unlike the Americans, the astonishing technical development of the past two decades is accompanied by an anxious desire to preserve what is good in the old traditions. Thus it has come to pass that in some rural communities the introduction of the telephone has been accompanied by a revival of quaint national dress. And in Lapland, a place of contrast startling enough to delight even the American tourist, one sees a truce and harmony between the old and the new.

This new industrial Lapland has three centers, less than half a day's journey apart—Gellivare, Porjus and Kiruna. Gellivare and Kiruna have each a mountain of iron. Gellivare was opened up to



Photograph by Borg Mesch

"THE SLOW-MINDED PROPHETS OF THE MOUNTAINS"



Photograph by H. G. Leach
"TAKING A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE POLAR CIRCLE"

the world in 1888, when the first ore train rolled south to the port of Luleå on the Gulf of Bothnia. In 1902 Kiruna was connected by rail with Narvik, north on the coast of Norway. Porjus, the third center, is a waterfall near Gellivare, which a city of workingmen are now harnessing to supply electrical power for practically all the industrial operations of Lapland. Since 1903, to cross Lapland, and reach the port of Narvik, requires only two nights and a day from Stockholm by the famous Lapland Express. A French author has described this *Grand Express de Laponie* as a bejeweled phantom of luxurious content hurrying across the bleak steppes through the mysterious Northern night. The *Grand Express de Laponie* runs only three times a week and pulls into Gellivare at 2 A.M.—an hour which appeals more agreeably to the imagination of a Frenchman than to an American. When I visited Lapland last summer I happened to arrive on an off day, and therefore traveled with the miners up from Boden on the Lule River, where I had spent the previous evening in the bright summer night, admiring the frowning defences which Sweden is erecting to give her miners and investors confidence against the menace of the Russian Bear; for the purposes of war the expense may be unwarranted, but for the industrial development of Lapland it is an economic necessity.

En route from Boden to Gellivare I enjoyed the novel experience of taking a photograph of the Polar Circle—a station of that name near the actual line—and arriving at Gellivare, was delighted at finding on the platform a full-blooded Lapp awaiting the arrival of the train; in gender he was masculine, by name Lars Pilto, by profession a traveling salesman, whose wares consisted of various articles made from the hide and bones of the reindeer. Though not interested in the bone paper cutter which he pulled out of his capacious bag, I was anxious to obtain a portrait of this gentleman, and bought a hunting knife by way of establishing amicable relations. When I

saw that his philosophic smile had reached from ear to ear, I ventured the request in my broken Swedish: "May I take the Lapp's picture?"

"If you please," the dwarf replied, without relaxing an inch of his smile, "but money."

"How much?"

"Twenty-five öre," he replied. I gave Mr. Lars Pilto his six and a half cents, and he generously posed for his photograph, not one film only, but three other films for which he had not bargained.

The power station at Porjus is two hours from Gellivare and its iron mountain. It is the aim of the Swedish government to add another to the long list of technical demonstrations which Sweden has given the world, by being the first nation to electrify all its railroads. Electrification is profitable only where the traffic is heavy, and the experiment, therefore, is to be tried out first on the most heavily used strip of railroad in Sweden, the 129 kilometers from Kiruna to the Border, with its freightage of 12,000 tons of ore a day. At Porjus it is the expectation of the government to harness the great waterfalls of the Lule River with dam, tunnel and turbine, and have ready by January 1, 1915, 50,000 horse-power, necessary to generate a current of 80,000 volts, which is to be carried on poles across the wastes of Lapland to Kiruna and Gellivare to operate both mines and trains. If the experiment succeeds, 250,000 additional horse-power at Porjus and a little lower down the river, can be utilized to extend the electrification of the railroad from Gellivare southeast to the Bothnian Gulf.



Photograph by H. G. Leach

"A Lapp Awaiting the Arrival of the Train"

The construction at Porjus under Engineer Granholm proceeds in magnitude and with a precision suggesting comparison with the



Photograph by Borg Mesch

"KIRUNA—SLOPING LIKE NAPLES TO THE BAY"

Panama Canal. At Panama, however, the engineers have had to overcome the drawbacks of a tropical climate; at Porjus, the intense cold and Stygian darkness of winter, shadowless nights and the mosquitoes of summer. The darkness is dissipated by spreading a perpetual halo of electric light above the great dam and the City of Workmen—so, too, far away across the tableland, the iron mountain of Kirunavara is suffused with electricity; the cold is dispelled by running heated rocks through the back water of the dam and by heating shelters for the workingmen. One enemy Panama and Porjus have in common—the mosquito. At Panama the enemy has been practically annihilated; in Porjus the Swedish engineers simply endure, though not, I take it, in silence, the pest which drives the hardy reindeer high up to seek the line of perpetual snow.

Porjus will be the subject of a special story, which my obliging host at the Engineers' Mess, Mr. Gunnar Dahlbeck, has promised to write some day for the REVIEW.

Kiruna, however, the northernmost center of the Swedish iron fields, is the greatest industrial marvel of Lapland. In 1885 the region had not a single house; today it is a mining city of more than 10,000 inhabitants. It boasts of moving picture shows and a Salva-



Photograph by L. Wästfelt

"PORJUS—TO SUPPLY ELECTRICAL POWER FOR LAPLAND"

tion Army. Its tram line, the most northern "trolley" in the world, collects 532,442 fares a year. The town fringes in a half-moon the eastern shores of Lake Luossajärvi, sloping like Naples to the Bay, while the iron mountain of Luossavara behind it adds a Vesuvius to the comparison. Luossavara is the property of the Swedish nation. The nation also owns an interest in the loftier iron mountain of Kirunavara, on the opposite side of the lake, a mighty hill of iron, estimated to hold 740,000,000 tons of ore, containing often as high as 70 per cent. pure metal. The workmen of Kirunavara are said to be the highest paid miners anywhere east of the Alleghanies, and though the work is in its infancy, the mines are beginning to yield the Kirunavaara-Luossavaara Company 3,000,000 tons a year.

Behind all these operations is one directing mind. He sits at the end of a network of telephones—the Swedish service is the clearest and quickest in the world—either in his official residence at Kiruna or two days south in Stockholm in the headquarters of the vast Grängesberg Traffic Company, of which the companies that operate in Lapland are only subsidiaries—and yet you will find Swedish financiers who tell you that Sweden has no "trusts." His name is Hjalmar Lundbohm and he is addressed as "Doctor" or "Manager" —*Disponent*—of Kiruna.

If you picture *Disponent* Lundbohm merely as a geologist with marvelous administrative powers, you are far short in your estimate



Photograph by H. G. Leach

"HJALMAR LUNDBOHM, DISPONENT OF KIRUNA"

of his wonderfully sympathetic personality; for Dr. Lundbohm is a patron of the fine arts, an art critic of no mean ability, and a civic and social reformer and educator in the broad sense.

Among the model institutions which *Disponent* Lundbohm has established in Kiruna is an out-of-doors "school" for the small boys of the town during the summer vacations. Youngsters of ten and twelve impress themselves voluntarily into the public service in section gangs to transform rocky paths into highways and to grade neat little lawns in front of the cottages. They receive a small payment for the day's fun, and I have never known boys do anything resembling work with such vim and rivalry as these youngsters handle their pickaxes and push their wheelbarrows loaded with stones, at least not outside the pages of "Tom Sawyer" or "Huckleberry Finn."

The mining company that operates Kirunavara is constantly striving, under Dr. Lundbohm's direction, to aid and educate the community. It makes loans to builders up to three-fourths the value of their properties. It provides excellent schools and libraries. A few years ago an art exhibit was held in Kiruna, and last December the new Lutheran church was dedicated. Here a painting by Prince Eugen, above the church altar, contributes to the sense of Divine Presence. This painting, a quiet landscape bathed in bright sunshine, breathing the spirit of the Twenty-third Psalm and devoid of all religious symbolism, brings the beholder, as does all true art, "into touch with the harmony which is the base of the Universe." "He leadeth me beside still waters."

The exterior of *Disponent* Lundbohm's residence at Kiruna has the appearance of a collection of disconnected barracks; the interior, by way of contrast, is a succession of galleries of pictures and sculpture. Prince Eugen, Zorn, Carl Larsson, Wilhelmson, Jansson, most of whom have been the guests of the hospitable *Disponent*, have

added to his store of treasures. The painting reproduced on the cover of this REVIEW, entitled "Kings Karin," is by Zorn, and adorns Dr. Lundbohm's study.

It was in this room, in a corner by Eriksson's fireplace, among idols and curios of the Lapps, that I enjoyed the distinguished pleasure of meeting the Lapp philosopher, Mr. John Turi, author and wolf slayer. Mr. Turi had not come to dinner in evening clothes —his yellow and red raiment gave a distinction and artistic tone to the otherwise conventional group of dinner guests. His features were characteristic of the Lapp—thin, tapering nose, narrow, pointed chin and scant beard. He had that mysterious smile, half politeness, half the repose of conscious superiority to the mad ways of our world. Every Lapp has the look of a wizard, but Mr. Turi is a seer, even among his own people.

When Dr. Lundbohm presented me, Mr. Turi was examining a large Italian work on Lapland, written, as I remember, two centuries ago. The Lappish author does not read Italian, but that does not deter him from criticisms of the illustrations, for he is an illustrator as well as an author, as you may see from the accompanying sketch of a Lapp settlement in winter, reproduced from his book on "The Life of the Lapps."

In conversation Mr. Turi said that the attempt across the Border in Norway to make farmers of the Lapps had proved a failure. The Swedish people, however, are helping the Lapps to continue their own nomadic way of life, sending sympathetic teachers to their wigwams, instead of compelling the children to come to conventional schools. The Swedish government realizes the economic value of the reindeer, both as a means of support for the Lapps and for their fur and meat, just as the United States, which has recently imported reindeer for the Eskimos in Alaska, with gratifying results.

Turi's "Life of the Lapps" was published two years ago, with the moral and financial support of Dr. Lundbohm. For a long time the great wolf slayer had meditated on this subject, but in the restlessness of his wandering life he had denied himself the repose of mind and body. At length the needed psychological stimulus was supplied by a Danish woman, Emilie Demant, herself a devoted student of the Lapps. In an abandoned miner's lodge by Lake Torneträsk she cooked and shared the author's meals and gently induced him to write on week after week, until he had expressed what had been treasured up all these years in his mind. Then she took the scraps of manuscript with her south to Copenhagen, translated them into Danish, and published both the Lappish original and her Danish translation in the same volume.

"Presumably it was half a century ago," says Emilie Demant, in her Danish introduction to this book, "that Turi was first swaddled



Photograph by Borg Mesch

"JOHAN TURI, AUTHOR AND WOLF SLAYER"



SKETCH OF A LAPP SETTLEMENT IN WINTER, REPRODUCED FROM TURI'S BOOK, "THE LIFE OF THE LAPPS"

in the skin of a reindeer calf; himself he does not know how many summers' suns nor how many winters' snowstorms have bitten and burned his face and set their marks on his soul. Johan Turi is a mountain Lapp; he has lived all his life as a nomad and traveled with the reindeer in the wilderness; but for him the reindeer was not the only consideration, as for most other Lapps. Turi has in him primeval hunter-blood. From the time he was a small urchin, the life and ways of wild animals have interested him. A few years ago he gave up herding animals and abandoned himself to his passion for fighting the reindeer's worst enemy, the wolf."

Turi says he has written the book to explain to the Swedes, representing the modern world, the point of view of the Lapps, which they themselves have never been able to make clear. The moment, says Turi in his book, that a Lapp finds himself shut within four walls, he loses self-possession. His mind refuses to act unless the wind is blowing about his head. But give him the mountains and his thoughts become clear; if there were an assembly place upon some high mountain where the Lapp could meet the Swede face to face, the Lapp could perhaps give a coherent account of himself.

The book is full of pathetic passages prophetic of the passing of the Lapps. Turi's friend, Dr. Lundbohm, however, is more optimis-

tic than Turi about their future. He feels that these mysterious dwarfs who have for several centuries been in contact with the Aryan races and persisted in their own manner of life, will continue to preserve their integrity; the Lapp is not a "mixer."

To the Lapps far and wide Dr. Lundbohm is a "Little Father," and the mention of his name evokes more than the usuál Lappish smile. A Stockholmer recently visiting an aged Lapp in his wigwam or *kåta* stated that he brought greetings from *Disponent* Lundbohm. The Lapp enthusiastically exclaimed, "Lundbohm! Lundbohm! My papa! My papa!"

The gentleman from Stockholm wondered how Dr. Lundbohm could be the "papa" of the aged Lapp. The Lapp, however, cleared the mystery by adding, "Father of the Lapps! Father of the Lapps!"

The Finns also are not denied their share of attention from Dr. Lundbohm. Many of the Finns—unlike the Lapps—are employed in the mines. Though their language resembles the Lappish, both being members of the Finno-Ugrian group of tongues, the Finns belong to a different order of civilization and live in permanent houses. Dr. Lundbohm makes occasional visits to the old Finnish culture center at Jukkasjärvi, a few miles from Kiruna, to chat with the Finns on household subjects, and to buy dried reindeer flesh and woven rugs. On stated festival days each year it is at Jukkasjärvi that the Lapps of the province assemble for marketing and divine worship.

To the American who loves sharp contrasts Lapland has a never-failing appeal. In the background are the Lapps with their reindeer, the persistent barbarians, the slow-minded prophets of the mountains; in the foreground the hustling Swedish engineers, with their machines and constructions, harnessing to the chariot of economic progress the unfettered fastnesses of the North. But sharpest of all contrasts is the artistic repose of *Disponent* Lundbohm's study and the view which he sees from his window of the great iron mountain across the lake. In this soft-rugged study he hears three times a day the roar of the blasting on Kirunavara and all day long the thunder of ore trains, coming and departing, twelve long trains a day, each bearing its burden of a thousand tons of iron far into the north, past the shelter for tourists in the mountains at Abisko, past Lapp encampments on the shores of Lake Torneträsk, across the Border through snowsheds and dark tunnels that pierce the mountain wall of Norway, out to the ice-free port of Narvik, the northernmost railway terminal of the world, where a fleet of fifteen steamers lies waiting to carry the wealth of Sweden's America to southern markets across the sea.



Photograph by V. O. Freeburg

"LAPP ENCAMPMENTS ON THE SHORES OF LAKE TORNETRASK"



Photograph by Borg Mesch

"THE LAPPS ASSEMBLE AT JUKKASJARVI"

Editorial

The Review With this Yule Number THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW begins its second year. A year ago the editors announced that their modest magazine would "grow in size and frequency in proportion to the growth of subscriptions and advertisements." With the present issue the REVIEW doubles its size and increases its circulation to five thousand copies. It contains more illustrations than formerly, including elaborate reproductions in color.

During 1914 the REVIEW will continue to appear every other month, six issues in all. In each number the center pages will be occupied by an illustration of one of Denmark's famous old castles. The coming March issue will be a HOME TO NORWAY number, containing an illustrated article by Herman Kr. Lehmkuhl about the great Norwegian Exposition opening in May, which will draw thousands of good Americans back to the home of their fathers. Similarly, the May issue will be a BALTIC number, describing the Exposition at Malmö in Sweden, where the four nations of the Baltic will join hands, Russia and Germany with Sweden and Denmark. Among the attractions promised for the July number is a new illustrated translation of the favorite Danish ballad on Queen Dagmar's Death; while the September number will chronicle the career of Bishop Hill and other notable achievements of the Swedes in America.

A glance at our title page will show that the REVIEW has increased its editorial staff by an advisory editor from each of the Scandinavian countries. Sweden is represented by the famous art critic, Mr. Carl G. Laurin, whose first service as advisory editor is the selection of the two beautiful pieces of color, the reproductions from Zorn and Liljefors, which decorate this Yule number. Denmark is represented by Mr. Harald Nielsen, the essayist, editor of the independent weekly, *Ugens Tilskuer*. In Norway the REVIEW has secured the advice of Mr. Christian Collin, Björnson's biographer, author of standard works on literary and social problems, one of the profoundest thinkers of the North. Mr. Hamilton Holt, of New York, will continue to represent America on the advisory board; the old-established weekly, the *Independent*, of which Mr. Holt is president and editor, has recently taken on a new and more attractive form and a renewed hold upon American life and thought.

The editors wish their readers a Merry Yule-tide indeed and ask for the continued co-operation of all good friends and true of the life and literature of the North.

Associates of The Foundation The Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation at their meeting, November 1, passed a resolution reading in part: "Whereas there appears to be great need of a large international organization through which the American-Scandinavian Foundation can work more efficiently to promote widespread interest for Scandinavia in America and for America in Scandinavia, be it resolved, that the Board of Trustees invite all who sympathize with their work to become associates of the American-Scandinavian Foundation."

Regular associates of the Foundation will receive the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW and will have the privilege of buying the other publications of the Foundation at special rates, upon payment of a nominal membership fee of one dollar a year, though provision is made for those who wish to help the movement further to become sustaining, patron, or life associates. Scandinavian societies at home and abroad may associate with the Foundation unitedly. Already, the Trustees of the American-Scandinavian Society have accepted the invitation of the Foundation, subject to the ratification of the members at their annual meeting.

This resolution has grown naturally out of the rapidly expanding work of the Foundation. Letters are constantly received from individuals and organizations inquiring how they can become associated with the Foundation, urging that the Foundation assume the position of an international center of Scandinavian interests for which it is fitted by the Royal patronage it enjoys, by its position in the city that links the old world with the new, and by its firm financial basis.

Recognition of Northern Music The Concert of Scandinavian Music given by the American-Scandinavian Society and arranged by a committee of the Society under the chairmanship of Dr. Johannes Hoving, in Carnegie Hall, October 26, was an event of scarcely less importance in the history of Scandinavian culture than the Art Exhibition of last year. For the first time in New York, Northern music was adequately presented to an audience composed largely of people not of Northern descent, and the eyes of music lovers were opened to the fact, as expressed by the *New York Press*, "that the musical literature of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark is far richer than most of us realize." Among the numerous illuminating press notices, we quote from that of *Musical America:*

Carnegie Hall was the scene last Sunday afternoon of one of the most interesting concerts which the present season is likely to bring forth, when a program of Scandinavian music was given by the Scandinavian Male Chorus of New York and the Scandinavian Symphony Orchestra, Ole Windingstad conductor, with Julia Claussen, mezzo-soprano; Charlotte Lund, soprano; Gustaf Holmquist, basso, and Cornelius Rubner, pianist, as soloists.

The concert gained in individuality because of the high standard maintained

in the selection of the groups of songs which the three singers offered, most of them novelties to a New York audience, and the two orchestral pieces, which were also new.

For the singers there was great enthusiasm for Mme. Lund, who offered Lange-Müller's "En Engel," Sinding's "Sylvelin," Sigurd Lie's "Sne," Kjerulf's "Synnöve's Song," and Backer-Gröndahl's "Eventide," five songs which she interpreted with rare art, each in the spirit of the composer.

Mme. Claussen, who made her New York debut on this occasion, was heard in a cycle called "Dyvekes Sange," by Peter Arnold Heise, a Danish composer, established herself at once as an artist of the highest attainments. A glorious voice, produced with a freedom such as is not often heard, handled with that complete control which only the greatest are able to command, is her possession. In addition to all of this she has a dramatic sense which made vivid every inflection of the six songs. Her cry of despair at the close, "Jesu, Maria, Would I Were Dead!" was poignantly voiced and intensely gripping.

Mr. Holmquist, well-known in the Middle West, gave of his best in Södermann's "King Heimer and Aslög," Sjögren's "Evening Star," Stenhammar's "Sverge" and Peterson-Berger's "Autumn Song," displaying a voice of excellent quality, especially in the medium register. Professor Rubner, who is widely known as head of the department of music at Columbia University, outdid himself in the performance he gave of the familiar Grieg A Minor Concerto.

To Mr. Windingstad, who conducted both orchestra and chorus, must be given the highest praise. An energetic, young and gifted musician, he showed himself to be from the opening measures of the Overture "Helios," by August Carl Nielsen, now conductor at the Royal Opera in Copenhagen. This work and the fascinating "Midsommarvaka" (Midsummer Eve), by Hugo Alfvén, two novelties, proved to be so much finer than many of the new lesser Russian and German pieces which we have heard in recent years that it might be worth while for the conductors of our American orchestras to look at the works of contemporary Scandinavian orchestral composers occasionally.

Most potent, perhaps, in its immediate results was the work of the orchestra. The establishment of a permanent Scandinavian Symphony orchestra has long been a cherished plan of the conductor, Mr. Ole Windingstad. The concert demonstrated not only the possibilities of Scandinavian orchestral music and the presence in New York of splendid material for such an organization, but above all the high qualities as a musician and a director that fit Mr. Windingstad for the leadership of this movement toward the recognition of Northern music.

The expenses of the concert were as follows: Soloists, $700; orchestra, $810; expenses of Male Chorus, $65; rent of Carnegie Hall, $400; the services of a musical bureau, $200; advertising, $359.30; printing and miscellaneous, $195.40; total expenses, $2,729.70. The income was: Sale of tickets, $2,338.35; donations, $35; total income, $2,373.35. These figures do not include expenses for music notes, flowers, receptions and other social events incident to the concert, which were defrayed by private subscription.

Books

Voices of To-morrow: Critical Studies of the New Spirit in Literature. By Edwin Björkman. Mitchell Kennerley, New York, 1913.

The sentence that left the deepest impression upon me in a recent perusal of Edwin Björkman's "Voices of To-morrow" was this: "Eternal disharmony is the price which must be paid for eternal progress." A whole philosophy of life is contained in that statement. Unrest is surely the word that best characterizes the dominant mood of most of the writers whom Mr. Björkman interprets. Strindberg, Björnson, Maeterlinck, Bergson, Selma Lagerlöf, Francis Grierson, Edith Wharton, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad and Robert Herrick—none of these, with the possible exception of Maeterlinck, suggests anything quiet or stationary. At the heart of all tugs the *Zeitgeist* summoning to fuller and freer expression.

They are contradictory—divided not only against one another, but against themselves. And so we find Strindberg, for instance, passing from mood to mood; fiercely misogynist, yet lover of woman; an individualist and a Socialist. Bergson is a similarly contradictory figure. Yet from writers such as Strindberg and Bergson have come great inspiration for us all. We feel in them and in their kind a passionate idealism, a passionate sincerity, and an impulse that puts truth ahead of all else. I feel this same impulse in Edwin Björkman and honor him for it.

There is one quality, however, that I think all the writers he describes have in common. They are all trying to extend the boundaries of life and thought. They all believe in freedom. They probably recognize that it will be a richly varied, and not a uniform freedom. They have given up the idea of enclosing existence under dogmas. They are willing to let life play free, even though liberty sometimes leads to disorder. It is this quality, perhaps, that chiefly entitles them to be called the true "Voices of To-morrow."

LEONARD D. ABBOTT.

The Wonderful Adventures of Nils. From the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf, translated and edited by Velma Swanston Howard. Illustrated by Mary Hamilton Frye. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1913.

The story of the little boy who was changed to an elf and saw Sweden from the back of a goose was written by Miss Lagerlöf at the request of the National Teachers' Association as a reader for schools. She spent three years gathering the animal lore and the folk legends for the story that has become the best seller in Sweden, next after the Bible. Its popularity in America makes it possible for the publishers to present it a new holiday dress, with twenty-four full-page illustrations in color.

Mrs. Howard has revised her earlier translation, and, with the consent of the author, has elided some of the original that seemed of too exclusively local significance. Mrs. Howard's work illustrates the fact that the successful translator should have also some of the gift of the creative writer. She weighs the value of every word in the Swedish text, and when the meaning is clear in her mind, even to the finest shade, she writes her translation in such language that the writer's thought seems to have taken life in English.

The illustrations were made by Miss Frye at first merely as an expression of her pleasure in the book. They were acquired by the Houghton Memorial Library in Michigan, and used there to illustrate the reading in the children's study hour. In this way they came to the notice of the publishers, who at once bought the right to reproduce them in the present edition de luxe. H. A. L.

STRINDBERG IN 1913

Plays by August Strindberg. Translated, with an Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. Third Series. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913. $1.50 net.

The Red Room. By August Strindberg. Authorized Translation by Ellie Schleussner. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913. $1.50 net.

The Son of a Servant. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field, with an Introduction by Henry Vacher-Burch. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913. $1.25 net.

The Inferno. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913. $1.25 net.

Zones of the Spirit: A Book of Thoughts by August Strindberg. With an Introduction by Arthur Babillotte. Translated by Claud Field, M.A., New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1913. $1.25 net.

By the Open Sea. By August Strindberg. Authorized translation by Ellie Schleussner. New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1913. $1.25.

On the Seaboard: A Novel of the Baltic Islands. From the Swedish of August Strindberg. Translated by Elizabeth Clarke Westergren. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company, 1913. $1.25 net.

In Midsummer Days, and Other Tales. By August Strindberg. McBride, Nast & Co., 1913. $1.25 net.

August Strindberg: The Spirit of Revolt. Studies and Impressions by L. Lind-af-Hageby. New York, D. Appleton & Co., 1913. With twenty-eight illustrations in half-tone. $1.50 net.

Does Björkman intend to give us a complete set of Strindberg's plays in the fine series that Scribner's have been adding to steadily since the first volume early in 1912? There is no reason why Mr. Björkman's set should not ultimately be as full and as noteworthy as the thirty volumes of Strindberg that Emil Schering has done into German. The third series, which is now before me, is particularly interesting, because it gives us material from three distinct decades of Strindberg's activity. "Samum" goes back to 1888, and therefore is twin sister to "The Father." If either of these two is more venomous, it is "Samum." The source of the hatred is, in this case, racial difference, whereas in the other it was sex. "Debet och Credit" was written in 1892, and shows signs of the approaching brainstorm. "Advent" is the resignation after the storm (1899). The other plays in the volume—"Swanwhite," "Thunderstorm," "After the Fire,"—are products of the twentieth century, two having been written within a few years of Strindberg's death. This excellent collection, perhaps the most typical of many phases of our author that has yet appeared, is introduced by one of Mr. Björkman's authoritative and instructive essays on Sweden's greatest writer.

When "The Red Room" (*Röda rummet*), Strindberg's first novel, was printed (1879), the author was scarcely more than thirty years old. It is not surprising, therefore, that the work should be one of stormy lives, of hunger and cold and terror, of all the dramatic elements in life that appeal to the young man who has struggled. There are passages in this book that have the warmth of intimacy that one feels in the recent works of H. G. Wells, and there are other passages that drop the tender idealistic reverence and plunge you into an icy bath of scepticism, of doubt, of atheism and of superciliousness.

"The Son of a Servant" (*Tjenstekvinnans Son*) is the first long instalment of Strindberg's autobiographical material. I do not believe that any finer presenta-

tion exists of the miseries and sins of boyhood; the physiological terrors, the cruelty of parental authority, the malice of the pedagogical engine and of its crew—there can hardly be another equally honest and clear statement of the effects of these things on a delicate child than this bitter outburst. The translator has tempered or elided some of the frankest passages, so that the book may be placed on the shelves of any library without fear of contamination.

Of the other autobiographical books, only "Inferno" is available in English, and that is regrettable, for the reader may judge from the specimen of "Alone" that Mr. Josephson did for the REVIEW a few months ago, what a model of sedate, stately resignation that book is. "Inferno," like "The Red Room," is volcanic. But with the fire of approaching insanity, not with that of youth. Its prevailing mood is one of persecutory mania. There is an indecent quality about the revelations of hatreds and suspicions, but for that very reason "Inferno" is interesting. For what man besides Strindberg would have been willing to forfeit our good will in this way? In "Inferno," moreover, there are the beginnings of a coquetting with Catholicism that we shall meet again in later considerations of Strindberg, though he never became a Catholic.

His "Blue Book," of which Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons print the first volume, under the title of "Zones of the Spirit," is a fine example of his later discursive phase. Turn its leaves, and on every page there is an opinion, or a wrath, or a mystical resignation, or a remnant of Misogyny, that is interesting. He tells you about Oscar Wilde's "De Profundis," about Swedenborg in hell, about the futility of learning, and about many things not at all literary—all arranged under convenient headings, frankly disconnected and quite enjoyable each without regard to the rest of the book. There are things about Strindberg's past that do not become clear before one has read the "Blue Book," and the other volumes should therefore be presented to English readers as soon as possible.

The most interesting of Strindberg's novels in the one of which two translations are listed above, for both "By the Open Sea" and "On the Seaboard" are English versions of "*I hafsbandet.*" This novel appeared in 1890. It begins as a rebellion against domination of the aristocracy —the natural aristocracy of ability—by the lower classes, and ends in insanity. No other man has so well pictured the weakness of exceptional talent when opposed by misunderstanding and malice. The story is relieved frequently by the flame of man's tenderness for woman, but the Strindberg of 1890 could not see anything in the woman but an ally of superstition. The description of Swedish life and Swedish scenery make one positively homesick for the *skärgård* and its moods.

The reader of the volume that begins with the story, "Midsummer Days" cannot fail to notice a side of Strindberg's work that has thus far been neglected. It is his brilliance as a writer of short stories and impressionistic prose poems.

The study of Strindberg by Miss Lind-af-Hageby is the first volume to appear in English dealing exclusively with this subject. We have had many single essays on the greatest literary figure of Sweden; in importance they range all the way from the masterly studies by Mr. Edwin Björkman, now reprinted in his "Voices of To-morrow," to the uninstructed and pretentious claptrap of Mr. James Huneker. But here is a whole volume at last and many others will follow it. Miss Lind-af-Hageby's book surprises us by its thoroughness and completeness. The author seems to have read everything Strindberg has written, a colossal task, which alone would impress one with the seriousness of her work. Her judgments are sound and acceptable, her English style fluent and graceful, even brilliant, and she has, in addition, had access to data concerning the life and relations of Strindberg, that are far from accessible to everybody—to the present reviewer, for instance. JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN.

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Translated and with Introductions by Edwin Björkman.

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Charles Scribner's Sons  Fifth Ave., New York

Brief Notes

The edition de luxe of "JULSTÄMNING," published by Åhlén & Åkerlund, Göteborg-Chicago, contains a veritable gallery of beautiful pictures. Eight reproductions in color of paintings by Liljefors, six autochrome landscapes of Sweden, and numerous other full-page pictures are all mounted on rich, heavy paper and suitable for framing. Roald Amundsen contributes an article on "Christmas at the South Pole." The book is sold by Carl Dahlen in New York.

"VALDA BERÄTTELSER" (Selected Stories) by Selma Lagerlöf, edited by Professor Jules Mauritzson, is a volume in the College and High School Series of Swedish Authors published by the Augustana Book Concern. The stories are among Miss Lagerlöf's best, and the English notes and full glossary make the book extremely valuable to American students of Swedish.

The Augustana Book Concern also publishes "THE SONG OF THE ROSE," by Hillis Grane, a story of Swedish life with a religious purpose, translated into English by A. W. Kjellstrand.

Captain Neils Heiberg, of the Norwegian Akershus Dragoons, who has just been in New York with his horse "Max" to take part in the jumping contests at the National Horse Show, is a lover of animals and the author of animal stories. His "WHITE-EAR AND PETER: The Story of a Fox and a Fox Terrier" has been published by Macmillan & Co. with sixteen attractive colored plates by the English illustrator, Cecil Aldin.

H. A. L.

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THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



HOME TO NORWAY NUMBER

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION
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CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MARCH REVIEW

CARL CHRISTIAN HYLLESTED, who is introducing the great Norwegian, Hamsun, to American readers by his article in the REVIEW and by his translation of "Shallow Soil" reviewed in this number, is himself a native of Denmark, now living in New York. His interest in Norwegian writers and particularly in Hamsun dates from a trip around the North Cape, when he fell under the spell of the Arctic wonderland.

HERMAN KR. LEHMKUHL, of Bergen, is secretary of the Publicity Bureau of the Centennial Exposition. He has been a contributor to various periodicals in Norway, and in 1912 visited America as correspondent to *Aftenposten*.

It gives the editors especial pleasure to print the sympathetic poem "To Norway," by MARTIN B. RUUD. Mr. Ruud was born of Norwegian parents in Minnesota, and has studied at Western universities. Since 1912 he has been a traveling scholar of the American-Scandinavian Foundation and the University of Chicago, and has spent a semester at each of the Universities of Christiania, Copenhagen, and Uppsala.

The Norwegian national anthem appears in this issue of the REVIEW in a new and spirited translation by ARTHUR HUBBELL PALMER, Professor of Germanic Languages and Literature at Yale University. Mr. Palmer is the editor of various text-books of the works of Goethe and Schiller, and has under preparation a volume of translations of Björnson's lyrics. He is a trustee of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

REV. D. G. RISTAD is a native of Norway. He has been for a number of years a pastor in the Norwegian Synod of America, and is now the president of the Park Region Luther College, a young and flourishing institution in Fergus Falls, Minnesota.

EDWARD DELBERT WINSLOW, of Chicago, has since 1911 been American Consul-General in Denmark. Twice in his consular career he has represented his government in Sweden.

DR. EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR was elected mayor of San Francisco by the reform element after the retirement of Mr. Schmitz in 1907. He has published several books of graceful verse. The REVIEW prints in this issue his sonnet to Amundsen's good ship *Gjöa*, now cresting a hill in Golden Gate Park.

DR. J. W. HARTMANN, instructor in German in the College of the City of New York, contributes another review to this issue and follows his translation of Hallström's "Symposium" with a page from the works of Herman Bang.

AXEL TEISEN is a Philadelphia barrister, who contributes to law journals on both sides of the Atlantic. He is a Dane by birth and a graduate of the University of Copenhagen.

ASAPH ROBERT SHELANDER, clergyman, lecturer and writer, is a Swedish-American, a graduate of Augustana College and sometime Fellow in Philology at Columbia University.

AGNES M. WERGELAND, a member of a distinguished Norwegian family of that name, is Professor of History at the University of Wyoming. In 1912 she published a volume of poems in Norwegian.

The painting reproduced on the cover of this number is a winter landscape entitled "Mountains," by the Norwegian artist, HARALD SOHLBERG, one of the favorite paintings in the Scandinavian Exhibition in America in 1912–13.

The illustrations used in connection with Professor Palmer's translation were reproduced from plates courteously loaned by the NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE.



KNUT HAMSUN

From a Painting by Henrik Lund

THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN
REVIEW

VOLUME II MARCH · 1914 NUMBER 2

Knut Hamsun: An Appreciation

By CARL CHRISTIAN HYLLESTED

FOR more than a score of years Knut Hamsun's European fame has been firmly established; his works are translated into seventeen languages, and a whole literature has grown up around his name. He is even considered by many the foremost of modern Scandinavian writers, not excepting the great Ibsen himself. Yet in the enthusiastically acclaiming or stridently dissenting chorus of literary critics that greets his books, no English voice is heard. So far, he has not "crossed the channel," though other continental writers of far less originality and power have leaped the barriers of language and climbed the steep trails that lead to universal recognition. It is certain that much in Hamsun's literary production can never appeal to our American taste. Especially in his early works, there is a note of erratic, almost hectic violence that appears overstrained and morbid, and there are passages that are coarse to the verge of brutality. Yet there remains, when all dross is sifted, so much of art's pure gold, of lyric beauty, of dramatic insight and power, of bewitching artistry of style, that it would be enough to endow half a dozen ordinary talents with fame everlasting.

To find the key to Hamsun's literary activity in his maturer years it is necessary to go back to his early bitter struggles, and even farther back, to his childhood, spent in surroundings that were bound to exert the greatest influence on a mind of his impressionable nature. He grew up on one of the Lofoten Islands—a chain of rocky outposts, torn from Norway's lacerated coast line, and flung into the teeth of the Arctic Sea—"a drama in granite," Björnson called them. Here life swings, pendulum like, from extreme to extreme, from midnight sun to wintry gloom, from storm to brooding calm, from the dreamy solitude of inactivity to feverish life, when the thousand-sailed fishing-fleet swoops down upon migrating schools of cod and capelan.

There Hamsun lived in an atmosphere of nature sagas—a gaunt, taciturn, spectacled youth, inured to danger and hardship, strong of body, but with a mimosa soul. He had the passionate independence and the restlessness of the Nordland people, with all their inability to fit into the scheme of an artificial civilization. The years of his early manhood were devoted to persistent but futile efforts to gain recognition in intellectual fields. This chapter in Hamsun's life story stretches over ten long years, and from many of his subsequent books, especially "Hunger," we learn how terrible was the struggle, how great the mental and physical suffering. Yet he never refers to this time with bitterness; indeed, there are passages showing that he looks back upon this period of hard manual labor as a useful and beautiful experience. His love of sheer physical exertion has remained with him through life. "Under the Harvest Star" and "A Wanderer Plays with Muted Strings" depict the weary slave of city life who—even at the age of fifty—goes out to support himself as a road laborer and man of all work in order to find peace and contentment.

Hamsun's struggles for existence brought him as an immigrant to America, where his occupations varied from that of a dish-washer to that of a lecturer on French literature. His term in the college of hard knocks terminated in a post-graduate course as one of the crew on a Newfoundland fishing-smack. In "Hunger," Hamsun's first book after his return to civilization, we find in embryo all the poets that dwell in the author—the keen, almost clairvoyant psychologist, the virile realist, the master of descriptive style, the lyric nature singer. The story is partly autobiographical and is that of a supersensitive, impractical youth, who runs afoul of life's orderly forces in his struggles to live, and who starves and dreams and philosophizes through three hundred pulsating, brilliant pages. The progressive stages of hunger insanity and the excesses and aberrations induced by physical suffering are portrayed with masterly art and with an astonishing fertility of imagination. The depressing nature of the subject is relieved by flashes of humor and by a gentle raillery at himself and his improvidence. Nevertheless, "Hunger" could not but rouse horror and repugnance, and the feeling against the author was still further inflamed by his next book, "Mysteries." Such reckless audacity, such arrogant irreverence had never before appeared in print. The famine-crazed youth in "Hunger" hurled his blasphemies in the face of Providence; Nagel, in "Mysteries," scoffed at everything that carried the general stamp of approval. It is no wonder that Hamsun was regarded by the conservatives as a firebrand, a heretic to whom nothing was sacred; no wonder, perhaps, that this unjust and superficial characterization has clung to him in spite of all the evidences to the contrary furnished by his later works.

Fresh from the silences of the fishing-banks, with the memory of ten years' stifled aspiration and futile effort pressing his shoulders as a yoke, it was inevitable that the first expression of his genius should have some of the violence of an eruption. Yet there is, as a matter of fact, far more veneration than scorn in Hamsun's philosophy. The very intensity of his capacity for worship determines the violence of his attacks upon everything which appears to him artificial and untrue.

"I do not despise all great men," says Nagel, "but neither do I measure a man's greatness by the extent of the movement he may have started; I judge him from my own sense of appraisal, my inborn faculty of appreciation; I judge him, so to speak, by the taste his activities leave in my mouth. In doing this I am not assuming any superiority; I am simply expressing the subjective logic of my blood." And again: "The world may say that this or that sensible person would never have acted in this manner, and consequently it must be imbecility. But I stand forth alone, and I stamp my foot and say that it is common sense. What does the world know? Nothing!"

From these premises he proceeds to pronounce judgment on Ibsen, Tolstoy, Shakespeare, Gladstone, morality, religion, patriotism, —all that happens to come within view. It is all interesting, nay, fascinating; his eloquence is phenomenal; the brilliance of his style carries him safely over the most glaring paradoxes. His sincerity and absolute good faith are so apparent that it is impossible to take offense. Even a book like that amazing collection of misinformation and prejudice, "Intellectual Life in Modern America," is written with such refreshing humor and such boundless conviction that one reads it with a sense of pleasure, wholly apart from its really excellent portions, such as the weighty and well-considered estimates of the pseudo-philosophy of Emerson and Walt Whitman.

In volume alone Hamsun's production is monumental. Since 1888 he has published twenty-five novels, dramas, lyrics and essays, all of a high order and each one so different from the other that it is difficult to say what are the main currents in his work, while to give any exhaustive analysis of him would be impossible within the scope of this article. There is "Pan," that sublime symphony of nature-romanticism, and there is "Munken Vendt," a drama in rhymed stanzas of a plasticity and finished beauty comparable only to "Brand" and "Peer Gynt." Again, there is the exquisite love idyl, "Victoria," in which Hamsun has penned some of his most glorious passages to love.

Professor Morburger has pointed out that few poets have ventured to give to the world such a number of intimate self-portrayals, and still fewer have succeeded in stamping all these changing pictures with a common impress, and yet never repeat themselves. "Ibsen was

concerned with the sentimental love affairs of the rich middle class; Strindberg's best works are those dealing with matrimonial degeneracy; but I feel much at home in handling the romantic subjects of eccentric dreamers and intellectual vagabonds," Hamsun has confessed of himself. Nagel, in "Mysteries," is the most exaggerated example of this intellectual vagabond type, which recurs again and again. Coldevin, in "Shallow Soil," is Nagel under different conditions, just as he is Hoibro in "Editor Lynge," or the Miller's Son in "Victoria," or the wanderer in "The Harvest Star"—that is, he is Hamsun himself at different times and under different circumstances. It is always the wanderer, life's exile, the restlessly aspiring soul, unable to find its place amid the realities of a practical world, in a constant state of rebellion against the decrees of civilized life. This mental attitude is mirrored in such trivialities as dress and manner; he is awkward in social intercourse, stubs his toes on the conventionalities, and offends by his blunt directness. He is, in short, thoroughly natural in an atmosphere of refined artificiality, and this outward incongruity expresses the deeper conflict, the struggles of the soul. "It is extremely difficult," says Hamsun, in "Editor Lynge," "to sum up a human soul in a definite equation; it is composed of shades, of contradictions, of fractions innumerable; the more modern it is, the more complex does it become, and it is hard for such a composite soul to find a resting-place."

Hamsun's art is an effort to portray the soul in its relation to the fixed facts of life and to the mystery of the unknown, the borderland between life and nature, to show its struggles in the inexorable grip of fate and depict the disintegrating effect of advancing years. From the same viewpoint he sees the sex problem, and one of his favorite situations is that where a man is drawn with his soul to one woman, by his senses to another.

In a trilogy of dramas, "At the Kingdom's Gate," "The Play of Life," and "In the Gloaming," Hamsun has shown how life pushes the aged to the wall. "When a wanderer reaches fifty years, he plays with muted strings." He is an outsider; life, with its throbbing passions and bitter struggles have become "literature" to him, something to watch and philosophize about with gentle sarcasm or mild sympathy. He still loves, but he does not desire. Like Coldevin, in "Shallow Soil," the wanderer simply reserves to himself the role of guardian and protector toward the beloved. And yet—how easy it is to deceive oneself even in this, how hard to keep to the role at all times! "How hard it is to understand people," sighs the wanderer, and the book, which is a masterly description of the gradual contamination and ultimate destruction of a proud and passionate woman, ends with this note of ineffable sadness: "It is getting colder as I wander homeward to my log cabin; soon the frost will have

covered swamps and moor and made walking easier. I saunter along, slowly and indifferently, my hands in my pockets. I am in no hurry; it matters little whither I am drifting."

In his latest works, however, Hamsun has altogether emancipated himself from the feeling of weariness, which cast a somewhat depressing shadow over his production during the period of transition from his intense subjectivity to the more objective portrayal of which he has made himself master in recent years, and in which he has found newer, surer, fuller notes, rich in the promise of perennial rejuvenation.

While portraying nature, Hamsun has given us pages that will live as long as language lasts. He does not need a flaming sunset or a spectacular storm to inspire him to lyric flights; a blade of grass is to him a miracle, a summer zephyr a blessing. A bird's twitter, an insect's flight is enough to set his soul vibrating. He encompasses all nature with his tenderness, and here he does not find his God-given faculty of veneration checked and thwarted. Even Nagel, the iconoclast, voices his nature worship in the following beautiful words: "I feel as if I were a part of this wood and this field, a branch on a spruce or a rock, yes a rock even, but one that was suffused and permeated with all this fragrance and brooding peace. Look at that juniper over there—see how it almost bends towards us and looks so good and friendly. And from fir and spruce the spider is spinning his webs; they look like some fragile Chinese bead-work, like suns spun from water; I am sure that warm and smiling elves are dancing around us now."

The cover of Hamsun's works in a popular edition has a picture of the poet growing out of the soil, as much a part of it as are the mountains and trees, dominating the landscape with his rugged features and his far-seeing, contemplative gaze. To one who knows and loves Hamsun and Hamsun's Norway, there is nothing incongruous in the picture. For Hamsun is more than Nordland's poet—he is the saga-filled Nordland itself, in all its weird and imposing splendor. In his art we find again the untamed fury of its Arctic storms, the eerie gloom of its endless nights, but with a dazzling aurora play of color above the snow peaks. We see his fairyland in all its moods, in the gentle, ineffable calm of its summer evenings and the brooding peace of its solitudes, and we feel the throb of the fierce, passionate, restless life-hunger that fills the breasts of its roving sons.



FROGNER—THE STATELY MANOR-HOUSE NEAR CHRISTIANIA, USED AS THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE EXPOSITION

Norway's Centennial Exposition

By H. Kr. LEHMKUHL

ONE hundred years ago, a stately manor-house could be seen near Christiania—a handsome two-story dwelling, half hidden under venerable shade-trees and surrounded by a wide, beautiful park. In the shelter of spreading boughs and well-clipped yew hedges were prim garden paths, and against the dark green gleamed little white benches, suggestive of a shepherd scene à la Watteau. Tiny bridges led across the purling brook to the elevation on the other side of the park, where an octagonal belvedere supported by white columns lifted a quaint silhouette against the sky. Beyond the park stretched a large estate, guarding the exclusiveness of the manor against the inroads of a growing city.

The manor was called Frogner. In the two centuries of its history the most brilliant period fell in the latter part of the eighteenth century, when it was the home of Bernt Anker, and it is probable that the present building dates from his time. The mansion and park were then the center of all that Christiania possessed of culture and social life. In the summer he gathered the aristocracy of the city and country for his elegant Sunday *assemblées*. On June 26,

1813, his successor, Morten Anker, gave his famous fête for Prince Christian Fredrik, whose presence in Norway led to the events of 1814.

The estate passed afterward into the hands of the Gade family, who maintained its traditions. When General Grant visited Europe after his second presidential term, Consul Gade gave a splendid dinner in his honor. Among the distinguished Americans who have been his guests at Frogner are Mr. Astor and Mr. Carnegie.

With the passing of the years, the city came nearer and nearer. Bit by bit, the estate was sold. The house and the nearest grounds have been kept intact, but in recent years the stately halls have been desolate, and the park has been allowed to run wild.

A century has gone by since the historic fête of Morten Anker, and again the house and park are astir with life and bustle, but of what a different nature from that of a hundred years ago. Architects, engineers, and landscape gardeners have invaded the manor house, and in the great ballroom, still faintly colored by graceful Empire decorations of faded roses and fruit and dimmed peacock feathers, the directors of the Exposition meet for serious consultations. Work at high pressure goes on outside, and one after the other the large Exposition buildings rise from the rich memories of the past, imposing symbols of a new time that in its way may be as glorious.

The opening of Norway's Centennial Exposition on May 15 will be without comparison the most important link in the chain of festivals that will commemorate the Centenary of our Constitution. Its object is not only to demonstrate what has been accomplished in a hundred years of freedom, but still more to give expression to the full and varied activities that characterize our time—to give impetus, wake to new achievements and point out new paths for the coming century.

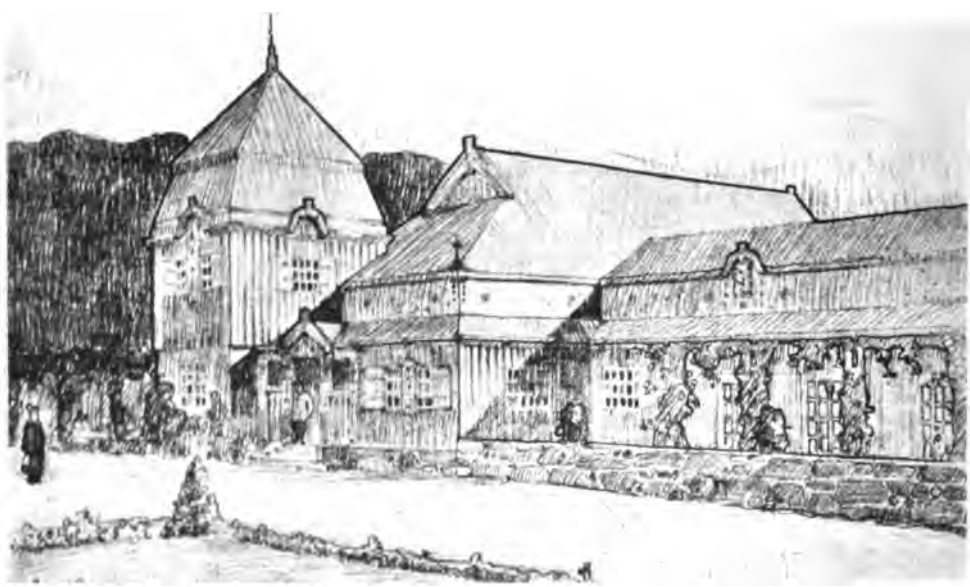
The Exposition is truly national in its nature. It is given by the State, which contributes 500,000 kroner directly and 800,000 kroner from the Norwegian State Lottery. The municipality of Christiania contributes 300,000 kroner. To this must be added what the State and all the communes of the country give indi-



MR. TOROLF PRYTZ, CHAIRMAN OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

rectly by their exhibits. King Haakon is the patron of the Exposition, and its presidency consists of representatives of the cabinet and Storting and of Christiania and its magistracy. The Executive Committee in charge of the actual administrative work is appointed by the State. The chairman is Mr. Torolf Prytz, architect; the vice-chairman, Mr. Bernt Holtsmark, minister of agriculture. The other members of the Committee are: Dr. A. Ræder, rector of Christiania Cathedral School; Mr. A. L. Thune, manufacturer; Mr. A. F. Klaveness, ship-owner; Consul Jacob Schram; Mr. O. Stang, cand. jur.; Professor Chr. Krohg; Captain Chr. Aug. Thorne; Mr. Carl Berner, president of *Nordmandsforbundet;* Mr. H. Monsen, banker; Mr. F. G. Gundersen, contractor; Mr. I. C. Roschauw, engineer-in-chief; Director H. J. Darre-Jensen; Dr. Aug. C. Mohr, Chamberlain; Director T. A. Heiberg, and Director K. Oppegaard.

The Exposition is national in the character of its exhibits as well as in administration. Only Norwegian commodities and the products of Norwegian industry are admitted. An exception is the department contained in the attractive pavilion devoted to "Norway Abroad," in so far as its exhibits are brought from beyond the boundaries of the country; but even here the display of foreign manufac-



"Norway Abroad," A Meeting-Point for All Norwegian Americans

tures will not be permitted. The exhibit will consist entirely of photographs, drawings, models, plates and statistical reports that throw light on the life and conditions of our emigrated countrymen in their new home. The building is also designed to minister to the comfort of Norwegians coming from abroad. It has been given an excellent site in the very heart of the Exposition, near the Domestic Handicraft Building, the main post office and the main restaurant.

A part of the building will be used for the exhibition. In another part *Nordmandsforbundet* will have an office with an information bureau, a place where our countrymen from beyond the sea may get their mail, make appointments with one another, read their home papers—in short, have a club room. Refreshments will be served, and a special rest-room has been fitted up for our visiting country-women. The pavilion of "Norway Abroad" will be a meeting point for all Norwegians from abroad who pass through Christiania whether homeward or outward bound.

The entire budget of the Exposition calls for a sum of 2,750,000 kroner. It may be of interest to note by way of comparison that the Swedish Exposition in Stockholm in 1897 had a budget of 3,924,600 kroner, the Danish Exposition in Copenhagen in 1888 one of 2,117,100 kroner. The most expensive, as well as the largest of the buildings is the Hall of Industry, with an estimated cost of 250,000 kroner and a floor area of 11,000 square meters. Measured by European standards, this is a very considerable exhibition area.

The Exposition will make a brave appearance, its white buildings shining against the blue waters of Frogner Lake, the green lawns intersected by walks and bordered by flower-wreathed colonnades that bind house to house in intimate union. In front of the buildings and in the inner courts are splashing fountains and masses of flowers. Especially gay are the exhibits of gardening, agriculture, forestry and the domestic arts. And beyond them the wind soughs in the massive crowns of the same trees that swayed to the breezes of a hundred years ago.

Norwegian motifs are used as much as possible. The Agricultural, Forestry and Horticultural Buildings and the Model Farm are all close imitations of the characteristic style of building that still prevails in the old-fashioned peasant homes of the country, while in the more modern structures of the Exposition many features are reminiscent of the same Norwegian origin. The perfect assimilation of these motifs and the architectural harmony of the whole are in themselves not the least valuable feature of the Exposition. There are in all twenty-seven official buildings and departments, and about fifty private exhibits; yet the architects have been able to combine all

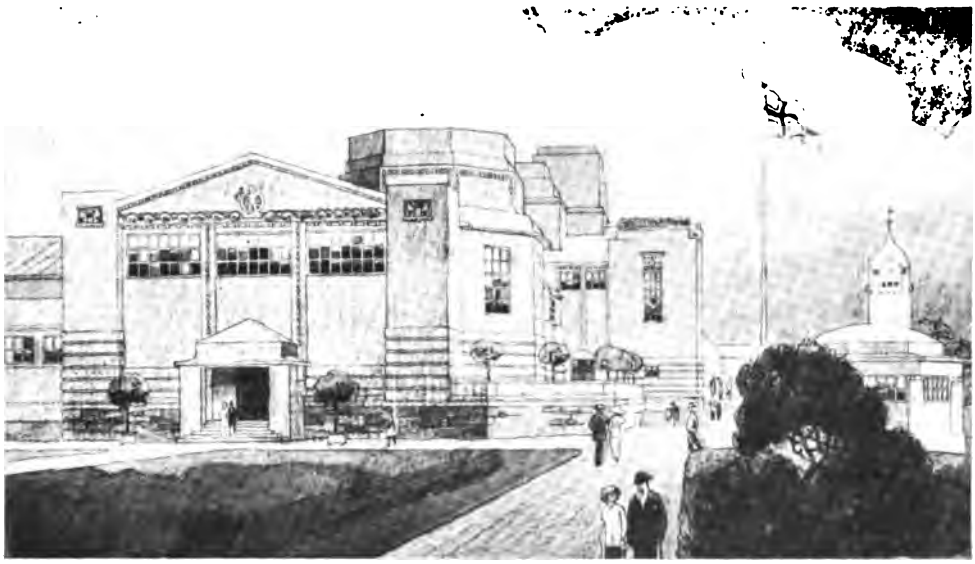
these into a perfect entity, in which no part seems superfluous or accidental.

The official Exposition consists of the following divisions: 1. The Entrance. 2. Christiania Building. 3. The State and Municipal Building. 4. The Hall of Fine Arts. 5. The Domestic Handicrafts Building. 6. "Norway Abroad." 7. Post and Telegraph. 8. Amusements. 9. Stadium and Sporting Restaurant. 10. The Main Restaurant. 11. Conditori. 12. Music Hall. 13. The Horticultural Building. 14. The Agricultural Building. 15. The People's Restaurant. 16. Forestry Building. 17. The Hall of Industry. 18. The Arts and Crafts Villa. 19. The Model Farm. 20. The Small Farms Exhibit. 21. The Church Exhibit. 22. The Hall of Machinery. 23. The Railroad Exhibit. 24. The Automobile and Transportation Hall. 25. Frogner Mansion. 26. Experimental Agriculture. 27. Cattle Show. Among the numerous private exhibits are two pavilions for Norway's most recent world industry, the Rjukan saltpeter manufactures; they are placed near the Hall of Industry.

The Maritime Exhibit at Skarpsno is a department by itself, consisting of the following main features: 1. The Lighthouse. 2. The Life-saving Pavilion. 3. The Restaurant. 4. Exhibit of Shipping and Fisheries. The Navy Exhibit is also placed near Skarpsno. The Maritime Building, like the main Exposition structures, is gleaming white, and has a splendid view over Frognerkilen, Bygdö and Christiania.

After a general bird's-eye survey of the Exposition, it is in order to examine the buildings one by one. To the left, immediately upon entering, we see the State and Municipal Building and Christiania Building. The very important part played by State and city initiative in the development of Norway's resources make this exhibit of peculiar significance. It is grouped around a large plastic chart, which clearly and strikingly demonstrates the characteristic topography and the natural conditions of Norway.

Opposite this building is the House of Domestic Handicrafts, covering an area of 2,000 square meters, and near by, with a façade turning toward the tiny lake, is the Hall of Fine Arts, containing a remarkable collection of historic paintings, as well as departments of modern painting, sculpture and applied art. Continuing our walk around the lake, we may pass from one building to another; we may see the making of candy, pastry, butter and cheese, and the utilization of peat, then pass through the exhibits of gardening, agriculture and forestry, through the great Hall of Industry, where the products of Norwegian manufacture are gathered, through the model farm and the small farm exhibit to the Hall of Machinery, with its noisy whirl of modern machines, through the Railway Exhibit Building and the Hall of Transportation—both dedicated to our modern means of



THE GREAT HALL OF INDUSTRY WITH A FLOOR AREA OF 11,000 SQUARE METERS

communication—and, lastly, to the exhibit at Skarpsno, the seat of our two great world-circling activities, our shipping and our fisheries. One hundred years of work! Our great muster of achievement!

The Exposition will be open from May 15 to October 15. In addition to the permanent exhibitions there will be several of a temporary nature. The Spring Flower Show will be open from May 15 to May 20; the Dairy Exhibit from May 18 to May 25; the Cattle and Poultry Show from June 17 to June 25; the first Summer Exhibit of Garden Products from July 9 to July 12, and the second from August 13 to August 16; a Bindery Exhibit from September 3 to September 6. Between September 20 and September 28 there will be an Agricultural Week, with exhibits of Farming Products, peat utilization and the reclaiming of marsh land, together with an exhibit of Domestic Economy. Finally there will be a large Autumn Exhibition of Fruit from October 1 to October 5.

Nor will the inspiration of song and poetry be forgotten. Nils Collett Vogt has written a festival cantata for the official opening, and Christian Sinding is composing the music to accompany it. The large Music Hall which has room for 1,700 singers and an audience of 5,000, will be the scene of the great Midsummer Song Festival, and in May of the Music Festival. The athletic grounds of the Exposition and Christiania's Stadium, seating 12,000 people, will be dedicated at the Eighth National Athletic Contest, to be held between the days of May 31 and June 3. After that, Congresses and Festivals come thick and fast. Practically all the usual summer meetings will this

year be held in connection with the Exposition. Fishermen, farmers, merchants, manufacturers, artisans and technologists—all those whose work comes within the scope of the Exposition—will come singly or for congresses and meetings with their fellows. To all these the Exposition will be of incalculable value.

For all who labor with hand and brain for the development of Norwegian resources, the Exposition will have a significance as the opening of a new era. It is gradually becoming clear to our people that Norway, at the same time as she commemorates a century of liberty, is also greeting the dawn of a new day of achievement. Our industries are flourishing; new and great enterprises are being founded; in our agriculture, our shipping, our science and art, there are new powers at work. It is only within the very last years that these new forces, especially in the domain of manufacturing, have made themselves felt so strongly that we can point to actual results. The greatest value of the Exposition of 1914 is, therefore, not so much in what it tells of the past as in what it promises for the future.



THE MUSIC HALL WHERE THE CHORUS OF 2,800 WILL SING

To Norway

By MARTIN B. RUUD

Oft have I dreamed in summer nights agone
Of pine-topped forelands touched by midnight suns,
Of leaping waters, and a fjord that runs
In waves of blue to greet the reddening dawn.

Oft have I lived in hero-tales of old—
Stern sagas, sounding with the crash of arms,
Where yet, untroubled all by war's alarms,
The tragedies of human love unfold.

Yea, all thy history goes out to me—
Thy art and stories, and thy world of song,
Thy mighty deeds, with mighty destiny fraught.

Ah, gracious Mother, throned across the sea!
Thy memory gives us hope and makes us strong
To live and labor as our fathers wrought.

Home to Norway

By HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

TWO distinct currents of Norwegian patriotism in America have grown marvelously in strength and volume during the last decade, and have together swelled the wave of enthusiasm that culminates with the Centennial of 1914. The one has found expression in the numerous literary societies and publications tending to preserve and revive a knowledge of Norwegian intellectual life, in the building of Norwegian schools, and lately in the effort made in conjunction with the Swedes and Danes to make the Northern languages a part of the curriculum in the public schools, as it has long been in the universities of the States where Scandinavians are most numerous. With the coming of leisure and plenty after the conquest of the prairies, the immigrant has found himself, has realized his inheritance, and resolved to set the stamp of Northern thought on the institutions of his adopted country. The other, more intimately personal, has created the *Bygdelag*, or associations of people from the same *bygd* or district in Norway. They hold reunions every summer, when they listen to the tunes of their own fiddlers, spin yarns in their own dialects, and eat the holiday dishes of their home.

With the old folks meet the young people, to whom the fells and fjords are suffused in the light of romance. There is hardly a *bygd* in Norway that is not richer for some gift of its emigrated sons and daughters—perhaps an organ or a bell for the old church, a young people's assembly room or an old people's home.

When the idea of a *Mindegave* or Memorial Gift to Norway for the Centennial was broached six years ago, it naturally fell in fertile soil, though the harvest has been somewhat different from what was expected. The general *Mindegave* has reached a sum of only $25,000 at the present writing, though the energetic work of various committees and of the secretary, Mr. Bjarne Svanöe, will undoubtedly add much to the sum in the course of the next few months. At the same time, the various *bygdelag* have collected almost as large donations for their own individual home parish or valley, to be used generally for establishing a charitable fund or institution. The members of the Hallinglag alone will send a delegation to Hallingdal with $20,000. The general *Mindegave* will form a permanent endowment for relief in the case of sudden calamities that fall on a whole district, such as the snowslides or landslides not uncommon in Norway, or a storm wrecking a whole fishing fleet.

The rise of the plain people in Norway, the new national consciousness and the broadened horizons of modern time have all contributed to the more generous and sympathetic interest of the Norwegians at home in their countrymen abroad. The "Norway Abroad" pavilion has been set aside for their peculiar needs, and through the legation in Washington the call has gone out to all Norwegians in America to contribute whatever may help to throw light on their life and activities in their new home. The exhibit, which will consist of charts, drawings, photographs, books and newspapers, will be in charge of *Nordmandsforbundet*. It has proved an incentive to gathering much historical material that might otherwise have been neglected. The *Symra* magazine in Decorah, edited by Mr. Johs. B. Wist and Mr. Kristian Prestgard, will appear in a Centennial edition of 350 pages, containing articles on Norwegian churches, schools and associations in America, on Norwegians in politics, and in literature, and on the Northern languages in the schools. An especially complete article will deal with the history of the 400 Norwegian newspapers that have appeared from time to time and run a long or short course, according to the publisher's patience and pocketbook. The history of North Dakota and the part played by Norwegians in the development of the State is being prepared by Mr. Alfred Gabrielson, who is also collecting material for an exhibit, including a complete model of a North Dakota farm, the property of Mr. John Steen. Dr. J. S. Johnson is in charge of the exhibit from Minnesota. He is preparing a book giving a

description of the State, its history and resources, the history of its settlement by Norwegians and their subsequent activities.

In North Dakota the legislature has appropriated $10,000 for participation in the Centennial Exposition. Efforts to obtain similar action in Minnesota and Wisconsin failed, but in each case the work is in charge of a semi-official committee under the direction of the governor of the State. The Fourth of July will be North Dakota's day at the Exposition. Governor Hanna will then present in person a statue of Lincoln, the man who more than any one else embodied in his life the American principles that appeal to the Norwegian immigrant. The monument is the work of the young North Dakota sculptor, Paul Fjelde, and the funds were collected privately by a committee headed by the governor.

The *Kristianiafjord*, sailing from New York, June 12, and carrying Governor Hanna and his staff, will take over, also, a delegation of four hundred singers and their friends. These go to represent the Norwegian Singers' Union of America at the great Midsummer Song Festival at the Exposition. Mr. Emil Björn, of Chicago, has been for many years the conductor of the united choruses, and is greatly beloved by the singers. He will gather his forces in Chicago at the Song Festival in June, and will give a final concert in New York before sailing. For many months the singers have been drilling and looking forward to the day when their voices will blend in the old songs with the most famous Norwegian choirs, making a united chorus of 2,800 voices.

A younger group of enthusiasts, many of whom have never seen Norway before, will sail on May 5. The Luther College Concert Band, consisting of sixty-one members, all students of the college, has accepted an invitation to take part in the Centennial celebration, and will reach Norway in time to assist in the festivities of the 17th of May at the Exposition. The band, under the leadership of Mr. Carlo A. Sperati, has attained a skill that ranks it with the foremost bands in the West. This is a type of music not yet so well known in Scandinavia, and the boys will, no doubt, be warmly welcomed, not only as students of the oldest Norwegian college in America, but as exponents of American music.

Numerous societies will send representatives; the Sons of Norway having even chartered a steamer for their members. But most impressive of all is the unofficial participation of the thousands who will come singly and in groups from every city and every township in America where Norwegians live, bringing the atmosphere of the prairies, the energy of the new world, the love and loyalty toward the old—*Home to Norway.*

Song for Norway

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

Translated by ARTHUR HUBBELL PALMER

Yes, we love this land that towers
Where the ocean foams;
Rugged, storm-swept, it embowers
Many thousand homes.
Love it, love it, of you thinking,
Father, mother dear;
And that night of saga sinking
Dreamful to us here.



This the land that Harald guarded
With his hero-throng;
This the land that Haakon warded,
Hailed by Eyvind's song.
Olaf here the cross erected,
While his blood he shed;
Sverre's word this land protected
'Gainst the Roman dread.

Peasants whetted axes carried
Where the foe was known;
Tordenskjold flashed forth and harried,
So it homeward shone.
Women oft to arms were leaping,
Manlike in their deed;
Others' lot was nought but weeping—
Tears that brought their meed.



Many truly were we never,
But we did suffice,
When in times of testing ever
Worthy was the prize.
For we would the land see burning,
Rather than its fall;
Memory our thoughts is turning
Down to Fredrikshald!

Harder times we bore that tried us,
Were cast off in scorn;
In that crisis was beside us
Blue-eyed freedom born.
That gave father-strength for bearing
Famine-need and sword,
Honor death itself outwearing,
And it gave accord.



Far our foe his weapons flinging
Up his visor raised;
We in wonder to him springing
On our brother gazed.
Both by wholesome shame incited
Southward made our way;
Brothers three, in heart united,
We shall stand for aye!

Men of Norway, high or lowly,
Give to God the praise!
He our land's Defender Holy
In its darkest days!
All our fathers here have striven
And our mothers wept;
Hath the Lord His guidance given,
So our right we kept.



Yes, we love this land that towers
Where the ocean foams;
Rugged, storm-swept, it embowers
Many thousand homes.
As our fathers fought, acquiring
Vict'ry at the end,
We shall heed the call inspiring
And its peace defend.



DANISH CASTLES.—II. AALHOLM

Aalholm

TO COPENHAGEN, a few weeks ago, the telephone flashed the alarm from the peaceful island of Lolland that Aalholm, one of Denmark's oldest and noblest feudal castles, was on fire. It was a relief to learn later that the blaze had been quenched with the loss of only one wing of the venerable building.

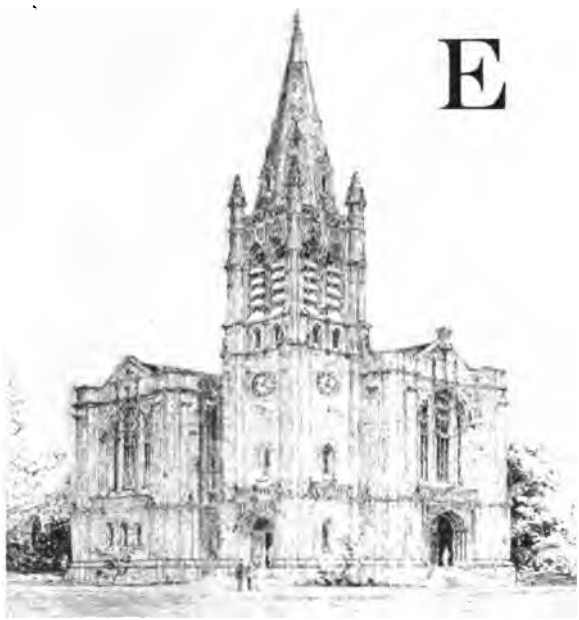
Unlike the Castle of Rosenborg, reproduced in the Yule Number of the REVIEW, Aalholm is not the property of the crown or of the nation. The history of Rosenborg is complete. It was begun by the Architect-King Christian IV in 1610, as a royal residence, in the finished style of the Dutch Renaissance. The history of Aalholm, on the other hand, is lost in the dim antiquity of the twelfth century, when it was probably a crude breast-work of coast defence against the incursions of the Wends. First mentioned in 1326, it served a few years later as a prison for the unfortunate Kristoffer II; it has been successively the residence of dukes, the dower of queens, the seat of feudal counts; wing by wing, tower by tower, they have added and torn down again; in 1366 the Kings of Sweden and Denmark signed a treaty here; two years later the fortress held out successfully against the siege of the Hansa cities; for a period in the eighteenth century the old castle was inhabited only by rats, the owner being obliged to live in a humble dwelling in the neighboring town of Nysted; in 1884 the structure was completely restored in a Renaissance style, reminiscent of Gothic.

Aalholm came into the possession of the family of Raben-Levetzau in 1725, when King Frederick IV sold the manor to the Lady Emerentia von Levetzau. The present owner, Count Frederick Raben-Levetzau, was Danish minister of foreign affairs during the eventful years from 1905 to 1908. Weary of politics, he has since retired to the management of his magnificent estates, where he entertains, with generous Northern hospitality, guests from every nation. His wife, the present Lady of Aalholm, is not a Danish queen, but an American girl, once Miss Suzanne Moulton, of Boston. It was at Aalholm that Countess Raben wrote the delicate little story which appeared in the last number of this REVIEW.

Set beside some of the mighty feudal castles of England, Germany or France, perched on river-bank or crag, the Danish manors may seem less imposing, but contrasted with their own environment—reposeful beechwood and idyllic island landscape—these moated memorials of medieval life in Denmark exert their own spell and mystery. Nor do the red war-scarred towers of Aalholm, rising from the silent waters of the moat, surrounded by budding gardens, escape this grandeur and this charm.

The Church a Factor in Norwegian American Development

By D. G. RISTAD



"OUR SAVIOR'S", THE SPLENDID NEW NORWEGIAN LUTHERAN CHURCH IN MINNEAPOLIS. NOT YET COMPLETED. JOHN A. GADE, ARCHITECT

EVERY ship that deposits a load of immigrants at our nation's door brings not only a certain amount of muscle and a store of personal belongings, but it brings an invisible treasure of character, individuality, mental capacity, spiritual experience, and moral worth; it brings customs and manners that are the result of centuries of patient struggle in adaptation to social conditions; it brings the product of the wise and costly training of many nations in habits of thrift, industry, skill, discipline; it brings courage and ambition, for the immigrant is the self-reliant, the aggressive, the fit representative of his people. He dreams dreams that are stronger than many men's action. There may be a difference in the intrinsic value, in the refinement and loftiness of the ideals our immigrants carry with them, but they are all alike in that they bring of their own, they contribute something of their sacred individuality. They are more than the agents of the culture of their native land; they are the red blood of that culture itself transfused into the veins of the Western hemisphere. While Norway's art, literature, and music would have reached America in the same way that they have reached other nations, their message has been more deeply impressed upon the minds of the American people by the presence in this country of such a large contingent of sons and daughters of Norway.

The immigrants represent all classes in Norway, but the great majority came from the rural districts, where the training and traditions of centuries had developed a feeling of the sacredness of home

and family ties, and a pride in the past history of their people. All had been educated in the common schools under well-trained schoolmasters, and their spiritual life had been fostered in communities where the church occupied a lofty place in the regard of the people. Home industries such as wood-carving and weaving were practiced in every peasant's hut; folklore and music furnished food for the imagination and emotional life, and wholesome outdoor sports kept them in touch with nature. The institutions of a free government were sacredly upheld, and the opinions, customs and manners prevailing in the valley had the binding authority of a written code.

These observations apply especially to the immigrants who came before 1880; the men and women who laid the foundations of the strong and populous Norwegian settlements in America. To them we owe the work of organizing and developing the church, the press, and the educational system. Their character and individuality, their opinions and aspirations have been and are the determining factors in the intellectual tendencies among the Norwegians in America today. The immigrants of the last two decades have simply joined the movement under the accepted leadership of the pioneers. Though some of the later arrivals may have brought with them the spirit of modern Norway, most of these came from the cities and have taken up their abode in American cities, only to lose their identity in the industrial and commercial whirlpool, and to become a part of that nameless mass which nowhere in the world has contributed to the cultural progress of nations.

In acknowledging the supremacy of the Norwegian Lutheran Church as the foremost of the carriers and promoters of cultural movements and tendencies among the Norwegians in America, we must bear in mind that the various church organizations are the largest and the best equipped for effective and sustained work. And yet the church does not include all Norwegians in America. A great majority think of themselves as Lutherans, but not half of the whole number are formally members of Lutheran congregations. Nevertheless, so powerful and well directed are the forces operating within the church, and so faithfully do they express the intellectual, moral, and national peculiarities of all the people, that the aspirations, ideals, and tendencies which are vital and moving in the church may truly be said to represent the cultural tendencies of Norwegian America as a whole. There are, of course, organizations bearing the name "Norwegian" which are not in accord with the church, but these organizations do not, as a rule, stand for anything either cultural or national. On the other hand, there are societies which are not religious, but aim in their own way to represent something purely national. Among these last may be mentioned the Norwegian Sing-



DR. H. G. STUB, PRESIDENT OF THE NORWEGIAN SYNOD, ACTIVE IN PROMOTING THE UNITY OF NORWEGIAN AMERICAN CHURCH BODIES

ers' Association of America, the Norwegian Society, and the *Bygdelag*, none of which are in conflict with the church.

The church has not limited its endeavors to the strictly religious life, though this naturally has been its direct mission, but has also fostered general culture. The academies and colleges maintained by the different denominations are not alone schools for Christian discipline, but offer a liberal education in ancient and modern languages as well, in literature, mathematics and other subjects generally offered by the modern academy and college. They have kept alive the spirit of learning; the language, history, literature and art of the old country have been preserved and made a vital element in the minds and hearts of the generations born on American soil. As the years have passed, this labor has borne fruit, and the esteem in which the culture of our forefathers is held has grown from year to year.

Instrumental music and singing occupy a prominent place at these schools. No one who has had the good fortune to hear any of the large college bands or the St. Olaf College a capella choir of mixed voices will doubt the significance of music as a cultural agency. But this is not all; from these schools the young people have been organized in the congregations throughout the land, and there are now two national associations of church choirs among the Norwegian Lutherans in America. At a concert given in St. Paul in connection with the Synod meeting in 1911, a chorus of twelve hundred delegates from the Choral Union of the Synod was a most impressive feature.

Nearly fifteen hundred pastors, serving more than twice as many congregations, are conducting, in all the communities where they are stationed, an active and efficient campaign in behalf of the Norwegian immigrant and his descendants in the new home. While this movement for preserving the traditions of the forefathers is going on, the tendency is not to view it in any selfish spirit, not as something to be enjoyed by our own church or nationality alone, but rather as a

contribution to the adopted fatherland, precious because so personal. For while the church upholds the sacred rights of spiritual and personal liberty, it fosters loyalty to American institutions by an active promulgation of the knowledge and correct understanding of these institutions and their value.

The history of the Norwegian Church in America is not without its chapters of sadness. Controversies concerning doctrine and practices have caused schisms from time to time. The progress of the church work and of its cultural mission has been retarded and much strength misspent. However, better times are dawning, committees representing three of the divisions of the Norwegian Lutheran Church have worked together for years in order to remove misunderstanding and obtain harmony in their interpretations of doctrinal questions, which have kept them apart in the past. These committees have been successful, and an agreement has been effected. Other committees have now been appointed to confer about practical cooperation and ultimate union of the Norwegian Synod, the United Church and the Hauge Synod, the three parties to the doctrinal agreement.

What has been said of the tendencies prevailing in the church is true also of the Norwegian press in America, not only of the official publications of the church, of which there are many, both in the Norwegian and the English language, but also of the secular press.



THE OLDEST NORWEGIAN CHURCH IN AMERICA; BUILT AT MUSKEGO, WIS., 1844, NOW MOVED TO THE GROUNDS OF THE UNITED CHURCH SEMINARY IN MINNEAPOLIS

Some of the earliest papers were published by pastors and laymen together. The tone of the Norwegian papers is sane, sober, and conservative. What they may lack in literary brilliance they make up in solidity and reliability. They have kept close to the people, and if they have not furnished any epoch-making leadership in thought or action, they have supported every movement of uplift and general progress that arose among the people. The great amount of attention and space devoted to news of the churches and to doctrinal discussions shows how large a part these things play in the minds of the readers. The publishers of newspapers, together with the publishing houses of the churches, have acted as dealers in and distributors of books of all kinds, and in this way have stimulated intellectual and esthetic tastes among the people. Again, it may be noted that by far the largest proportion of books and pamphlets printed among the Norwegians in America deal with religious subjects. In the field of pure literature, no work of commanding merit has yet appeared, but the spark of creative effort has been kindled. In music, painting and sculpture some American-born Norwegians have produced work of real merit, and the artistic impulse is strong in the Norwegians.

It may be freely admitted that taking the word culture in its narrower sense, as denoting high specific attainments in an intellectual field, that of the Norwegian Americans is yet in its beginning. I have used the word here in a wider sense. Aspirations and activities that spring from a desire to bring about in the life of the individual or in that of the community or nation fuller, freer and happier conditions, are cultural in their nature. The result of these activities may vary. Culture does not express itself alike in all persons, nor is it the same the world over, but if it is true culture it always stands for character, individuality, progress; it is an honest effort to give expression to the best in oneself and to grow continually. In this sense, the Norwegian Americans possess a cultural life of vigorous development and rich possibilities.

FROM HÁVÁMAL

Riches fail,
And kinsfolk fail,
At last doth life fail;
But fame faileth never—
The glory we gain.

—M. B. Rudd

How to Give Tips

By EDWARD DELBERT WINSLOW

DURING the summer months there is hardly a resort in Denmark, Norway, or Sweden, that has not among its guests an American citizen. No better or healthier part of the world could be found in which to spend the glorious summer time. One question, however, perplexes the American visitor not a little: that is what tips to distribute on leaving and to whom. A leading newspaper in Copenhagen recently offered a prize for the best solution of the problem, the judges being certain leading hotel men and waiters. The ruling of the committee is just and specific, and may well be followed all over Denmark.

The American tourist must first of all understand that porters, waiters and, in many cases, chambermaids, receive no salary, but are even required to pay for their places a certain amount per month.

I am submitting the figures in the coinage of Denmark. The unit of value is the *krone*, equaling about 27 cents. A tourist remaining for one night only at a resort or hotel is expected to make the following disbursements, based on a charge of 5 kroner for his room:

Tip to waiter	Kr. 1.00
Tip to porter	.75
Tip to chambermaid	.50
Tip to "boots"	.25
Total	Kr. 2.50

A tourist, remaining at a resort for two weeks on the American plan, paying, say, 4 kroner a day for his board and lodging, is expected to tip as follows:

Head waiter	Kr. 5.00
Table waiter	4.00
Chambermaid	3.00
"Boots"	1.00

making about 20 per cent. of his bill.

A tourist staying at an absolutely first-class hotel on the American plan, for a period of a week, and paying for room and board, say, 10 kroner a day, is expected to give on leaving as follows:

Head waiter	Kr. 6.00
Table waiter	4.00
Porter	4.00
Chambermaid	3.00
Errand boy	2.00
"Boots"	1.00

the total making about 25 per cent. of his bill for board and lodging.

These rules, if followed carefully by tourists, will please all concerned and relieve the traveler of much thought and trouble.

The "Gjöa"

By Edward Robeson Taylor

From "Lavender and Other Verse"

The "Gjöa," in which Captain Amundsen navigated the Northwest Passage, is now the property of San Francisco, and is preserved in Golden Gate Park.

At last I rest in peace, where nevermore
The waves shall whip my stout-resisting side;
Ignobly rest, and swell with bitter pride
As casual eyes all lightly scan me o'er—
Me, that have dared the Arctic's awful shore,
And with the bold Norwegian as my guide
Sailed the dread Pass to other keels denied,
Where we shall dwell with Fame for evermore.
Ah, it is pleasant here with birds and trees,
With laughter-loving children, and the sea's
Keen winds that romp upon my orphaned deck;
Yet, mid this fatal peace at times I yearn
To face again the dangers of a wreck;
To see once more the great Aurora burn.

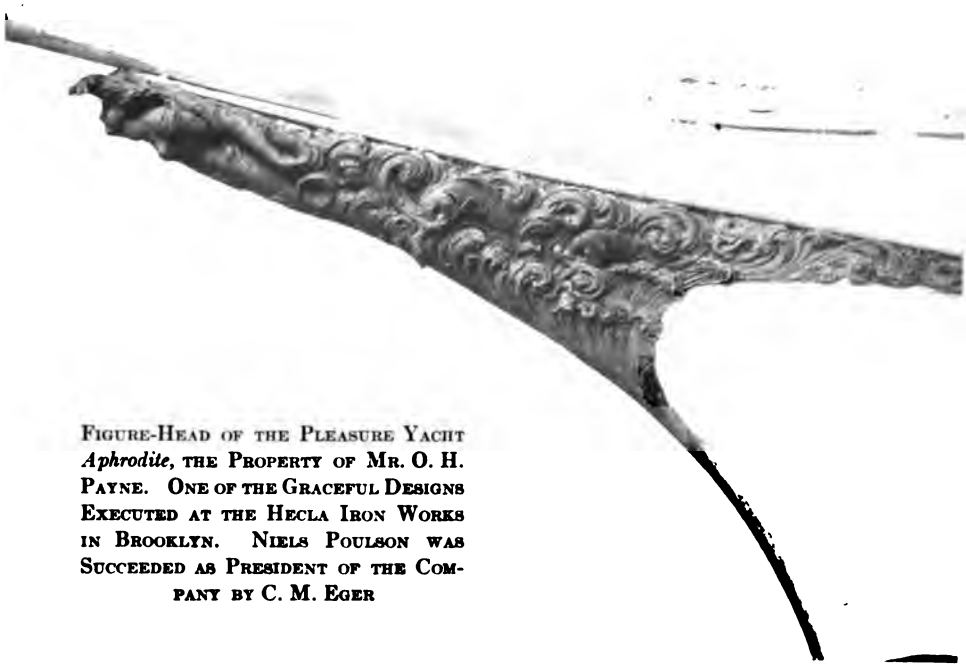


Figure-Head of the Pleasure Yacht *Aphrodite*, the Property of Mr. O. H. Payne. One of the Graceful Designs Executed at the Hecla Iron Works in Brooklyn. Niels Poulson was Succeeded as President of the Company by C. M. Eger



THE ROCHESTER MEMORIAL ART GALLERY

was presented to the University of Rochester by Mrs. James Sibley Watson. The architects of the beautiful building of stone and marble were the firm of Foster and Gade. The decorations in true fresco painting under the vaulting were executed under the direction of Mr. Frode Rambusch



THE LUTHER COLLEGE CONCERT BAND

practicing under the famous oaks of the campus in Decorah, Iowa. The band of sixty-one pieces, under the direction of Mr. Carlo A. Sperati, will play at the Centennial Exposition in Norway this summer

In Rosenborg Park

By HERMAN BANG

TRANSLATED BY JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN

[Herman Bang was born in Denmark on the Island of Als, April 20, 1857, and died on a transcontinental train near Ogden, Utah, January 29, 1912, while touring the United States for the purpose of delivering Danish lectures and obtaining new literary impressions. His reputation as a novelist is very high in the Scandinavian countries and in Germany, but as yet there does not exist a single translation from his works into English. The prose poem given below is illustrative of his style—short, nervous, irritatingly simple sentences—a bitter, tortured situation. The method is that of individual observation; the result in all of his stories is a feeling that no man can have suffered more from all the little stings of life than Herman Bang. And no man has more mercilessly exploited his own writhing sensibilities than the author of "Ved Veien," "Haabløse Slægter" and "Det graa Hus."—J. W. H.]

EVERY morning in spring, as I went to work, I met a young man and a young woman. Every morning they were walking under the young trees in the King's Park.

They came at the same time every day, and I formed the habit of looking at them. For the morning seemed to grow brighter at their coming.

By the inclination of their heads, if by nothing else, you could see that they loved each other, his bending down to hers. But at the band-stand they always stopped a moment, and as they exchanged a smile, they caught a strain passing through the air.

The lilacs were in blossom and the many bushes were fragrant.

Then it happened that I left town or, at any rate, stopped walking through the park.

But the next time I went the accustomed way to my daily work, I saw the same woman walking on ahead of me—alone. I passed her, quickly, so as to make quite sure.

Yes, 'twas she. But her walk was much slower, and in her eyes there was a look as of a surprised sorrow.

At the band-stand—I was slowly walking after her—she stopped as they had both so often done. And on her face I saw a sudden smile, more painful than any tears could be.

And then she walked away.

But involuntarily I asked myself:

"Through what streets does he go to work now?"

Editorial

The New Norway

With the death of Björnson, "Norway's uncrowned king," the mantle fell not on poet or philosopher, but on the man of industry. Dr. Samuel Eyde is the untitled leader of the new Norway that draws its life-blood from industrial activity. In a speech at the anniversary of the "Christiania Society for Trades and Industry," Dr. Eyde pointed to the glorious possibilities for the future of his country. At the same time, he criticized the caution of the government, which in its anxiety to keep foreign influence from fastening on Norwegian industries, retarded the development of natural resources. He deplored the timidity that made Norwegian banking institutions reluctant to invest money in Norwegian enterprises. "Our people," he said, "need new ideals and new aims; they want progress and better economic conditions; they can no longer live on cant and promises. They demand deeds. Our people are pushing forward into the light; they are no longer content to stand in the shadow pondering legal paragraphs, while other nations are marching on to the sound of music. I see a great future in store for us, a future bringing national independence, and in independence happiness for many. We need a more joyous outlook on life and not so many anxious faces. But more than all else we need to forget the old discords and each put his shoulder to the wheel in one united effort to push our country forward. I have seen what united action may accomplish, and how much quarrels and bickerings may retard and destroy. Our factories are like any other community, requiring a steady purpose in order that peace and harmony may prevail. But I have seen that it is possible. I have seen Notodden and Vestfjorddalen lit by hundreds of torches in the hands of workers, who were rejoicing because united action and good feeling had been restored to our factories. Think what it would be, if we might one day see fires flaming from mountain top to mountain top, the whole length and breadth of our land, in joy that we had at last agreed to pull together and to lift our Fatherland."

Dr. Hedin's Warning

The Russian menace has advanced another step upon Scandinavia, with the extension of the Russian railroads to Sweden's border, the strengthening of the Baltic naval stations, and the displacement of Finnish pilots. This is the opinion not only in Sweden and Norway, who live hourly in the shadow of the bear's paw, but abroad. A German military paper

thinks that the attack of Russia upon Scandinavia is inevitable as the expansion of enclosed steam, and that it will mean a life and death struggle for the two countries. In Sweden Dr. Sven Hedin has sounded the note of preparedness for war; with burning, passionate eloquence, he invokes the spirit of resistance against annihilation. Speaking to the working men of Stockholm, he said: "Russia is the most expansive power in Europe, as her neighbors have learned to know—Turkey, Poland, and Sweden, each in their turn. Since the time of Czar Peter, Russia has robbed us of one province after another. For the last four hundred years Russian territory has increased at the rate of 140 square kilometers per day. One hundred years ago Finland was taken, but even fifteen years ago Finland was still a buffet between us and Russia. That buffet is no longer there; Russia is at our door. Very soon the strategical railroads which unite St. Petersburg with the Bothnian coast of Finland will be ready. The next step must go toward the open harbors of the Atlantic through Norrland! Whatever Russia does in Finland—the building of railroads, barracks, bridges, mobilization of troops, changes in the pilot service—and all that she does in our country through her spies, points to an imminent war against us." Unfortunately, Dr. Hedin has weakened the effect of his warning by adding that Norway might make common cause with Russia, a suggestion that has been met with displeasure and even with derision on both sides of Kjölen. A dramatic scene ensued at a meeting where, after Dr. Hedin's speech, the chairman called upon all who believed that war with Norway was an impossibility to rise, and the audience rose as one man. Nevertheless, Dr. Hedin's warning, uttered with so much earnestness, and based on a thorough inside knowledge of Russia, has sunk deep into the minds of the people. In his speech from the throne, King Gustaf announced plans to increase Sweden's armaments as a measure against possible attack by Russia.

The Union of the North

In Norway, too, the question of preparedness for war is uppermost in the public consciousness. Last December a deputation of both political parties presented to the prime minister a letter bearing the signatures of leading men and women in the country, urging the strengthening of the military defenses. It was pointed out that the battleground of the European navies had shifted from southern waters to the North Sea, and that the next great naval battle would with practical certainty be fought off the Norwegian coast. With the tremendous interests at stake, it might be easily foreseen that Norway would have difficulty in guarding her neutrality. This new danger, added to the constant fear of Russia, has given a very serious tone

to the Norwegian press at the entrance to the Centennial year. Docent Christian Collin, advisory editor of the REVIEW for Norway, writes that the new feeling of solidity among the Northern people may be worth the price of a common danger and a common effort. He looks forward to a time when the three crosses—the yellow and blue of Sweden, the white and red of Denmark, and the blue, white and red of Norway shall wave together. But before that hope can be realized he believes a longer and more severe military training must bring the Norwegian army up to the level of the Swedish. "The union of the three flags that carry aloft the cross. How would they not salute one another with the common sign in distant waters; how would not their colors sing together of the power of brotherly union. Then we shall be lifted high above our present humiliating impotence and assume an honorable place among the nations. Then we shall have courage to begin a new historic period."

The Nobel Prizes The Nobel Committee of the Norwegian Storting, which last year declared itself unable to find a worthy recipient of the Peace Prize for 1912, has now awarded it to Mr. Elihu Root. That for 1913 has been given to M. Henri La Fontaine, professor of International Law and president of the Permanent International Peace Bureau at Berne. In Sweden the prize in physics has been awarded to Professor Kamerlingh Onnes of the University of Leyden; that in chemistry to Professor Werner of the University of Zurich; that in medicine to Professor Charles Richet of the University of Paris. The prize for the most remarkable work of an idealistic nature in the field of literature was awarded to the Hindu poet, Rabindranath Tagore, said to be one of India's greatest spiritual leaders and philosophical thinkers, as well as a lyric poet of cogent appeal.

In awarding the Peace Prize again to a distinguished American, the Storting has paid honor to a statesman whose public career has been marked by a long series of practical services in the cause of world peace. As Secretary of State Mr. Root negotiated no less than twenty-four general arbitration treaties, and as Secretary of War he was instrumental in settling peacefully the troubles in Cuba and the Philippines. Mr. Root stands for the principle of "the substitution of judicial action for diplomatic action in the arbitration of international disputes." Instead of a court chosen for the occasion from representatives of both interested parties, he would have a permanent impartial tribunal of judges residing at the Hague and receiving permanent salaries. This principle, as outlined by him, has been made the basis of the permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague, of which Mr. Root is a member.

The Poulsen Wireless Telegraph

The Navy Department of the United States has recently conducted a series of experiments to test the relative carrying power of the arc and spark sending systems of wireless telegraphy. Messages sent from Arlington to St. Augustine, 530 nautical miles away, were received with about equal regularity from the continuous arc—Poulsen—and from the intermittent spark—the Marconi—generators, but at Colon, 1,800 miles away, Poulsen dispatches were registered day and night, while the Marconi messages could be heard only at night. The *Salem* also carried the two systems on her recent voyage to Gibraltar, demonstrating that the Danish waves were more reliable than the Marconi at distances over 2,100 miles.

It is not yet officially announced that one of the largest navies in Europe has been using the Poulsen system for six years. In America it is in operation from Hawaii to Chicago, and today newspapers in Honolulu are printing Poulsen messages received over California through the Federal Wireless Telegraph Company from all parts of the world. It is claimed for the Poulsen generator that it requires less horse-power and that it can transmit 300 words a minute against the 25 of the Marconi method. Further, it cannot be intercepted by schoolboys with toy instruments on the New England coast. The great inventor is confident of the ultimate triumph of his system.

Scandinavian Libraries

A splendid gift of 6,500 volumes has been added to the library of Luther College in Decorah, through the generosity of Honorable L. S. Swenson, late American minister to Norway and himself a graduate of the college, and Mr. H. G. Haugan, the banker of Chicago. They secured practically the entire collection of the late Bishop Bang, of Norway, an acquisition that will make the Luther College library one of the most valuable in the United States for research workers in Northern fields. The University of Minnesota has recently received, largely through the efforts of Professor A. A. Stomberg, the O. N. Nelson collection of 600 bound volumes and 1,000 pamphlets and numerous newspaper clippings. It includes books written by Scandinavians in America, publications of churches and catalogues of schools from an early date, and is said to be the most complete record in existence of Scandinavian activities in America. The importance of Scandinavian studies is being more and more realized by the libraries. Harvard University, through the acquisition of the Maurer collection in 1904, became especially rich in historical material, and possesses many rare early works and many important books relating to Iceland and Greenland. There is also a fair representation of modern writers.

The Foundation The American-Scandinavian Foundation, at its meeting on January 17, re-elected the following officers: Frederick Lynch, president; Chr. Ravn, vice-president; W. H. Short, treasurer; H. G. Leach, secretary; H. E. Almberg, counsel. Arthur Young and Company, were appointed auditors. Mr. Eckardt V. Eskesen was elected a trustee to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Louis S. Amonson. Mr. Eskesen combines the viewpoint of the business man with that of the artist. His early training was in Denmark in the hard school of practical experience. He came to America as a young man and assumed the business management of the New Jersey Terra Cotta Company, now a large and flourishing organization. Mr. Eskesen shares with other members of his family an interest in art and literature, and has published a book of poems. He takes an active part in Danish-American cultural work.

The work of the publication department will be pushed vigorously in 1914, and in order to facilitate it the Foundation has moved into more spacious offices at 25 West 45th Street, New York. Not only is the REVIEW increased in size, but two volumes of the *Scandinavian Classics* and one of the *Scandinavian Monographs* will appear during the year. Dr. Oscar James Campbell, of the University of Wisconsin, and Mr. Frederick Schenck, of Harvard, have prepared translations of three of Ludwig Holberg's most popular plays—"The Tinker Politician," "Jeppe of the Hill," and "Erasmus Montanus." Dr. Campbell spent a year in Denmark as traveling Fellow of Harvard, studying Holberg in the setting of his time and country, and familiarizing himself with the idioms of his language. Mr. Schenck is a master of English dramatic style. This presentation of the great humorist to English readers will therefore be of high scholarly as well as literary merit. It is likely that the second volume in the *Classics* will be a novel by Geijerstam. The first of the *Scandinavian Monographs* will be a finely illustrated account of the Old Norse voyages to Vinland by Professor William Hovgaard, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The Publication Committee is also considering a plan for publishing popular biographies of Scandinavians at prices within the reach of all.

The Society The American-Scandinavian Society, at its annual meeting on December 1 voted that its members, now numbering 1,100, become unitedly Associates of the Foundation, thus giving formal recognition of that relation of mutual helpfulness which has always existed between the two organizations. Mr. John Aspegren, president of the New York Produce Exchange and recently by King Gustaf made commander of the order of Vasa, was elected president. A rising vote of thanks was given the retiring president,

Mr. John A. Gade, for his self-sacrificing labor in behalf of the Art Exhibition and other activities of the Society. The following officers and trustees were elected: John Aspegren, president; Frederick Lynch, vice-president; Julius de Neergaard, treasurer; T. Langland Thompson, secretary; trustees, H. E. Almberg, Baron Joost Dahlerup, Mrs. Gudrun Löchen Drewsen, Rev. A. O. Fonkalsrud, John D. Hage, Hans Lagerlöf, H. G. Leach, A. N. Rygg, Professor Calvin Thomas, A. E. Cappelen Smith. There are twenty-one trustees in all.

The Review Are you going to Scandinavia in the summer? If so, you will probably visit the Baltic Exposition at Malmö, where four nations—Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Russia—will meet in peaceful competition. You will wish to know as much as possible about it before you go. The next number of THE REVIEW will contain a full and profusely illustrated article on the Exposition, which is now engaging the attention of the daily press in Sweden and Denmark. The beautiful poster design by E. Norlind will be reproduced in color on the cover. Among the other interesting features of this number will be a Swedish-American story of Minnesota.

The following issue of the REVIEW will be devoted to Danish folklore and literature.

Strindberg Interpretation The fairy play, "Lucky Pehr," is probably the most beloved in Sweden of all Strindberg's plays. The translation by Velma Swanston Howard will be given a dramatic interpretation by Edith Cline Ford at the McDowell Club in New York, on February 20.

Engineers to Meet in Christiania The Norwegian Society of Engineers, the Polytechnic Society and the Christiania Society of Architects have issued an invitation to Norwegian engineers living abroad to be present at the sixth *Norske landsmöde for teknik* to be held in the month of July, in connection with the Centennial Exposition. Those who wish to attend are requested to communicate with the secretary of the invitation committee, Engineer V. S. Bull, Rosenkrantzgate 7, III, Christiania, Norway.

The Mission of The Scandinavian Has he a mission? Indeed he has. Are not all the magazines publishing articles about Swedish movements, Norwegian folk dances and songs, Danish butter; about cooperation, conservation, rural high schools, and sick benefits? And now we have even learned that there is a

Scandinavian art. When all the children and young people have acquired the movements, the songs and dances, when the farmers can make butter like the Danes, and we have a little general education and art thrown in, will the Scandinavian have fulfilled his mission? Not quite yet; the advertising is necessary, but it is not the essential any more than the poster is the play.

Is not the essential fact, after all, that the Scandinavian is an individualist? In three thousand years of unmixed racial development he has shown deep-seated in his character the art of balanced self-government. Other European nations have drifted toward anarchy on the one hand or universalism on the other. The Scandinavian allows no tyrant over his mind and conscience; at the same time he is a strong social being, hating anarchy. He has little veneration for authority as such, and is law-abiding, not because it has been commanded, but because it is just and socially sane to respect the rights of others. For nearly four hundred years there have been no civil wars in Scandinavia, yet today the northern nations have the most efficient social organization. They do not lean to paternalism, but take good care to control their government and to get out of it full value for its cost. The Scandinavian has tried all forms of social organization, of labor associations, of education, but he has never gone to extremes. From each experiment he has learned something which he has carried with him into the next. He does not and never did believe in the absolute on earth.

They say he is not religious. That is a calumny. He does not put his faith in words and formulas, and he refuses to fight about dogmas. He has an absolute distrust in rubbing any philosopher's stone, and his war song is, "One step enough for me." While he knows that the ideal cannot be reached, he believes, with fire in his soul, that it can be approached, and each sure step forward is to him a holy inspiration to take the next and the next, until men shall attain to the sense that the kingdom of heaven is within them.

But what about his mission? Has he any? His mission is to be true to himself. Not that he should be puffed up with pride; whenever he has been afflicted in that way great has been his fall, whether in the times of Waldemar the Victor, or in those of Charles XII. Neither should he allow himself to be so overpowered by the greatness and riches of other nations that he succumb to an attack of exaggerated modesty and allow himself to be submerged. Let him advertise, even assert himself. But above all things, whether he lives in one of the dear old countries or in the United States, or in any other part of the earth, let him live and speak as a sane individualist, as a true Scandinavian. Then, perhaps, the world will some day realize. On that day our race shall have fulfilled its mission, and the world will be the better for it.

AXEL TEISEN.

Books

European Dramatists. By Archibald Henderson, M.A., Ph.D., author of "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works," etc. Photogravure frontispiece of the author. Stewart & Kidd Company, Cincinnati, 1914. Price $1.50.

It is a feat of inner vision, of what Bergson would call intuition, which is but another name for sympathetic understanding, to see a human soul in its true nature. That feat has been remarkably well accomplished by Archibald Henderson in his new book, "Modern Dramatists," dealing with Strindberg, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Oscar Wilde, Shaw, and Granville Barker.

He finds in Strindberg that above all the jangle and confusion and discord there "sounds the clear strain of persistently lofty idealism." He sees in Ibsen more than the progenitor of the race of muck-rakers—even the miracle of a new earnestness—the realization "that the artist's attitude toward life must be redemptive as well as revelative." He is sure the reputation of Maeterlinck is not due to fad, decadence, nor to his symbolism, but rather to his fundamental sincerity as a literary artist, and to his "ever striving for that Truth which is Beauty." Even Oscar Wilde, who is still, like Byron, "a fascinating trouble," is treated not apologetically but interpretatively.

Dr. Henderson proves himself to possess also the rare faculty of seeing the forest as well as the trees. By occasional flashes he illumines a whole epoch. He can think in terms of world cycles. He sees in all of these types—differing, as they do, from Strindberg, "the knight of the sorrowful countenance," to Maeterlinck, the incurable optimist; from Oscar Wilde, who believed that even truth is "so personal a thing that the moment it becomes the property of more than one person it becomes falsehood," to Bernard Shaw the socialist—the partial, tentative realization of the Nietzschean ideal of supermandom. He sees that these "links between man and superman" follow "so-called parallel lines of human endeavor, which are said to meet at some Utopian infinity."

The essay on Strindberg is the only one of the six which has not appeared in print before. Dr. Henderson is to be congratulated that he finds Strindberg at his best in such plays as Master Olof, Lucky Pehr, Easter, and the Dream Play. These are the very plays in which the idealistic note breaks through and for which Strindberg is most loved in his own country. A. R. SHELANDER.

August Strindberg—Samlade Skrifter. Stockholm, Albert Bonnier: 1912, etc. 561 Third Avenue, New York. 50 volumes, $35, $60, $175.

This collected edition of the works of Strindberg seems destined to remain, for many years, after its completion, the definitive form of the total output of Sweden's greatest literary worker. There will be in all about two hundred numbers, bound in paper, at the popular price of 50 öre each, though a de luxe edition is also included in the plan. Each number contains 80 pages, and as sixty-six numbers have already appeared, this means that more than 5,000 pages of Strindberg's original versions, with excellent variorum notes, are at the disposal of such scholars and libraries as are wise enough to subscribe now. Much of the material has not been available before, as many of the works now being republished have long been out of print, and some of them are scarcely known by name, even to devoted students of Strindberg. Among these are the author's *Ungdomsdramer*, and a reprint of *Svenska Folket*, with all the original illustrations. JACOB WITTMER HARTMANN.

Canute the Great. By Lawrence M. Larson. (Heroes of the Nations Series). Putnam, New York, 1913. XL and 375 pages. Price $1.50.

The biographies of this series have a fairly good reputation for accuracy. Few if any of them, however, can claim a more careful scholarship than this biography of Canute, by Professor Larson. The difficulty of the task lay in the necessity for building up the life story from circumstantial rather than from documentary evidence, and from scant material at that. In doing this, the author has been successful and has made his book interesting reading. English writers usually treat the reign of Canute briefly, almost as a negligible quantity in the history of the Old English kings. And yet his reign arrested, for a time, the collapse of the kingdom, giving it a period of calm before its final absorption into the mighty complex of Norman conquests. To the average student, Canute, the emperor of the North, appears a creature of fortunate circumstances, rather than a commanding personality, his imperial power fitting him like a too large coat; but the present author is of a different opinion. He calls Canute a genius and emphasizes his yearning for power and imperial honors. Canute's treatment of the Church, to him, shows diplomatic power, his legislation—kingly ambition. His cruelty the author ascribes to his Slavic ancestry. For the convenience of English readers, Norse names are translated more or less freely.

It is joyful evidence that times are changing for the better, when scholars of Professor Larson's type are called upon to contribute in the field of Mediaeval history and especially the history of the Scandinavian Middle Ages. The knowledge of this branch is absolutely nil in this country, and the great storehouse of laws and sagas practically untouched. To open up this wealth of information will naturally be reserved for American scholars of Scandinavian descent who alone possess the racial and linguistic equipment for the work.

A. M. WERGELAND.

Two Visits to Denmark. 1872, 1874. By Edmund Gosse. Smith, Elder & Co., London. Imported by Dutton & Co., $2.50 net. 372 pages.

This is an altogether delightful book. For all Sir Edmund Gosse's protests, it may be aptly described as a record of intellectual adventure into lands unknown —to the Denmark of forty years ago. His avowed purpose is "to convey an impression of the moral and intellectual aspect of one of the smallest, but one of the most cultivated nations of Europe," hoping that he might call attention to "a theme which is in danger of being completely neglected and ignored by the inhabitants of an empire like ours, namely, the function and value of the small nations in the civilization of the world." In a graceful style, redolent of the somewhat esoteric beauty of English poesy, and rich in tender humor, the author introduces us to some interiors and many of the eminent personages of the Denmark of the early seventies, which he was fortunate enough to learn from the vantage point of the hospitality of the noted divine, Brunn Juul Fog. The book resulting is a series of luminous glimpses of the Danish cultural life during that crucial time after the last war which saw the dying away—not without an agony—of a belated romanticism and the ingrafting of a new shoot from the intellectual life of western Europe. It also adds personal information of exceeding interest on the latter days of H. C. Andersen, Paludan-Müller, Gade, and others, and the rise of such as Brandes, Jacobsen and Drachmann. And for all the gulf then fixed between the two generations, both are treated with the same sympathy and discrimination. Would that many more reminiscences of Scandinavia were as informing, as well told, as tactful. L. M. HOLLANDER.

Shallow Soil. By Knut Hamsun. Authorized translation from the Norwegian by Carl Christian Hyllested. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1914. Price $1.25.

The translation of "Shallow Soil" (*Ny Jord*) is important as the first serious attempt to introduce the greatest living writer of Norway to American readers. The book is well chosen. It is terse, vivid, full of cut and thrust, abounding in keen character analysis. The plot, which is too often the weak point in Scandinavian novels, is well knit, and holds the interest. Mr. Hyllested in his translation shows a sensitive perception of Hamsun's style and an ability to reproduce the color of the original. In some minor points his work would have benefited by a less literal adherence to the text. The preface by the translator is interesting and elucidating.

"Shallow Soil" has a peculiar interest to the student of modern Scandinavia, because it is an expression of the new ideals with which Norway has entered upon this century. It is a reaction against the artistic cult of the late nineteenth century and satirizes the pseudo-literary gentlemen who, after contemplating their own souls for a year or two, managed to produce a few poems and expected on the strength of these to be supported by the State. In contrast to the moral and mental disintegration that follows the lack of sustained work, Hamsun has placed two young business men of clean lives and strong wills, men who have not shattered their faculties for friendship or deep love. In them he sees the hope of the new Norway; they are the men who are creating values and keeping alive the old power to dream and to dare. "There is in your circle a young man who has lost heavily in rye," says Coldevin, the author's spokesman, in the face of the jeering clique. "I am more interested in him. Do you know what this man is doing? He is not crushed or broken by his loss. He is just now creating a new article of export; he has undertaken to supply a foreign enterprise with tar, Norwegian tar." The moral is perhaps a little too obvious. Hamsun seems to have taken over Björnson's role as pedagogue to the nation, and, like him, he has an almost naive confidence in the regenerative influence of practical work, but, like Björnson again, he is absolutely sincere, and his advice is not only sound, but very readable. H. A. L.

O Pioneers! By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston and New York. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1913. Price $1.25 net.

To any one who has ever waited for a train in a Middle Western village the description of the Nebraska town "trying not to be blown away," with its squat red station and its drab houses huddling in the whirling snow, strikes a chill of recollection. To one who has lived his childhood there, the "long, empty roads, sullen fires of sunset fading," wake memories of hours spent in dreaming of softer climes and more romantic countries. There is little of romance on the prairies, but there is an epic in the conquest of the wild land, with its ugly moods and treacheries, and in its transformation into an obedient friend. It is this epic which Miss Cather has written in "O Pioneers!" a book of unusual power and sincerity. Its heroine is the Swedish girl, Alexandra, a figure of saga proportions, endowed with the land hunger of the old Northmen and their power of seeing visions; a woman also gifted with a slow tenacity and practical sense. In the face of droughts and discouragements, she takes her resolve to stay by the land, and sets her radiant face toward the Divide, as she sings an old Swedish hymn. "It seemed beautiful to her, rich, strong, and glorious. Her eyes drank in the breadth of it, until her tears blinded her. Then the genius of the Divide, the great, free spirit which breathes across it, must have bent lower than it ever did

to a human will before. The history of every country begins in the heart of a man or a woman."

Around the massive structure of that epic of the land is twined the love-story of the Bohemian girl, Marie, a creation of singularly vital charm. Nor are there wanting the tragedies of those who fall by the wayside: The Swedish father, the dreamer and visionary, who toils and at last dies with victory in sight; the German lad with his artistic yearnings, who can neither take hold of the practical pioneer realities nor wholly liberate himself, and who is destined to be of that soil of nameless mediocrities from which genius grows; the youngest son, in whom prosperity and college training cannot soothe the "itching foot." We know them all, and know the elder brothers made sordid and dull by toil and narrow conditions. Only in Alexandra is there complete victory over the tremendous forces against which humanity is pitted. So few are chosen to be pioneers!

H. A. L.

Lisbeth Longfrock. Translated from the Norwegian of Hans Aanrud by Laura E. Poulsson. Illustrated by Othar Holmboe. Ginn and Company, Boston.

Norwegians whose children cannot read the language of the old country are indebted to Miss Poulsson for making accessible in English Hans Aanrud's charming little book, "Sidsel Sidsærk" ("Lisbeth Longfrock.") It is a truthful picture of Norwegian peasant life, with its patriarchal relations and significant old customs. Moreover, it is a delightful child's story. The author has a faculty of seeing things from a child's point of view, and perhaps the fact that he was writing for his own daughter helped him to create so singularly sweet and natural a little person as Lisbeth Longfrock.

Brief Notes

The "JUBILÆUMS-KALENDER," published by Halvorsen and Larsen in Christiania, is warmly recommended to Norwegian-Americans who are going home to Norway this year. It is generously illustrated and contains many maps, as well as much compact information for sightseers, while the blank pages facilitate the keeping of a travel diary. It may be obtained from Norwegian book stores in the United States and on the steamers of the Norwegian America Line.

The article "Lapland—Sweden's America" in our Yule number was reproduced in part, with illustrations and editorial comment in the *Review of Reviews*. Among the letters received by the editor in regard to the article was one from Emilie Demant, who edited and translated into Danish Turi's book on the Lapps. This letter was accompanied by a copy of her new book, "WITH THE LAPPS IN THE MOUNTAINS," being the second volume in a series on Lapp life founded by Dr. Hjalmar Lundbohm, *disponent* at Kiruna. Miss Demant was allowed the unusual privilege of living for a year with the Lapps in their wanderings, and she records their customs in entertaining fashion.

Mr. Carl Laurin, who wrote the introduction to the Swedish section of the Catalogue of the American-Scandinavian Art Exhibition, is the author of "ROS OCH RIS," an artistically illustrated volume dealing with the theatres of Stockholm and published by P. A. Norstedt & Söner.

Professor J. G. Richert, one of Sweden's distinguished engineers, recently visited America as official delegate to the Third International Refrigerating Congress. In his report to the government Professor Richert praises the high development of their natural efficiency attained by Swedish engineers in this "land of endless possibilities." He urges that the work begun by the American-Scandinavian Foundation in giving stipends to Swedish students for study in America should be extended by the government and by patriotic individuals in order that the valuable experience to be gained in the United States might be utilized in the home country. Professor Richert is a member of the Swedish Advisory Committee of the Foundaton.

From Captain A. B. Reck, of Copenhagen, the American-Scandinavian Foundation has received a large bas-relief portrait of the late Niels Poulson, executed by the sculptor, R. Magnussen in Copenhagen. Professor W. H. Schofield has presented the offices of the Foundation with a lithograph of the famous portrait in color of Björnstjerne Björnson, by Kröyer.

Two essays have reached us from the hand of Dr. David Nyvall, president of North Park College in Chicago. "THE NEW ROMANTICISM IN SCANDINAVIAN LETTERS" reviews the romantic revival of the nineteenth century and concludes with the view that there is really no fresh revival of romanticism in the North; he looks upon Selma Lagerlöf as an "afterbloom" of romanticism, "Its Indian summer, wholly unexpected and gorgeously rich." "THE MAP OF SWEDEN" sketches in vigorous outlines the geography of Sweden and constructs in a fairy tale the future development of Norrland. The essays are published in dainty booklets by Förbundets Bokhandel in Chicago.

The little pamphlet, "NORTHERN LITERATURE," published by the Engberg-Holmberg Company in Chicago, gives in sixteen pages a useful and most welcome list of books by Scandinavian writers in English. Copies can be obtained from the office of the REVIEW or from the publishers.

Professor P. H. Pearson, of Bethany College, author of "THE STUDY OF LITERATURE," recently lectured before the State Teachers' Association of Kansas on the People's High Schools of Denmark. He showed how these institutions have already solved the modern problems of bringing the school into vital relations with practical life and educating the pupils back to the farm, problems now being dealt with in the University Extension courses.

Rev. Wilhelm Sundelöf, rector of St. Ansgarius Church in Boston, has recently published a volume of Swedish verse, said by many Swedish-American critics to be the best collection of poems ever produced in this country in the language of their fatherland. Particular praise is given to the poems written for special occasions.

Swedish-Americans and the hundreds of others who are interested in the chronicles of the Lutheran faith in the North will welcome the illustrated volume, "LIFE PICTURES FROM THE SWEDISH CHURCH HISTORY," by Rev. Nils Forsander, published by the Augustana Book Concern. The author brings home to us in a vital way the lives of the heroes of the church, from Ansgar in the ninth century to Fjellstedt in the nineteenth.

"SONGS OF NEW SWEDEN," by Arthur Peterson, have been published in a third and revised edition by the Engberg-Holmberg Company in Chicago. The author is a descendant of the Swedes who colonized the Delaware half a century before William Penn. These poems, written in the stirring meters of "Evangeline" and "Tales of a Wayside Inn," constitute the only epic of those half-forgotten days, "when o'er the Delaware floated, unchallenged, the flag of Christiania."

The Almanac for 1914, "DANMARK," published by Gyldendal, is made especially interesting to Americans by a map showing the numerical strength of Danes in America. Among the numerous other noteworthy features are an article on the Panama Canal and an array of photographs of the paintings of L. A. Ring, whose work was so popular in the American-Scandinavian Art Exhibition last year.

The editor has received an autograph copy of "THROUGH SCANDINAVIA TO Moscow," from the author, Honorable William Seymour Edwards, of West Virginia. It may be remembered that Mr. Edwards married Miss Hope Christensen, daughter of the late General Christensen, at one time the most distinguished Danish citizen of America. The book was written on their honeymoon.

"PELLE THE CONQUEROR, BOYHOOD," by Martin Andersen Nexö, published by Henry Holt & Co., in a translation by Jessie Muir, with a note by Professor Otto Jespersen, is the first in a series of four largely autobiographical novels, which have made the young author famous in Denmark. It deals with the conquest of a puzzling world by Pelle, the lusty-limbed, steady-eyed herdboy, with a revealing sympathy for the lives of the very poor. The other three volumes, in which Pelle meets the problems of modern industrial life and conquers them, should also be made accessible to English readers, though, it might be wished, in a better translation.

Another book full of an intimate charm peculiarly Danish is "THE FOUR SEASONS," by Carl Ewald, translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is a prose poem telling of the battle of the seasons for mastery over the earth.

"NORTHMEN IN HISTORY," published by the Mohn Printing Company in Northfield, Minn., contains a series of chapters from the works of P. A. Munch, J. R. Greene, John Fiske, M. Guizot and other well-known historians, each dealing with some epoch of the age when Northmen were influential in shaping the history of the greater world outside of Scandinavia.

"HENRIK IBSEN, POET, MYSTIC AND MORALIST," by Henry Rose, published by Dodd, Mead & Co., contains a considerable amount of information, but in attempting to deal with so large a subject within the limits of 154 pages, the author is necessarily somewhat superficial, and his work suffers from a desire to reduce Ibsen to a moral formula.



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THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW



BALTIC EXHIBITION NUMBER

MALMÖ, SWEDEN - MAY 15 TO SEPT. 15, 1914

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MAY REVIEW

EDWARD DELBERT WINSLOW, of Chicago, has since 1911 been American Consul-General in Denmark. Twice in his consular career he has represented his government in Sweden. Mr. Winslow has already appeared as a contributer in the March REVIEW.

DANIEL S. HAGE is a descendant of a long line of government officials in the little Danish town of Stege, on the island of Möen. His home on Staten Island, N. Y., is filled with pictures of Möens Klint, which he describes in this issue of the REVIEW, and he considers no trip to Denmark complete without a visit to his boyhood haunts.

O. T. ARNESON was born in Iowa of Norwegian parents, and has been for many years identified with Norwegian-American publishing houses. Many of his translations from Norwegian religious verse have been included in the English Hymnary of the Norwegian Synod of America.

The story by VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM, translated by Dr. Jacob Wittmer Hartmann for this issue of the REVIEW, is from his masterpiece, "Karolinarna," a series of short stories from the campaigns of Charles XII, which ranks with Selma Lagerlöf's books among the "best sellers" of Sweden. The author is one of the leading orators in the present campaign for strengthening the national defenses of Sweden, inaugurated by Dr. Sven Hedin.

By kind permission of the directors of the Baltic Exhibition the REVIEW is enabled to reproduce as its cover design the attractive poster of the Exhibition in five colors, designed by E. Norlind. Ten thousand special reprints from the May REVIEW have been printed and mailed, containing the article about the Exhibition, bound in these covers.

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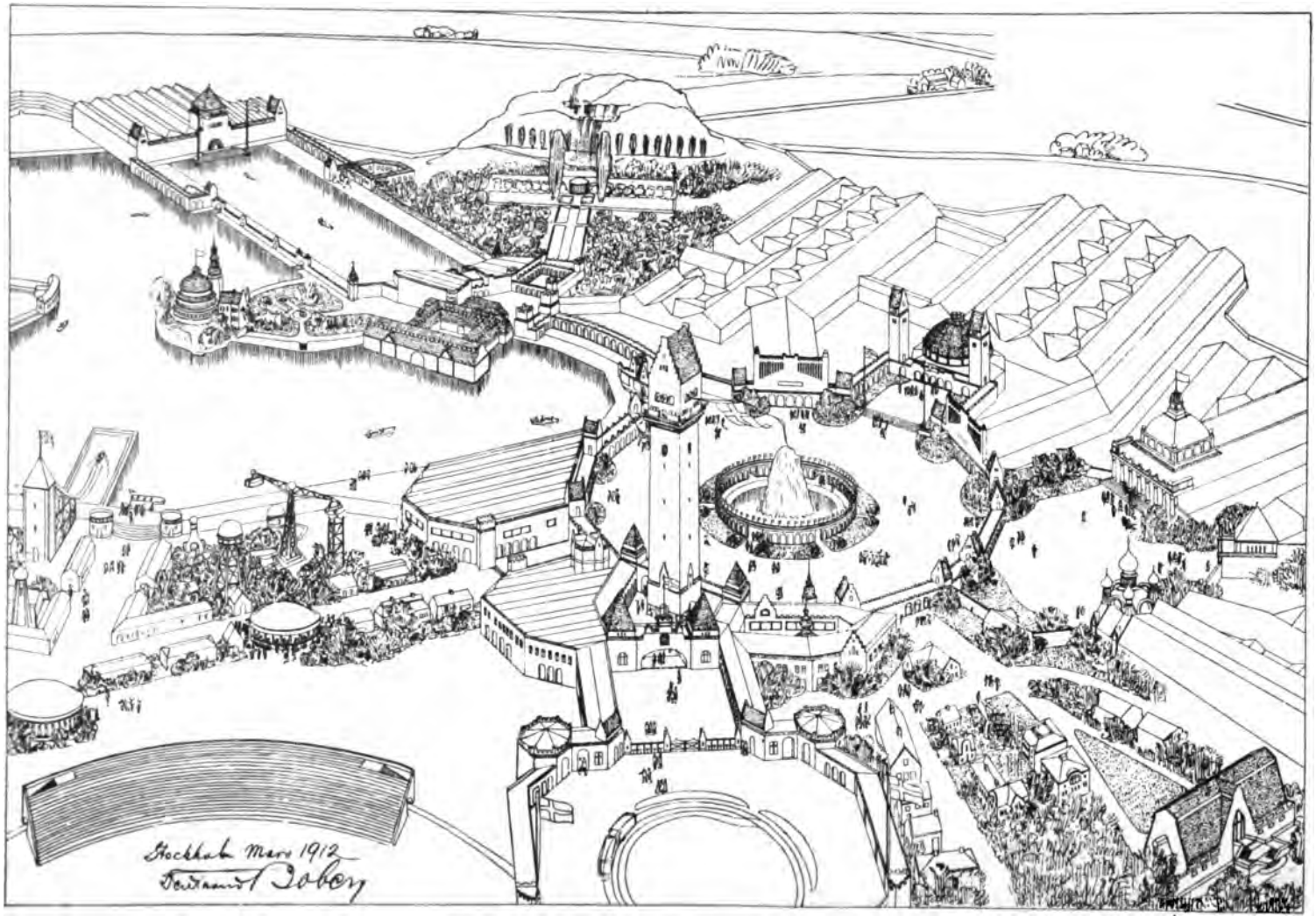
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BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BALTIC EXHIBITION

THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME II MAY · 1914 NUMBER 3

The King of Sweden to the Swedish People

ON FEBRUARY THE SIXTH KING GUSTAF ADDRESSED THIRTY THOUSAND FARMERS WHO HAD MARCHED TO THE ROYAL CASTLE IN STOCKHOLM TO ASSURE HIM OF THEIR WILLINGNESS TO BEAR ANY ADDED BURDEN OF TAXATION REQUIRED FOR THE NATIONAL DEFENSE.

Good Men and True, Yeomen of Sweden:

From my heart I tender you my royal thanks, because you have come from all the realm of Sweden, from the midst of your daily toil and pursuits to meet with me for the welfare of our fatherland, here at the Castle of Stockholm. At the same time I thank all the thousands who have otherwise given expression to the same patriotic spirit that brought you here. The standard that I have received from your hands will always remain to me a dear and precious memorial of this day and all that it imports.

You have come in order to voice your opinion regarding the preservation of our country and the safe-guarding of its honor. You are here in order to make it evident before me and to all men that no demand is too high and no burden too heavy when required for the maintenance of our ancient liberties and the assurance of our future development.

From times so distant that they are wrapped in saga mists, the structure of our realm has rested on the firm and immutably fused confidence between king and people. You know also that this close bond alone has had power under God to make the Swedes honored before other nations, and to give them strength to fight and win in the battle for righteousness and truth. In times of need the commoners of Sweden have been the rock upon which the king could safely rely. And I feel that I, too, have a place in your hearts. In times both good and evil this bond has held, and God willing, it shall never burst asunder.

Our times are grave. Our task now, as of old, is to guard the heritage we have received from our fathers, and which they built with their labor and their blood. We must administer rightly the talent entrusted to us and develop it—to our gain, but to no man's loss. Herein lies our com-

mon duty in the present—and for the future. It is this feeling which has brought you here. It is your anxiety about the safety of the fatherland that has caused you in these winter days to leave your comfortable homes. It is the demand for a firm foundation on which to build the future of our realm that in this moment unites the glorious standards of your provinces under the royal flag of Sweden, waving here on high over us all.

You have expressed to me your fixed desire to see the most vital problem of the land and the people definitely solved as early as possible, and you have declared yourselves ready and willing to take upon yourselves the burdens and make the sacrifices involved therein. Nothing can be dearer to a king than to receive from the lips of the people themselves the evidence of their wish and will to give him their loyal support in the discharge of the often heavy duties of his royal office. No king of those who before me have worn the crown of Sweden has in the same manner as I been allowed the privilege of standing in this spot face to face with the commoners of Sweden and listening to their voices. The knowledge of your unshakable confidence in your king invests my royal duty with a doubled responsibility, but at the same time makes it easier of fulfillment, and I promise that I will not fail you. You may be assured that I will never compromise with my conviction in the question of what I regard right and necessary in order to guard the independence of our fatherland.

There are certainly not lacking in our land those who hold the opinion that the question of the length of training for the infantry ought not to be solved now, but I do not share this opinion; on the contrary, I have the same view which you have just expressed to me, namely, that the problem of our defenses should be treated as a whole and solved without delay and in its entirety. The standards of readiness for service and preparation for war formulated by experts within my army I will not recede from. You all know that this means an extended time of military service for citizens, especially with regard to the winter training. In order to perform the great tasks before it, my navy must, furthermore, not only be maintained but very considerably increased.

May we together labor for the defense of our country! Then we shall succeed in bringing this problem, which is of such vital importance to our fatherland, to a happy conclusion. I shall, in accordance with my duty as king, endeavor to show you the way to our common goal. Follow and support me, then, in the future as in the past!

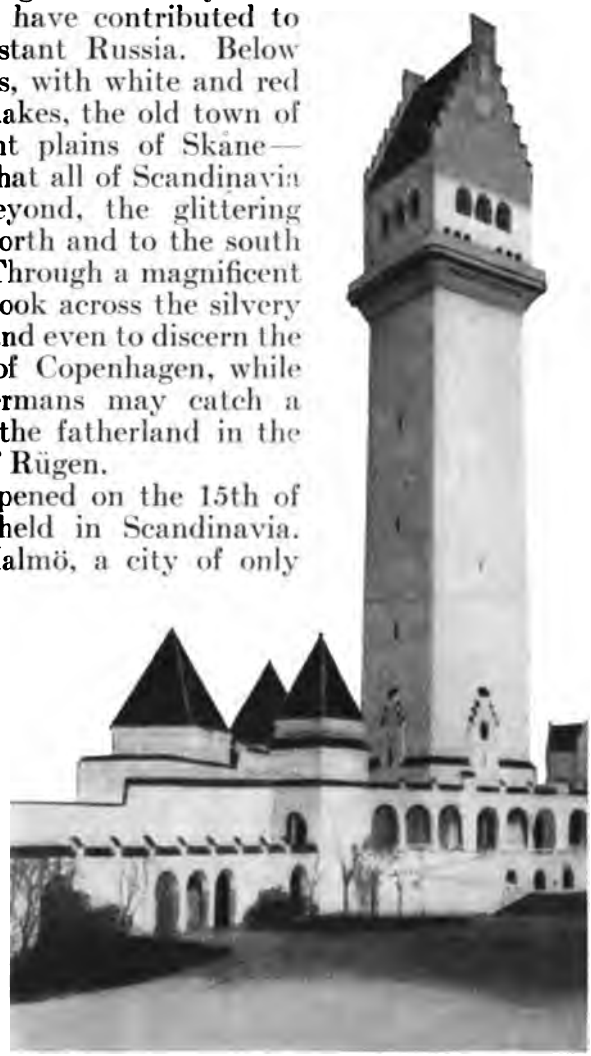
Before the generations that have gone and before the generations that are to come, we shall answer to God for our actions. May the Most High, who has held his hand over the realm of Svea so long, continue to guard our land and our people!

God bless you all!
Long live our beloved fatherland!
Long live Sweden!

The Baltic Exhibition

WHITE storks flying over Skåne, cutting the blue sky with outstretched wings, brushing the Great Tower with its red Scanian roof—this is the poster that calls the migrating children of Sweden back to the homeland this summer, to the Exhibition at Malmö. The Great Tower, a massive campanile with round arched windows and the characteristic Baltic gable topping its white square structure, is visible far and wide. From its glass-walled arcade sixty-five meters above the ground the eye can reach all the nations that have contributed to the Exhibition, except distant Russia. Below are the Exhibition grounds, with white and red buildings set around two lakes, the old town of Malmö, and the luxuriant plains of Skåne—from which it is believed that all of Scandinavia takes its name—and beyond, the glittering Sound, stretching to the north and to the south until lost in dim mists. Through a magnificent telescope it is possible to look across the silvery belt of water to Sjaelland and even to discern the towers of the royal city of Copenhagen, while on a bright day the Germans may catch a glimpse of an outpost of the fatherland in the lighthouse on the Island of Rügen.

The Exhibition to be opened on the 15th of May is the largest ever held in Scandinavia. It has been placed in Malmö, a city of only 100,000 inhabitants, in preference to the capital, because this is the geographical center of the countries that take part. While the Exhibition is organized by Swedish forces, Germany, Denmark, and Russia have eagerly seized the opportunity of participating, and requests have been received from south European countries, but it has been thought best to limit the Exhibition to the na-



"The Great Tower, a Massive Campanile"

tions surrounding the Baltic Sea. To Sweden it has proved a stimulus to reassert in the peaceful activities of modern culture that dominant position on the Baltic which she once held through the bravery of her soldiers.

Ferdinand Boberg, the famous architect of Swedish churches, public buildings and expositions, has been given the task of designing a plan at once unique and adapted to the territory. With characteristic originality, he seized on the typical Skåne style, with the peculiar red stepped gable. Its square, massive walls have been well simulated in wood and plaster, and the whole effect is one of repose and solidity. The grounds are in the so-called Pildam locality, at a distance of five minutes on the electric railway from the heart of the city. Two natural lakes have been made the center of the plan, the one retaining its long, rectangular canal-like effect, leading up to the Fine Arts Building, the other enlarged to an irregular shape, with undulating beaches rich with blossoming verdure.

A railway crossing, which threatened to intercept the traffic to the grounds, has been utilized to lend added beauty to the approach. A wide, gently rising viaduct, with large side portals, carries the visitor over the tracks to the Exhibition, and affords a view of the buildings from a slight elevation. Continuing on the same level, the road swings to the left and ends in a large open space, with garages and street railways. In front is the Main Entrance, leading to the first court, and through its arched passages the Amusement Grounds are visible to the left, the Danish, German, and Russian Buildings to the right, while straight ahead the Great Tower rises to an imposing height. Within the court are the administration buildings, the post-and-telegraph-office, the fire department, the press bureau, the information bureau, and the dressing-rooms.

A large vaulted arcade, flanked by two towers, leads into an inner court. On the left is the Malmö Exhibit in ten large halls, where the city has endeavored to give an adequate representation of its history and development. Here are also rest rooms and reading-rooms, in which the city of Malmö makes its visitors welcome at the threshold of the Exhibition. The Great Tower stands at the entrance to the Central Court, which is the nucleus of the entire plan. The Court has a diameter of 150 meters and is enclosed by a two-story arcade, from which access is had to the various exhibits. In the center is a basin thirty-six meters in diameter, from which a broad column of water rises to a height of fifteen meters, then widens out like a plume and falls in myriads of twinkling drops. Flowering bushes and tall trees have been transplanted to the court; rose creepers twine about the columns and the lattice work; thousands of tulips and hyacinths gleam like a jeweled setting around the pergola that circles the great basin, and from hundreds of poles flutter the flags of four nations.

The façades of the main exhibit halls form a circle around the Central Court. Straight opposite the entrance and the Great Tower is Congress Hall, a splendid granite building capped by a massive dome of tile and flanked by two high towers in the prevailing square, step-gabled style. There a special orchestra selected from the best musicians in Sweden will give concerts every night at a nominal admission fee. On either side of Congress Hall are the Hall of Industry and the Hall of Machinery, vast buildings that turn only a small façade toward the court while stretching long, complicated structures toward the outer boundary of the Exhibition grounds. To the right the German Building is visible, then the Danish Building in the style of an old moated castle, and, lastly, the cupolas of the Russian Building. To the left is the large field of private pavilions, the Amusement Court and the Main Restaurant.

From the refreshment terraces of the Main Restaurant a wonderful view may be enjoyed. There is the old park with the water tower, an idyllic spot, the only part of the grounds that was left untouched by the architect and landscape gardener, when they made the bare plain blossom like a rose. There is the Amusement Court with its kaleidoscopic life, and on the smooth surface of the two lakes gondolas and motor boats vie with each other, while stately swans glide about, undisturbed by the traffic. Between the two lakes is the Fisheries Building, in the style of an old log-house, with the aquarium, where multi-colored fishes dart about. In the center is a wide basin for the landing of the boats that ply across the lakes.

Leading from the Fisheries Building is a complicated system of double arcades, covered stairways, and courtyards, making a fantastic perspective. Stepping out from a high vaulted arch, the visitor comes suddenly upon the long, narrow lake, terminating in the Fine Arts Building, a massive structure with a hundred meter façade rising directly from the water. A boat carries the visitor across the lake to the great stairway. A dim vestibule leads to the large hall of sculpture, with its glass cupola surrounded by the various halls of painting; the vestibule is continued in an arcade leading to a smaller hall of sculpture and ending finally in a pergola encircling a water basin, and here refreshments are served. There are fifty exhibition rooms, the hall of sculpture excepted, having in all a wall length of 1,700 meters. The exhibit is in the hands of Professor Oscar Björck, who has succeeded in persuading the collectors in the several countries to lend their priceless treasures. The great masters of Sweden will naturally be represented and will demonstrate the very high place occupied by Sweden in the domain of painting. The exhibit of German art will be especially complete. It will occupy a wall length of 400 meters, and will comprise both the futurist and the conservative schools, Professor Björck believing that the Northern nations have a



By Courtesy of "Ord och Bild"

"CENTRAL COURT—THE PERGOLA THAT CIRCLES THE GREAT BASIN"

great deal to learn from the modern development of German art. He hopes, also, to present a unique collection of Danish and Russian works.

The Flower Walk runs obliquely on one side of the lake, and is bordered by a park ending in a formal garden, in which is the Royal Pavilion designed for the reception of royal and possibly of imperial visitors. The Crown Princess has planned the Flower Walk, with a combination of expert knowledge and enthusiastic interest resulting in an almost tropical display of horticulture that dispels all thought of Sweden as a cold country. Behind the Pavilion rises a picturesque terraced hill, with artificial waterfalls and grottos, and along its high-



By Courtesy of "Ord och Bild"

"THE RESTAURANT KASTELLET, BUILT IN THE DUTCH RENAISSANCE STYLE"

est part runs an arcade from which one may see the plains of Skåne, with fields and farm buildings, with lanes and clusters of trees. In the park is the woman's exhibit called Årsta, after the home of Fredrika Bremer, the first feminist of Sweden.

In one corner of the lake are several small basins hedged off from the larger body of water by tiny headlands and grass plots connected by bridges. These are designed as the home of the various Scanian water-fowl. Nearby is the restaurant Kastellet, built in the Dutch Renaissance style with three stories, affording a view over the Amusement Grounds.

The state railways of Sweden have a separate building, with an

exhibit consisting of several locomotives, among them one propelled by electricity, models of a Diesel motor wagon, refrigerator car and hospital car, graphic representations of the extension of railway traffic, the method of loading ore and of handling the problems of a great snowfall, with paintings of the most interesting bridges and crossings, and in general all that tends to show the extraordinary modern development of the Swedish railways. Above this lies the electric power station, which sets in motion the various wheels of the Exhibition. The accomplishment of Swedish engineers is also demonstrated in the Machinery Hall, with a floor area of 10,200 square meters and an arch 25 meters wide. Everything that Sweden has produced in the manufacture of machinery is there to vindicate her title of "the iron country." Built in a similar style is the gigantic Hall of Industry, originally designed with an area of 12,500 square meters, but owing to the number of exhibitors afterwards enlarged to almost double that size. With a floor area of 22,000 meters it is the largest of all the Exhibition buildings. In uninterrupted succession the masters of Swedish trade, handicraft and domestic industry have collected their treasures. Especially rich and interesting is the peasant art of Sweden.

Germany has an imposing building designed by the architect, Hans Alfred Richter, and covering a base of 20,000 square meters. The Emperor has personally contributed a large exhibit of majolica, which occupies the middle of the building, while the court behind it is executed exclusively in majolica and promises to be an unusual attraction. The exhibit of royal China is in the German Festival Hall. The graphic, paper, optical and textile departments are placed in modern surroundings. A large iron front divides the Machinery Hall from the rest of the exhibit, and joined with it is the exhibit of automobiles and railways, the largest that Germany has ever shown abroad.

Nearby is the charming Danish Exhibition surrounded by its moat like a feudal castle. A bridge leads to the principal building, in which are rooms for the reception of royal visitors. In front lies the Industrial Arts Hall, where ceramic art is given especial prominence. The Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Company exhibits the fountain of porcelain and stone ware to be presented by Denmark to the Peace Palace at The Hague. There are fajances, silver embroideries, jewelry and home-woven silks, and in the Hall of Industry a textile division. The Machinery Hall is probably the largest division of the Danish exhibit, and has various workshops showing the process of manufacture. Copenhagen has an important municipal exhibit, containing models of various institutions, paying particular attention to the hospital service. There is also a Greenland exhibit, an electric exhibit, and a hunting and forestry exhibit. An idyllic garden plot,

with colonnades, fountains and flower beds, will form a delightful place of rest in the center of the Danish Exhibition.

The field set aside for the private pavilions looks like a little city and contains many interesting exhibits. Near this is the Amusement Court, where the various lighter forms of entertainment will even make the Danes forget gay Copenhagen. Throughout the whole Exhibition grounds nothing has been spared that can add to the beauty of the scene and the convenience of the visitors. In addition to the larger restaurants mentioned there are numerous smaller places where refreshments can be had. Music will be a constant feature of the Exhibition. Numerous rest rooms and dressing-rooms even containing baths will refresh the tired traveler. In the arcades and in every convenient nook there are comfortable seats, where the sight-seer can sit sheltered from the traffic and collect the impressions gained from his tour of the exhibits. Every available nook has been utilized for the planting of flowers and creepers that will soften the harsh outlines and give richness of color to the newness of the buildings. And at night the grounds will twinkle with myriads of lights, while the boats will glide like fireflies over the lakes, and the spirit of the brief Northern summer will make the place gay with laughter and music.



By Courtesy of "Ord och Bild"

"Congress Hall — Flanked by Two High Towers"

Summer Colonies in Denmark

By EDWARD DELBERT WINSLOW

THE fight against the increasing cost of living is as keen in Copenhagen as in any of the large cities of America, but the thrift and intelligence of the middle class and well-to-do working people have devised a plan by which they can spend the summer in the city and yet at a very slight expense be among green fields and flower gardens. The city authorities come to their assistance by turning over unused plots of land to cooperative companies, and in this way it is possible for any one to rent a bit of land, 20 feet wide and from 50 to 100 feet deep, for from $2.70 to $8.00 for the season. The whole family usually takes part in the work of erecting a bungalow from old packing cases, rejected boards or any other material that is obtainable.



When the warm weather comes they spend long days there, and every inch of ground is made productive. The women bring their sewing and the children play about. Those that are old enough learn to till the soil and to know that all riches come from the earth. Sometimes the little plot is made to yield enough vegetables for the whole winter. Often it is made into a bower of flowers, for in no country is the love of flowers more intense, and the devotion of the Danes to their gardens is such that to be without a retreat of this kind is to be an outcast. In the evening the head of the family joins the others in the "club," and neighbors visit and exhibit to one another the results of their work. In the fall prizes are often distributed for the best garden plot. When cold weather comes the family return to their winter quarters looking sunburned and vigorous after the summer spent in rusticating within a stone's throw of their daily labor.





Möens Klint

By DANIEL S. HAGE

CHALK cliffs are found elsewhere in the world than on the Danish island of Möen, but nowhere else has nature so excelled in their staging. The elements have shaped to fantastic forms the soft material of the snow-white cliffs, which rise to a sheer height of four hundred feet from the blue Baltic, and are crowned by luxuriant light-green beech woods. So steep and wild is the formation that only in two or three places in the four miles of rugged coastline could steps be cut to guide visitors down to the narrow beach, though easy foot paths skirt the brow of the cliffs, and an automobile road leads from the nearest town, Stege, about ten miles distant, to the hotel recently built near the edge of the cliffs. The sea bottom is of white chalk, on which sun and shadows play through the waters in colors rarely seen in the North. The vegetation is singularly rich, and it would be hard to imagine a more delightful place in which to spend a vacation. It is to be hoped that success will attend the agitation now going on in Denmark to preserve the unique beauty of Möens Klint by turning the region into a national park.

Carl Jacobsen

"DENMARK'S first citizen," according to Georg Brandes, was Dr. Carl Jacobsen, the brewer and art patron, who died in Copenhagen on January 11 of this year. His life was the flower of three generations of patriotic service. The Carlsberg Fund, established by his father, J. C. Jacobsen, and added to by Carl Jacobsen, though almost as large as the Nobel Fund, is little known outside of Scandinavia. A Swedish writer has pointed out the characteristic difference between the two endowments. Nobel's plan, magnificent in conception and widely diffused in its effects, was to find men and women of genius in any part of the world and give them the substantial encouragement that would insure the continuance of their work. The Jacobsens, father and son, devoted practically their entire income, their time, zeal and genius to the most intensive work within their own country along certain lines with which they were intimately identified. The Carlsberg Laboratory, now a separate institution, grew out of J. C. Jacobsen's efforts to produce by the most perfect scientific methods a healthy, slightly stimulating beverage that should supplant the prevailing brandy. Old Carlsberg became a model brewery, to which experts traveled from all over the world, and in donating it, finally, to the Carlsberg Fund for scientific research and the publication of learned works, he stipulated that the quality of the product should never be allowed to deteriorate.



By Courtesy of "Norden"

THE LATE DR. JACOBSEN, "DENMARK'S FIRST CITIZEN"

The son, Carl Jacobsen, born in 1842, built up independently of his father but in the same spirit and traditions, the New Carlsberg brewery. With as great a singleness of purpose as his father, he gave the brewery, representing his fortune, to the Carlsberg Fund, on condition that it be kept separate from the Old Carlsberg, and that the proceeds be all given to art. He also established several smaller legacies, and like his father leaves but little of the great wealth he accumulated to be disposed of after his death. He was a thinker and a man of wide culture. In conversation with an editor of the REVIEW

last summer he compared the relations of America and Europe in our day to those of Rome and Greece. "The grandeur that was Rome" had its counterpart in the magnificent vitality, energy and administrative ability of America, but as Rome went to Greece for the glory of art, so America had still to come to Europe for her intellectual traditions. In his zeal for educating his countrymen to an appreciation of art, Carl Jacobsen turned the streets and market places of Copenhagen into an open-air museum, and the mere enumeration of the statues he raised in the city would fill three-quarters of a column in a newspaper. He gathered at New Carlsberg a priceless collection of ancient and modern plastic art and offered it to the municipality on condition that a fitting gallery be provided, and for this purpose the state and city in conjunction built the beautiful *Glyptothek*, now one of the chief attractions of Copenhagen. Jacobsen's religious spirit and his feeling for the suggestiveness in the modern city sky-line were united in his admiration of the delicate beauty of church spires. He built the lovely *Jesuskirke* in Valby, with a tower separate from the building, and the *Nikolaj* tower in Copenhagen. At time of his death he was engaged in a controversy over the addition of a spire to *Vor Frue Kirke*, a project that was very dear to him, but roused unexpected opposition from the lovers of Copenhagen in its present aspect. The reverence and admiration, mingled with a slight sense of irritated protest, which his forceful personality roused in his countrymen, is well expressed in an article by Francis Beckett, in *Ugens Tilskuer*, from which we quote:

"Mr. Jacobsen was not an art collector like those of other countries; for who has ever heard of any of these that he has from the very beginning made his collection accessible to the public? It must be remembered that he was six years old when Thorvaldsen's Museum was opened, and that he went about as a little boy on Sundays in a forest of statues; he was an only child, and the first impressions, deepened by the loneliness of his childhood, became, a generation later, the New Carlsberg *Glyptothek*. And yet his relation to plastic art remained to the day of his death that of the educated public in the time of the forties; it was to him something elevated, distant, an abstraction, though he lived with it every day. He could surely have made his own the words about works of sculpture as 'calm thoughts divested of earthly desire.' His relations with them never became intimate; one might almost say they never became natural.

"All other patrons of art the world over have collected because they loved art (or simply because they knew it to be valuable). Mr. Jacobsen from the very beginning collected because he believed and felt that art was an educational power. For that reason his collections have no personal flavor; his chief effort was to have them fully representative. Nor can it be denied that he somewhat undervalued

the general appreciation of art in Denmark. He declared that once when he had offered a statue to one of the smaller towns of Denmark the inhabitants had supposed it to be something edible, and he was under a misapprehension in believing that it was merely ignorance that prompted the municipality of Copenhagen to refuse his proffered statues. He did not understand that a work of art is deeply rooted in the artist's personality, his age and his people, and that it may be, therefore, a violence against a nation to raise foreign statues in the parks and market places of its capital city.

"The art of Thorvaldsen carried Mr. Jacobsen to the antique, such as Thorvaldsen and his age saw it—a revelation of harmonious beauty of line—and he also took much personal pleasure in the most formal, least subjective of all art, the Egyptian. The strongest element in art, the demoniacal, which at times is so violent that it almost stuns, as for instance in the productions of Donatello and Michelangelo, he did not understand at all. But neither did Thorvaldsen and his age understand them. Like the age of Thorvaldsen, he loved the clarified and tempered in art. His relations with the stormy art of Rodin were purely official; he bought Rodin's works, because the French artist had gained a world-wide celebrity, and his purchases were, in fact, made too late, for only one of the works of Rodin in the *Glyptothek* has the importance of a first-hand production. To one and one only of the foreign modern sculptors did he bring a true understanding—the Belgian, Constantin Meunier. No doubt it was the mighty laborer in Jacobsen that recognized and valued Meunier as the artistic glorifier of labor.

"A memory of his childhood which had a determining influence on his activity as an art collector was the opening of the Old Norse Museum in *Prinsens Palæ* when he was eleven years old. He was fond of telling how old Thomsen showed the contents of the Museum to the Sunday public, and when the bronze rings were to be tried on, he pushed forward in order to get a ring around his neck. The fact that the Museum appealed directly to the people—suffered the little children to come unto it—became determining in his work as a collector. Bring art to the people, was his guiding principle, and it was characteristic of him that he did not ask himself whether that which he offered could be in a personal sense assimilated by the rank and file of the people. It was there for them to see, that was all. If he had been a Czar, he would have issued an ukase that all Russians should visit the Museum on Sundays.

"Such were the underlying principles of Mr. Jacobsen's activity as a collector, but these principles were carried forward with an indomitable will, an admirable self-confidence, an infectious energy and glowing enthusiasm. He was no critic; he had but one word, 'beautiful,' the meaning of which he had probably never defined

even to himself. But the word was repeated again and again with a force so impossible of contradiction that it may well be said, in this word he has conquered. Nor was he what we call an art connoisseur. He cared only for the finished work, not for its origin or the way it came into being. He was an art enthusiast and nothing else. Through enthusiasm, not through knowledge and critical acquisition, he understood art. That which did not rouse his enthusiasm he did not understand, and only what roused his personal enthusiasm did he love. In enthusiasm he has created the *New Carlsberg Glyptothek* to be a source of enrichment as long as Denmark remains a civilized country, and for so long will Jacobsen be remembered with the most profound admiration and veneration.

"In medieval times people believed that the chosen of God were surrounded by a nimbus of light. Jacobsen's personality, more especially in his later days, needed no such external radiance. His appearance, his manner, his speech, his keen look, all were those of a chieftain, a kingly citizen, a citizen king. Involuntarily, all bowed before him, the born ruler. Now we bow for the last time before his grave."

The Child that Plays by the River

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

Translated from the Norwegian by O. T. Arneson

Father, take in Thy hand, I pray,
The child that plays by the river.
Send Thy Spirit to share his play
And from all evil deliver.
The bank is slippery, the water deep,
But if Jesus the child will keep,
Drowneth he not, but liveth
Through the strength which He giveth.

The weary mother, alone and poor,
Knows not where he is roaming;
Calls his name from the open door—
No answer comes from the gloaming—
Says to herself: "I'll have no fear;
Guardian angels are ever near;
Jesus, his little brother,
Leadeth him home to his mother."



DANISH CASTLES –III

FREDERIKSBORG

Frederiksborg

FEW there will be who cross the sea to the Baltic Exhibition at Malmö this summer who will not also make a pilgrimage over the Sound to Denmark, and visit the Castle of Frederiksborg. Many who have the leisure will approach it directly, not by rail from Copenhagen, but by cycle or automobile from the Northeast, from "Hamlet's Elsinore," hurrying along the sparkling coast of North Sjaelland and then down through the long, shadowy forest of beeches that are one of the crowning glories of Denmark, to where Frederiksborg rises from the islands, its towers mirrored in the Lake.

Frederik the Second acquired this estate, then known as Hillerödsholm, in 1560, by trading with Herluf Trolle, the naval hero, an exchange still recorded on an old mortared stone in a rhyme which may be roughly translated into:

"Frederik the Second of good renown, His grace made this exchange,
That Hillerholm went to the crown, And Herluf to Forest Grange."

Hence the name, but not the castle. In 1577 Denmark's architect-king, Christian IV, was born at Frederiksborg. The same hand that designed Rosenborg at Copenhagen ordered the removal of the old hunting lodge and planned a larger structure of red brick and sandstone in Danish adaptation of the Dutch Renaissance. The work under Christian IV proceeded from 1602 until 1620.

Frederiksborg became a favorite resort of the Danish kings, most of whom were crowned there, although in the eighteenth century it ceased to be a permanent residence. Frederick VII, however, actuated by national feeling and romantic sentiment, made Frederiksborg his home and was married there in 1850, to Countess Danner. While the King and Countess were living at Frederiksborg, December 17, 1859, at half-past three in the morning, a violent fire broke out which in a few hours reduced the main building to ashes.

In Denmark, when royal residences are damaged or partly destroyed, they are often fated to be made the property of the state. Frederiksborg, like Rosenborg, has become a national historical museum. By royal gift, by national budget, by popular subscription, the walls were raised again on the site of the old foundations, but the interior, the priceless portrait gallery, had been wiped out. To restore these galleries a single man contributed more than 500,000 crowns. The donor, Dr. J. C. Jacobsen, founder of the Old Carlsberg Brewery and the Carlsberg Fund, the father of Dr. Carl Jacobsen, Denmark's recently deceased Mæcenas, obtained in 1877, royal consent to establish a museum at Frederiksborg and provided for its maintenance from the Carlsberg Fund.

Midsummer Play

By VERNER VON HEIDENSTAM

Translated from the Swedish by Jacob Wittmer Hartmann

IN THE yard stood the little girls, holding a sieve, and near them, on a mossy stone, lay their brother, Axel Fredrik, half asleep. On that day he was celebrating his twentieth birthday. His betrothed, the bashful little Ulrika, who had come to the farm on a visit, was bending the juniper brush into the sieve and chopping it with her sickle. The little girls stretched out their hands to help hold the branches, while the melting snow was dripping from the birches and the alder bushes.

"Just see! Even Grandfather has come out in this glorious weather," said Ulrika, pointing to the big house.

Then the little girls began shouting and dancing and, taking the sieve between them they started down toward the big house, swinging the sieve to the rhythm of the words they were singing:

And the birds of Spring, they sing so well,
Come shepherd-girl, come!
To-night we will dance, and to-night we will play.

On the other side of the barnyard, just where the firs began, the farmhand Elias was bringing down the last load of wood from the forest. The water was splashing all around his wooden shoes, and the two red oxen, Silverhorn and Farmer, had branches of ash in their yoke as a protection against witchcraft. Elias also joined in the song:

And the birds of Spring, they sing so soft,
Come, little goats, come!
To-night on the hillocks the flowers will bloom.

But then he ceased singing and, leaning over the fence, said to Axel Fredrik: "The powder has a bad smell when you shoot, and the soot comes down the chimney, so I guess the thaw will last."

Over the entrance of the big house was a thatched roof, now covered with snow, on which in summer a goat grazed among the leeches and the catchfly.

Below, on a bench, sat Grandfather, in his gray housecoat, with tin buttons, and Ulrika was bringing the little girls to greet him. They were dressed in their shortened skirts, which had been dyed at home with whortle-berry juice, and every time the little girls courtsied they left a faint purple ring on the wet steps.

Grandfather caressed Ulrika's cheek with the back of his hand.

"You will grow up after a bit, little one, and be a great help to Axel Fredrik."

"Oh! If I were only really sure of that, Grandfather! This is such a big place, and there are so many things to do that I am not yet accustomed to."

"Alas! Yes, that is true! And it is such a pity about Axel Fredrik, who lost both father and mother so early in life, and who has never had any other relatives than his aunts and his old grandfather. But we have taken care of him, and you will have to learn, little one, to fill our place. The greatest difficulty of all is his feeble health, the dear boy. Oh, dear child! Thank God for this fine spring day, and for these blessed years of peace!"

Grandfather felt of the chopped juniper twigs, and praised them for their moisture, which would absorb all the dust. Behind him, in the kitchen window, stood the two aunts, cooking a bayberry porridge for a sick cow. Both wore plain black dresses and had their ice-grey hair combed close to their heads.

Ulrika went quickly into the servants' room, where the latter were picking oakum, but she had not taken many steps, before her timid and immature little face again assumed an anxious and listening expression.

"But Ulrika!" called Grandfather, "I don't understand this. Ulrika! Come here, Ulrika!"

She hung up again on the doorpost the bunch of keys she had just taken and went out.

"Isn't that some one on horseback who is coming over yonder?" asked Grandfather. "For three months I have been spared any letters. It always worries me so to get a letter. Just look at him! Just look at him! He is diving into his bag with his paw."

The horseman stopped at the steps for a moment, and left a folded and sealed paper.

The aunts elbowed their way forward on both sides of Grandfather, and handed him his spectacles, but his hands were shaking so that he could hardly break the seal. They all wanted to read the writing at once, and Ulrika even forgot herself so far as to lean over Grandfather's arm and spell out the lines for the others.

Finally she clapped her hands together and gazed off into the distance, great tears coming into her eyes.

"Axel Fredrik! Axel Fredrik!" she cried, running over the sanded court to the enclosure. "For God's sake!"

"What's the matter with you now?" answered Axel Fredrik, casting aside the shrunken fern which he had been chewing. He had a full, fair face and a pleasant but apathetic voice.

She did not stop until she had taken his hand.

"Axel Fredrik, you don't know the news! It is a command to the regiment to hold itself in readiness to be mustered for the country's service. It's all on account of that Danish invasion of Holstein."

He went with her back to the big house, while she squeezed his wrist harder and harder.

"Dear, dear child," stammered Grandfather, "that I should ever live to face such an ordeal. War is upon us."

Axel Fredrik stood and pondered. Finally he looked up and answered: "I don't want to go."

Grandfather walked up and down on the stoop, and around him walked the aunts, back and forth.

"But you are already enlisted, my dear child. The only way out of it would be, if we could perhaps hire some one else."

"Oh, that's easily done," answered Axel Fredrik, indifferently.

In the evening, when the honey pudding had been eaten and all were sitting at the table, Grandfather tried to do his usual stint of a hundred knots in the fish-net he was tying, but his hand trembled too much.

"Things have not been going well up in Stockholm," said he. "Balls, masquerades, streets strewn with food, clowns and magicians of all sorts—this, Kristina, has been our King's daily food. I've heard all about it. When his money was all gone, he began giving away his royal jewels. Now His Royal Highness will have quite a different lesson to learn."

Axel Fredrik pushed back his plate and leaned forward with his elbows on the table, while the aunts and poor little Ulrika, all exhausted with weeping, cleared off the table. Grandfather, nodding and coughing, continued to speak.

"In all these years of peace, we have heard of nothing but greed and extortion, and the worst rascals have forced themselves into the favor of the throne. Now these gluttons will have to walk the straight and narrow path, I think. Ha! Ha! You should have seen the days when Grandfather was young, and was called to serve under the old noble flag. The royal flag, which had been preserved in the royal wardrobe, was unfurled, and the drumhorse, which had been stabled with the colonel, was decked in his long saddle cloth, with crowns in the corners, and then we gathered in our tight gold-laced coats, with the trumpets beginning to play."

Grandfather took the yarn and tried to tie it, but threw it aside again and rose.

"You should have seen that, Axel Fredrik! Even in the moonlight, when we had been drawn up on the icy fields, and sang our song before we began the march, I recognized the red uniform of the men of Nerike, trimmed with white, looking like striped tulips, and the yellow uniforms of Kronoberg, and the gray boys from Kalmar, and the blue regiments from Dalarne, and the yellow and black men of Västgötland. It was a sight worth seeing, but it was as still as in the house of the Lord! Well, this is a time for other men and other coats. Now everything must be simple and severe."

For a moment there was silence in the room. Then Axel Fredrik said, as if to himself:

"If my uniform and weapons were in good condition, a few jolly days in camp mightn't be so bad."

Grandfather shook his head.

"Your health is poor, Axel Fredrik, and there will be many forced marches right through the kingdom, all the way down to the Danes."

"Yes, of course, I don't want to walk, but I could take Elias with me, and the long brown wagon."

"Of course, you can have them at any time, but you haven't any camping tent with pins and stakes and all the other things you need."

"Well, Elias could buy all that on the way, and as for the uniform, I have one that is fairly good."

"Let me see, now, let me see!" Grandfather suddenly became animated and hobbled across the floor and opened the wardrobe. "Ulrika, come here, Ulrika! and read what His Royal Majesty's"—he bowed at the words—"orders that are lying on the table, say. Now, there's a cloak with brass buttons, and lined with smooth Swedish baize. That tallies all right. And here's the vest, too. Now read about the coat!"

Ulrika trimmed the candle and sat down at the table with her hands up to her brow, and spelled the words in a monotonous, high-pitched tone:

"Coat of blue, unstretched cloth, collar red, lining of madder red, twelve brass buttons in front, four over the pocket and three under the pocket, and a button on each side, and three small ones on each sleeve."

"Eight, twelve—that's all right. Now for the trousers."

"Trousers of good buckskin or doeskin, with three buttons covered with chamois."

"They're disgracefully worn. Soon there'll be holes in the breeches. But Elias could surely manage to get you a new pair on the way. But how about the hat and gloves? Where in the world are the hat and gloves, anyway?"

"They are in the chest out in the hall," said Axel Fredrik.

Ulrika continued reading:

"Gloves with large cuffs of yellow chamois-dressed, strong, tough oxhide, with hand of buck or goatskin. Shoes of good Swedish wax leather, with straps in one piece. Bottoms to be double-soled. Buckles of brass."

"The shoes and the wax-leather boots are here; they are passable, and you can have my spurs. You will make a handsome Swedish soldier, my dear boy."

"Neckerchiefs: one of black Swedish wool, two and a half feet long, with attached ends, half an ell long, each, as well as two white ones."

"Elias will have to buy them for you in Örebro."

"Pistols, two pairs. Pistol-holsters of black leather with collar of frizzled chamois."

"You may take mine. My broadsword, also, is in good condition with a calfskin sheath and guards of elkskin. That's the way a Swedish warrior should look! Now we will have to think about fitting out Elias, and the provisioning of the knapsack, and so on."

Axel Fredrik stretched himself.

"I guess I'd better go upstairs and lie down and take a good rest while I have the chance."

Now there was noise and much running about in the big house. All day long they would hammer and beat; the fire blazed and crackled in the fireplace and at night there were candles burning. The only room that remained dark was Axel Fredrik's.

The last night no one went to bed except Axel Fredrik, and when daylight had advanced to the point where they could put out all the lights, his aunts waked him and gave him something warm to drink while he was still in bed, and some strong drops, too, for they had heard him cough during the night.

When he came down to the room later, the others had already gathered there, including the maids and the hands, and the table was set for them all. They ate without a word, but when the meal was over and they were about to rise, the Bible was carried to Grandfather's place, and Ulrika read a passage in a choked voice. When she had finished, Grandfather clasped his hands and spoke with eyes closed.

"Even as my fathers have done before me, so do I now, in the hour of departure, place my hands upon thee, my daughter's son, and bless thee; for my years are many, and who knows when my hour-glass may run out. Beneath my lowly roof I call to God on high, that he may lead thee to honor, that the heavy trials which await us may serve only to raise our little nation and make it greater and more glorious."

At the corner of the table stood Axel Fredrik, fingering and tilting his plate, while from without could be heard the rumbling of the long brown wagon, as it drew up.

Then all went out, and Axel Fredrik climbed to a seat alongside of Elias. He was dressed in his grandfather's wolfskin coat and, in consequence, felt very hot, for the warm spring weather was melting the snow on roof and tree.

"Here is the butter-crock," said the aunts, "and here is the bread sack. Elias, listen! Under the driver's seat is a cheese cake and a bottle of strong drops. And if the journey should become too strenuous, dear Axel Fredrik, never forget that the way home is always open."

But Grandfather pushed himself between them and felt of the back of the wagon.

"Is the chest tied on securely? Well, let's see now! Here is the currycomb and the brush, and here you have the food bag and the canteen. Just the way it ought to be And bullet-mould and shears and casting-ladle are in the chest."

Ulrika stood behind them without being noticed and said softly: "Axel Fredrik, when it is summer, some evening I will go out and tie *Happythread* and *Sorrowthread* on the wheat and see which will grow highest by next morning."

"Now we're ready" broke in Grandfather, who had not heard her. "And God be with you and Elias!"

On both sides of the road and round about stood the house servants and the day workers.

But just as Elias raised his whip, Axel Fredrik laid his hands upon the reins.

"This trip may end badly!" said he.

"It would look ill," said Elias, "to unhitch now and to go back."

Axel Fredrik put his hand back in the arm of his fur coat, and between the rows of silent people the wagon rolled away.

The weeks passed, and the trees blossomed. It was a very lonesome trip with Närike's regiment through the wildernesses of Sweden, and Axel Fredrik, in his fur coat and with gloves of fluffy goat-skin sat with a hot forehead and slept alongside of Elias. Not far from Landskrona the long brown wagon had dropped behind the regiment's rearguard and the horse stood in the broiling hot sun and grazed off the sides of the ditches. Master and servant slept shoulder to shoulder.

The horse struck after a gadfly, and the water purled and gurgled in the ditch. A couple of vagabonds yelled after the sleepers, but they remained in the same carefree lethargy.

Just then they heard a gallop behind them, and a plainly dressed young man with a large linen-colored periwig, stopped his bay horse beside their wagon.

Elias poked Axel Fredrik in the side and took the reins himself, but Axel Fredrik felt disinclined to open his eyes and merely said, "Yes, you drive, Elias! I need to get a good rest, so as to be ready for the march."

Elias poked him in the side once more.

"Wake up, wake up," he whispered.

Drowsily Axel Fredrik opened his eyes, but in the same instant he blushed deeply and, jumping up, he stood at attention in the middle of the wagon.

From pictures he had immediately recognized the eighteen-year-old King himself. And yet, what a change! Was this rapidly

matured and majestically self-controlled youth the same who only a month ago was decapitating calves and breaking window panes? He was not over medium height, his face was small, but his forehead was high and noble, and the large, deep, blue eyes seemed to give out a sunny light that was irresistible.

"The gentleman might throw aside his fur cloak so that one may see his uniform," he said, formally. "The grass has been green for a long time."

Axel Fredrik puffed and labored to get off that cursed fur of his grandfather's. The King looked at the coat and the buttons, fingered them, pulled them and counted them.

"It'll do," said he, with precocious gravity. "And now we must all become new men."

Axel Fredrik stood still, dazed but erect, and he looked fixedly at the wagon wheel. Then the King added slowly:

"In a few days it will probably be our fortune to meet the enemy. I have been told that nothing on the field of battle is harder to bear than thirst. If the gentleman should perhaps meet me on the field of battle would he kindly offer me his canteen?"

The King spurred his horse on and Axel Fredrik sat down. He had never loved nor hated, never been transfigured nor enraptured, and he pondered on the King's words.

The fur cloak remained lying between him and Elias, and when the long wagon finally rolled into Landskrona during the twilight, the regiment had pitched its tents.

Axel Fredrik looked around for the abundantly provided drinking table of which he had dreamed. Instead he found a few taciturn comrades who pressed each other by the hand and stood about in groups, looking out over the sound, where the waves were storming under the cloudy summer sky and where flags and pennants waved over the Swedish fleet, with its forest of masts.

The next morning Elias put the horse and the long wagon into a stable. The Crown had already taken possession of all vessels, and not until the day after the fleet sailed could he follow to Sjaelland on board a fishing boat. He remained standing there upon the sandy shore when the monster anchors, dripping with moisture, were raised on rattling chains. From one mast after another the swelling sail was unfurled and the sunshine glistened upon the lanterns and glass windows of the poops. The waves danced and reflected in flaming rings the lofty figure-heads, which, with their laurel branches and tridents, pointed away over the sea toward unpathed lands of miracle, toward adventure and prowess. The cloud masses had sunk and drifted far out to sea on the waves, and the air was blue as in a fairy tale.

Then the King forgot himself, the child in him came uppermost,

and he began to clap his hands. He stood at the lookout house, right before the lanterns, and the gray-haired warriors, who had fought with his father, smiled a little and began to clap their hands, also. Even His Excellency Piper sprang up the steps like a sailor boy. On the ship there were no longer any old or disabled men; it seemed an army of youths.

Then, as if on a secret signal, the band began to play, the drums beat, and swords flew from their sheaths, while, drowning Admiral Anckarstierna's words in the trumpet, the hymn rang out from nineteen battleships and one hundred smaller vessels.

Elias recognized Axel Fredrik, who was sitting upon Grandfather's fur coat, squeezed in between gabions and earth-bags and spiked beams. But when Elias saw that he also was getting up and drawing his sword with the rest, and saw the fleet gradually disappearing over the water, he drew his hand across his eyes and shook his head. He went back to the barn, murmuring:

"How shall he, with his feeble health, take care of himself until I reach him?"

A few days afterwards Elias was driving his long wagon alone over the roads of Smaland. The farmer's wives, who recognized him as the man who had driven past with the sleeping officer, looked out from the cottage doors and asked if it was true that the Swedes had landed on Sjaelland, and that the King had thanked God upon his knees for the victory, but had stammered in his embarrassment. Elias nodded affirmatively but said nothing.

Day after day he drove slowly toward the north and, holding the reins, he walked the whole way beside the wagon, which was covered with a piece of an old sail. When he finally came, one evening, into the enclosure before the big house, every one knew by the noise that it was the long, brown wagon, and the horse whinnied. Frightened, they all ran to the window; Grandfather himself came out upon the stoop and Ulrika stood in the middle of the garden.

Elias walked as slowly as before, with the reins in his hand, and when he reached the stoop, the horse stopped of his own accord.

Then Elias very carefully drew the covering from the wagon and there stood a long, narrow, wooden box, with a yellow wreath of beech leaves on the cover.

"I have brought him home with me," said Elias. The ball struck him in the chest as he was springing forward to give his Majesty the King a drink from his bottle."

Editorial

"Bondetåget" The drab expanse of modern political history has been broken by an event so vivid and colorful that we must go back centuries to find a parallel. Perhaps no nation today but Sweden, where personality and spontaneity are not yet wiped out, could have produced such a demonstration as the *Bondetåg* or Yeoman's March to the King on February 6. Often enough, starving city mobs have tried to approach their ruler with appeal or menace, or the citizens of a country, grown strong, have gone to wrest their rights from an unwilling government. But the freeholders of Sweden came thirty thousand strong from all parts of the country, under the provincial banners that led their fathers in glorious wars, not to demand anything, but to offer the King their wealth in the service of the fatherland. It must be remembered that the Swedish *bonde* or *odalman* is no "peasant," in the South European sense, but a freeholder accustomed from ancient times to meeting his king face to face, accustomed to make generous response to the personal appeal of the sovereign. "From time immemorial the yeomen of Sweden have tilled the soil over which they themselves and no foreign intruder held sway," said the call issued by a group of *odalmän* to their fellows. "We who now till the free soil of Sweden wish to preserve it for our descendants. We wish to leave them undisturbed the right to reap new harvests for their own livelihood and for the prosperity of the fatherland from this soil, which must always remain Swedish. The fatherland is the one thing that must be guarded above all else. To lose its liberty or independence is to lose life itself."

The King's manly and direct reply to the yeomen is printed in another part of this issue. Espousing as it did the programme of military experts for immediate action, the speech, which was made without consultation with the Prime Minister, Mr. Staaff, caused the resignation of the liberal ministry, who were committed to a more gradual strengthening of the defenses of the country. Whatever may be the political outcome, there can be no doubt that King Gustaf has the sympathy of the people of Sweden. Although a counter-demonstration, organized by the Socialists to protest against the burdens of taxation demanded by the military program numbered 30,000, its influence was swept away in the wave of enthusiasm that followed in the wake of the *Bondetag*. Seventy thousand names were signed to the telegrams assuring the King that other yeomen all over the country were as ready to sacrifice for the fatherland as those who brought him the message in person. One group of citizens after another hastened to add their promise of loyal support. Addresses were sent by scientists, artists, authors and business men. From the

universities of Lund, Uppsala and Göteborg 3,300 students came to assure the King that the youth of the country was with him—no mere lyrical outburst, since one of the points in the new army program is the lengthening of military service for students. The white-capped singing crowds "like the onward rush of white-crested spring floods," were as impressive in their fresh young enthusiasm as the grave, earnest ranks of the *Bondetåg*.

While King Gustaf has declared that he has no desire to revive a "personal monarchy," the late events have shown how deep a hold monarchical institutions have over the Swedish nation. By his quick and true comprehension of his people the King has become, in fact, the personal leader in that new movement which has fused radical and conservative, peace worker and militarist in devotion to the fatherland. Even where some technical criticism of the King's action in addressing the *Bondetåg* without consulting his ministers is admitted, there is a tendency to brush it aside as immaterial. The idea that the King alone in all Sweden should be denied the right of free speech seems to the Swedes a ridiculous parliamentary tyranny unworthy of a free people.

The New Ministry

The task of forming a new cabinet has been entrusted to Hjalmar Hammarskjöld, Governor of Uppsala, a noted jurist who has twice before been a member of the government. He has represented Sweden in several international arbitration cases, in the Karlstad conference with Norway in 1905, and at the last World Peace Congress at The Hague. The Prime Minister has himself taken the portfolio of War, while the Foreign Minister is K. A. Wallenberg; the Minister of Justice, B. Hasselrot; the Civil Minister, O. von Sydow; the Marine Minister, Daniel Broström; the Minister of Finance, A. Vennersten; the Church Minister, K. G. Westman; the Minister of Agriculture, J. G. Beck-Fries. The new ministry, which commands the respect of all factions, has formed a program resting entirely on the strengthening of the military defenses, and the dissolution of the Riksdag makes it possible to put this program before the people in a special election, while other matters can be left to the regular fall elections. Special stress is laid on the fact that the increase in the army and navy is for defense only. It is believed in Sweden that the coming special election will be one of the most hotly contested campaigns ever held there, and in the confusion of old party lines and the moving of political landmarks the outcome is by no means certain. Whatever may be the results, however, the new issue has in fact already conquered in the wills of the Swedish people, conquered in opened hearts and quickened spirits and in a time of visitation that is already glorious history.

The Baltic

The Baltic lies across the map like a huge fish, with its tail frozen away far in the north, wedged in between Sweden and Finland, stretching southwest near a thousand miles to where its three mouths seem to engulf the Isles of Denmark. The Baltic may be said to have three shores. East and West, Russia and Sweden gaze anxiously, facing each other; on the south the German Empire encroaches upon shrunken Denmark. Russia and Prussia are, comparatively, newcomers to the coast of the Baltic, for the gray old sea has seen many vicissitudes of fortune since the days when the Aesir were worshipped at Uppsala—an eastward waterway of Swedish Vikings, a shore for Danish conquests, a harbor for the Hansa trade, a Swedish inland sea, an outlet for a time for Poland, and now for Russia, a naval base for Germany.

Indeed, the Russian Empire owes its origin to the band of Swedish Vikings, the *Rus*, the *rowers* from over the sea, who came under Rurik and his brethren in the ninth century to found a principality at Novgorod and Kieff. In the centuries following, the kings of Denmark were extending their dominion eastward along the southern Baltic, subduing the Slavic Wends, and assuming the title borne to this day by Danish rulers, "King of the Danes and Wends." In 1219 Valdemar the Victorious made Esthonia—far east on the Gulf of Finland almost to the site of St. Petersburg—a Danish province; that time the Dannebrog, the Danish standard, according to tradition, fluttered down from heaven upon the Danish army, and its emblem was set in the arms of Rival, a city founded by the Danes. During the fourteenth century Denmark was disputing the mastery of the Baltic with the Hanseatic League of German traders, who had established themselves even at Visby in the midst of the sea. All this time bands of German colonists were gradually creeping north, across the marshes to the Baltic's southern shores, and crowding out the Slavic natives and the Danish garrisons. Sweden, meanwhile, in the north, had carried the Christian cross and the Swedish flag across into Finland, which became virtually a Swedish province. The seventeenth century witnessed Sweden's ascendancy under the arms of Gustavus Adolphus and other kings of the House of Vasa, who annexed for a time the Polish and German shores and made the Baltic a Swedish inland lake. In 1658 the cession by Denmark of Skåne brought Sweden down to Malmö and the southern tip of the Scandinavian peninsula. But Sweden's domain, like that of Denmark, soon began to shrink, after Peter the Great planned his systematic advance for a northern outlet. Peter took the Swedish fortress on the Neva and laid in 1703 the foundation of St. Petersburg. Under Charles XII the Swedes assumed again the aggressive and carried the war far into Peter's own country, in a campaign which, although it resulted in apparent disaster and great economic suffering

for Sweden, served, after all, perhaps, to moderate Russia's headlong advance. Peter ultimately acquired the Swedish provinces south of the Gulf of Finland, and later in the century the partition of Poland brought the boundaries of Russia south to Prussia, near the Memel River. In 1809 Sweden was obliged to relinquish Finland also to Russia. Although for a century Finland has been regarded as a buffer between Sweden and Russia, of late its Russification has proceeded more rapidly, and military railroads make the length of its western shores easily accessible from St. Petersburg. Hence "The Warning Word" of Sven Hedin, the popular subscription for battleships, the *Bondetåg* and the recent political crisis in Sweden.

Although Sweden and Denmark are separated only by the narrow Sound that flows between Malmö and Copenhagen, the contemporary foreign policies of the two governments are radically different. Both nations preserve an armed neutrality, ready for any general European conflict. Sweden technically is armed against Russia, and is apparently making every effort to maintain friendly relations—in commerce, in politics and in education—with the German Empire, with which the kingdom is being closely knit by rail and sea. To Denmark, on the other hand, Russia seems relatively remote; Denmark is ever vigilant against Germany and fosters a friendship for England. Behind Sweden and Denmark, Norway looks also to England for support and cultivates a polite suspicion at the same time, both of Russia and Germany.

We cannot expect the Baltic to preserve its political equilibrium in the future any more than it has in the past, but this summer war and rumors of war will be forgotten, when the four nations of the Baltic unite at Malmö in the peaceful rivalry of industries and arts. In these friendly contests, also, the fittest will survive. The race is to the swift and the battle to the strong.

Skansen In this issue of the REVIEW we reproduce two pages of illustrations of perennial interest from the open-air museum of *Skansen* on the heights that overlook the city of Stockholm, an exhibition which will rival Malmö as a Mecca for Americans who visit Sweden this summer. Probably no other nation can show thus grouped together in the open air the daily life of its country districts to the most remote and picturesque provinces. Here are not only the houses, but their furnishings, not only the national costumes but the people who wear them; while the dance pavilion in the park gives opportunity for the perpetuation of those beautiful old rhythmic movements which are both national art and religious ritual. Skansen is a monument to the enthusiasm and patriotism of one man, Dr. Arthur Hazelius, founder of the Northern Museum.

Scandinavian Languages in American Schools

The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study has performed a significant public service in preparing the "Report on the Scandinavian Languages in the Secondary Schools," printed in the *Publications* of the Society for November, 1913. A committee, of which Prof. A. A. Stomberg, of the University of Minnesota was chairman, sent out to the various schools a list of twenty-five questions, which resulted in collecting a body of definite information on this very confused subject. The report shows that the study of Swedish or Norwegian, heretofore confined to the universities and special Scandinavian colleges, has since 1910 found a place in the curriculum of free public schools—high schools and upper grammar school grades—in five states, Minnesota, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin and North Dakota. Of these, Minnesota far outnumbers the other states in the number of schools and pupils. Usually Scandinavian is an elective study, placed on the same basis as German, French or other foreign languages. "In one place, Cokato, Minnesota, Swedish is compulsory for all pupils in the eighth grade."

"It will thus be seen," reads the report, "that there are six schools that have courses in both Swedish and Norwegian, with an enrollment of 243 for Norwegian and 320 for Swedish. Norwegian alone is found in fourteen schools, with an enrollment of 311 and Swedish alone in eight schools, with an enrollment of 316. This makes a total for Norwegian of 554 and for Swedish of 636, or a total for the two languages of 28 schools and 1,190 students.

"In 1910, when Scandinavian classes were begun for the first time in five high schools, the total enrollment was 203. . . . It may be of interest to note that 45 students taking Scandinavian (8 per cent.) are non-Scandinavian, *i.e.*, neither father nor mother is Scandinavian."

The committee reports the need of more text books with vocabularies and English notes. At present two Swedish grammars and five reading books are in use, three Norwegian grammars and eight reading books. Apparently the favorite edited texts are Lagerlöf: *En Herrgardssägen*, edited by Professor A. L. Elmquist, of Northwestern University and Björnson: *Synnöve Solbakken*, edited by Professor G. T. Flom of the University of Illinois.

With such an encouraging situation, the committee will, no doubt, be able to report still greater progress at the annual meeting of the Society in Minneapolis, May 1 and 2. More and more children of Scandinavian origin realize the advantage of choosing a language which preserves their inherited literary traditions. A visit to the schools of Europe, especially to those of Scandinavia, soon discloses the absurdity of our inherent Yankee fear of confusing the youthful mind with a multiplicity of tongues. The child masters languages easily, and each acquisition means a new avenue of culture, a broadening of outlook and interest.

Books

A HOLBERG REVIVAL

"A Forgotten Dramatist" is the heading with which the Harvard University Press announces "The Comedies of Holberg," by Oscar James Campbell, Jr., assistant professor in English in the University of Wisconsin. The book will be reviewed in a later issue of the REVIEW, together with the volume of plays by Holberg to be published by the American-Scandinavian Foundation. For the present we quote from the Harvard *Literary Notes:*

"The announcement of a new star in the literary firmament of two centuries ago might well be received with suspicion. But Ludvig Holberg, the greatest of Danish dramatists, will be such to most American readers. A mere sketch of his life shows a man of extraordinary versatility and interest; professor, in turn, of law, metaphysics, history and eloquence at the University of Copenhagen, and author, moreover, of works in these subjects which were authorities in that day; a famous traveler, familiar with life in England and the Continent; a shrewd man of business, who made himself, unaided, both millionaire and baron; a prolific writer and, chief of all, the first to establish the drama in Denmark and write for the stage. "Polite learning in Denmark," says Goldsmith, enthusiastically, "rose and fell with the celebrated Baron Holberg." He was, as it happened, Goldsmith's own prototype, in his meagre student days, when he traveled through France and Italy afoot, and spent two and a half years at the University of Oxford. The Italian commedia dell' arte and the classic essays of Addison alike affected his style, but none so much as his master, Molière. As a result, none of the great eighteenth century dramatists show so cosmopolitan a blend of tendencies and influences. The life and study of Holberg, which has just appeared from the Harvard University Press, gives a truly fascinating picture. The author, Professor Campbell of the University of Wisconsin, has traced with much skill and interest the many relationships that made Holberg the most cosmopolitan figure in the literature of his time. It is a volume well worthy of following its predecessors in the Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature."

THE WANDERER'S NECKLACE. By H. Rider Haggard. Longmans, Green & Company, New York, 1914.

A tale of adventure and romance is the story of Olaf the Norseman, a hero of the ninth century. The life of the hardy sea rovers is vividly described, and a fierce battle on the sea heightens the excitement. The reader then follows Olaf southward to Greece, where he takes service with the Empress Irene, and where various dangers and bloody vicissitudes lead to the happy termination presaged by the finding of the necklace.

It is a story of contrasts: The faithfulness of Olaf to his foster-brother Steinar, his loyalty to the Empress, the mutual love between him and Heliodore, and the fierce steadfastness of Jodd are set in opposition to the scheming cruelty of the royal household, while the rugged, slashing bravery of the Norsemen throws into relief the fickleness and treachery of the effete Greeks. The mystery of the story is deepened by the psychic element: Olaf the Norseman is reincarnated in the writer, and centuries before his appearance as the hero of the present tale he was Olaf the Wanderer.

B. M. P.



INTERIOR OF FARM-HOUSE



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AN ENTRANCE GATE, SKANSEN



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PEASANTS



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WEDDING PROCESSION



PEASANT DANCE



AT HOME IN SKANSEN



DANCE—THE FICKLE SUITOR

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Brief Notes

The reproduction of Rosenborg Castle and the dedicatory sonnet by Mr. Egan in the Yule number of the REVIEW preceded by a few weeks the announcement that the new title, Count of Rosenborg, had been created by King Christian for his nephew, Prince Aage, who renounced his claim to the throne in marrying an Italian lady, the Countess Calvi. The American minister in Copenhagen has had the picture and sonnet in the REVIEW effectively framed for presentation to the first Count of Rosenborg.

Mr. John A. Gade has undertaken to maintain the department of modern Norwegian literature in the library of Harvard University. The library is very rich in Scandinavian literature, both ancient and modern.

The book compiled by Mr. Alfred Gabrielson for the State of North Dakota in honor of the Norwegian Centennial, shows that no less than one-fourth of the taxable property of the State is held by Norwegians.

A Scandinavian Art Society has been formed in Minneapolis under the auspices of the Odin Club. The American-Scandinavian Foundation was represented at the organization by the Honorable Lauritz S. Swenson, who has been chosen president of the Society. Its first vice-president is Governor Eberhart.

The story of Ole Bull's ill-fated Norwegian colony, Oleana, in Pennsylvania, is the foundation for a romance called "Olea," by Samuel Haven Glassmire, published by the Knickerbocker Press. The author modestly makes no claim to historic dignity, but has written his little tale in a sympathetic spirit as a tribute to the visionary and idealist, Ole Bull.

The need for a scholarly magazine of Scandinavian literature has been met by the new quarterly, *Edda*. While published in Norway and edited by Professor Gran, it is of international scope and contains reviews of the literature of Sweden, Denmark, England and Germany, written by scholars of the several countries in their own languages.

The Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study has doubled its membership in the past year, and with the financial aid of the American-Scandinavian Foundation has increased the size of its publication. New members should send their application with one dollar for annual dues to the secretary, Professor A. Louis Elmquist, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill., before the annual meeting to be held in Minneapolis, May 1 and 2.



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MIDSUMMER EVE NUMBER

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE JULY REVIEW

Professor HANS OLRIK of Copenhagen is the eminent historian in a family whose members have won distinction in various pursuits of science and art. His fine and subtle impression of the legend of St. Helene was written on the invitation of the editor, who visited Tisvilde in 1913.

Probably no living American has done more to arouse public interest in contemporary Northern literature, as essayist, translator, and editor, than EDWIN BJÖRKMAN, who was recently appointed traveling scholar of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. Mr. Björkman was born in Stockholm in 1866.

DRACHMANN'S confident ode to Strindberg was composed by the Danish poet at a time when Strindberg was reviled and misunderstood in Sweden. It has proved a startling prophecy of the fame that came to Strindberg twenty years later. The verses are translated by the young Harvard poet, NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR, author of "Celtic Memories."

A story by HERMAN BANG appeared in the March REVIEW. The translator of "Pernille," Miss JULIA E. GYLLICH, of Copenhagen, perfected her knowledge of English while residing in the Danish West Indies.

The English poetess, Miss E. M. SMITH-DAMPIER, in her volumes "Ballads from the Danish" and "The Norse King's Bridal" has shown the same rare power of interpreting folk poetry which she manifests in her present translation of "Queen Dagmar's Death."

Miss MAREN MICHELET is instructor in Norwegian in the South High School of Minneapolis.

ASAPH ROBERT SHELANDER appeared among the contributors to the March number. Dr. LEE M. HOLLANDER, of Wisconsin University, is also a frequent contributor.

The COVER is designed from a screen by Anders Zorn now in Buda-Pest. The FRONTISPIECE is after Jörgen Sonne, one of Denmark's favorite genre painters. The photographs from Tisvilde are by Mr. Knud Hendriksen. An added interest is attached to the relief reproduced as a CENTERPIECE, in that the artist is a cousin of the decorator, Frode Rambusch, of New York.

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THE SICK AT HELENE'S GRAVE ON MIDSUMMER EVE—FROM A PAINTING BY JÖRGEN SONNE IN 1847

THE
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Tisvilde and Helene's Spring

By HANS OLRIK

Written for the REVIEW in Danish and Translated from the Original Manuscript

NORTH SJAELLAND—the wide peninsula between the Öresund and Roskilde Fjord—is known the world over for its smiling loveliness. There are undulating hills, luxuriant beechwoods, idyllic lakes embedded in the forest, and picturesque moors. The pointed gable of the village church peeps out from clusters of trees, and royal palaces are mirrored in the quiet waters.

In the northwest, however, toward the wide expanse of the Kattegat, the country changes. This is the region of Tisvilde. Here the western wind is a stern master. The trees strain and stretch their branches to the east, trying to escape the wild embrace of the storm, and often the fresh leaves are blighted by the ravages of the sand. The air is keen as in West Jylland. Nature is sterner and harsher than in other parts of Sjaelland, but not less beautiful.

Here it was that the wind, centuries ago, whipped the beach sand in over the fertile meadows, when men had thoughtlessly cut away the forest, the living guardian of their civilization. The sand hills grew and grew, and the western wind carried them farther and farther to the east. Very soon the drifting sand drove every living being from the proud castle of Asserbo, the battlements crumbled, and the ramparts became a heap of ruins. Then it wiped out a whole village with sixteen dwelling houses, leaving no stone upon stone, and after that it began to choke the next village, Tibirke. The dunes came up to the church roof, and the tree-tops lifted ragged branches to heaven in pleading, while the trunks, closely packed with sand, could not breathe, and the clay-built cottages collapsed under the heavy pressure. It looked as though the whole beautiful district would become a plain of desolation.

The unhappy peasants were quite powerless against the mighty play of natural forces, but at last their desperate appeals reached the Government in Copenhagen, and in the year 1723 the matter was taken up by an energetic governor. An efficient German, who knew the dunes along the North Sea, offered wise counsel, which at last prevailed. By covering the wide sand dune with seaweed and sod, in which he planted beach-grass, he put a stop to the ravages. It was a great deed, and therefore a monument was raised to him at the easternmost point of the dunes, to tell the wayfarer of coming generations how man's wisdom and man's will conquered in the long, hard battle.

Later on, pines and firs were planted over the death-like grayish white expanse of the plain. Slowly and with difficulty they grew, for the sand was barren, and the wind was hard. The trees did not venture to lift their branches, but spread them cautiously along the ground, as though they had been a growth of the polar regions at the uttermost edge of life. Yet one tree sheltered another, and after a while tall, slender trunks were lifted. Where the mountain fir and white pine had gone before, the birch followed, and sometimes even the Danish beechwoods would rise from the sand. But farthest west, where there is no shelter, the trunks even now writhe along the ground like gigantic snakes, and the branches are closely interwoven in their endeavor to stand together against the storm. It is an almost impenetrable wilderness, where the wanderer must often creep, and can but seldom walk erect; it is the Troll Forest, a bit of nature so unique that the Government has taken steps to guard it forever.

From these weird woods Tisvilde has gained a well-deserved fame; and yet Tisvilde was one of the most famous spots in Denmark many centuries earlier.

If you will walk along the high dune east of Tisvilde Forest, looking out over the frothing waves of the Kattegat, you will come to a spot where the sand recedes a little, and where the grass is green and thick. There, on the edge of the dune is a little spring, not a gushing or bubbling fountain, but simply a basin made of flat stones filled with water, which is not very clean. This deep well in such an unusual place is the origin of the fame that centers around the spot and, for that matter also, of the name, Tisvilde, or "Ti's væld," meaning Tyr's well, while Tibirke means Tyr's birch-grove. In other



HELENE'S GRAVE

words, we are standing before a sacred tradition so old that it is connected with the god Ti or Tyr.

It is a sorry fate that has been allotted the god Tyr. In the "Edda," which mirrors the spiritual life of late paganism, he plays but a subordinate part; he must even forfeit his right arm in the mouth of the Fenris Wolf as a penalty for the treachery of the Aesir to the brute. But there was a time when he occupied the first place. The Ti of the Scandinavians, the Tiu or Ziu of the Germans, is linguistically the same as the Diuâs of the ancient Hindus, the Zeus of the Hellenes, and the Ju-piter (pater, father) of the Romans, the powerful and radiant lord of heaven, the king of the gods. Among the Goths he was also the highest deity, and the Schwabians are called simply "Tiu-worshippers." Furthermore, Prokopios, in the sixth century, testifies that he was the chief god of the Scandinavians, and that human beings were sacrificed to him. It follows, therefore, that the sacred well in the sand dunes has been a noted place of worship, and that slaves and captives of war have been sacrificed to the god in Ti's birch-grove.

Four hundred years after the narrative of Prokopios, Christianity became dominant in Denmark, and the bloody horrors of the Tibirke sacred grove ceased forever. but faith in the holy well remained, and no doubt many a convert to Christianity has gone in secret to sacrifice a penny or a precious trinket to the spirit of the water.

In this way the sacred tradition of paganism survived, until a strange thing happened, and it was transformed into a Christian tradition: Ti's well became Helene's spring, and an adjacent grave mound of the later stone age or the earlier bronze age became Helene's grave.

The Helene whose name is perpetuated here is an historical person, though, strange to say, not of Danish, but of Swedish origin. She lived in West Götland in the first half of the twelfth century, and is said to have built the church at Sköfde in the years of her widowhood; as a saint she is therefore known as Helene of Sköfde. In some mysterious way this Swedish saint has been transplanted to Tisvilde. Popular tradition has seized on various well-known legendary motifs, notably the one about the stone which carries a persecuted woman over the water. This reappears in different forms. The commonly accepted form of the legend is as follows: The pious



TIBIRKE CHURCH



HELENE'S WELL IN 1913

Helene is drowned in the sea by wicked people. A large stone rises to the surface and, like a boat, carries her dead body to Tisvilde. The inhabitants find it, and are about to bury it in Tisvilde Church; the dune is cleft in two to open a way for them, and the fissure is still pointed out to support the tradition. Where the bier is set down, the spring gushes forth. The bearers pass on over the plains, but when they speak unseemly words, the body sinks deep down into the ground. This is "Helene's grave." On the beach a stone is visible when the water is low; it is that on which "Helle-Lene" (the Holy Lene) sailed over the Kattegat, and it still shows the imprint of her hands, her feet and her hair.

The spring that had once been the sanctuary of the bloody god of war became a place of pilgrimage. Numerous gifts of pious visitors made it possible to extend the little church of Tibirke, with a disproportionately large choir, and to give it a precious carved altar, now in the National Museum of Copenhagen. Even in early medieval times, people flocked to the spring on Saint Hans Eve, June 23, or on Saint Helene's Day, July 31. The gloomy superstition and the abandoned merrymaking that mingle in the observance of Midsummer Eve both became associated with the memory of "Helle-Lene." It was customary that he who would drink of the spring should first throw a few drops of water over his head, so that it fell on the ground behind him, and the sick were supposed to spend the night at Helene's grave. At the spring and at the grave crosses and crutches were raised as evidences of the gratitude of those who had been healed and the grave was also marked by a larger crucifix and a chapel.

The Reformation made its entry into Denmark; worship of saints was forbidden, and both crucifix and chapel were destroyed. The pilgrimages to Helene's spring and Helene's grave were continued, however, and it became customary to hold annual markets in connection with them. Clerical conferences issued warnings against these observances as Papistical superstitions, but the pastors of the neighboring parishes took a different view of the matter. One of them sent out, in 1650, with the approval of his colleagues, a brief for the spring, attributing all glory to God for the cures effected, but at the same time enumerating the forms of illness which the waters had power to heal.

At that time, Helene's spring was actually fashionable, and the

medical faculty gave out a favorable statement regarding its healing power. King Christian the Fourth liked to visit the famous spot, and for his own convenience had an inn built in the village of Tisvilde, furnished with a stove, a kettle to heat the water, and three large bathtubs. When the king was not there, people of quality were allowed to use it.

In Holberg's time, pilgrimages to Helene's spring were yet frequent, as we may gather from his comedy, "*Kilderejsen*," and even so late as the middle of the nineteenth century advertisements in the Copenhagen papers announced that parties were organized to visit the spring at Tisvilde. It was chiefly the peasants of the neighborhood, however, who sought healing of Saint Helene.

Sören Kirkegaard visited the old haunts of the pilgrims in 1835. He calls Tibirke Church a memento of the unhappy village that was choked by sand, and indulges in profound reflections over the locks of hair, rags, crutches, and boards carrying naive descriptions, left by those who had been healed at the grave.

Twelve years later Jörgen Sonne painted that pathetic picture of the sick and their faithful relatives spending the night at Helene's grave, which is reproduced in this number of the REVIEW. The calm, poetic summer night forms the setting for the alternate hope and fear that hold the minds of the sick in tension, while their friends gently try to alleviate their suffering.

As the years pass, the traditions that have clung to the spring for a thousand years fade from the popular mind. It is only old people who can remember seeing crutches and crosses at Helene's grave, and rarely does it happen that some one fills a pitcher at the spring and carries it to a sick friend. The spots that commemorate Helene's name are very insignificant to the casual observer, but invisible memories hover over the spring and the grave, where sick people have slept in the hope of being healed of the treacherous illness that was destroying them, and where young men and maidens have played and dreamed in the intoxicating summer night, when sunset and sunrise mingle in a red glow over the sea, when Midsummer Eve bonfires crackle, and the waves hum their melodies on the beach.



Harald Höffding: A Personal Tribute

By EDWIN BJÖRKMAN

AT THE DEATH OF DR. CARL JACOBSEN, THE STATELY VILLA BUILT BY HIS FATHER, J. C. JACOBSEN, WAS SET ASIDE, IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE WISH OF THE FIRST OWNER AND HIS WIFE, TO BE FOREVER AN HONORARY DWELLING FOR A MAN WHO HAS IN SOME SPECIAL WAY DESERVED THE GRATITUDE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN. THE CHOICE WAS LEFT TO THE SOCIETY OF SCIENCES, AND IT FELL UPON HARALD HÖFFDING, PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN.



AS THE life work of Professor Höffding stands before us today—practically completed, one must fear—it strikes me as the most comprehensive and most balanced survey of available human knowledge. Its superiority is conditioned not only by the tremendous quantity of information stored within its several parts—such as the "Psychology," the "Ethics," the "History of Modern Philosophy" and the "Philosophy of Religion"—but still more by its author's remarkable sense of perspective and proportion, as well as by his unsurpassed grasp on other men's intentions. I know of no other living mind equipped with an equal power to deal sympathetically with matter not its own. To read a volume like Professor Höffding's "Contemporary Philosophers" is like getting the map of a city through which one has been passing back and forth more or less unthinkingly.

It has been said that, as a thinker, he is lacking in originality. The nature of his work goes far to explain this charge. He has never sought quick success by the enunciation of brilliant but doubtful theories. Nor has he for any length of time been found burrowing in the mole holes of the specialists. At a period when the division of labor had been carried so far in science and philosophy that further progress seemed seriously hazarded, he undertook calmly the neglected task of generalization. This implied on his part not only a

foregoing of the easier honors offered by a restricted field, but also the sinking of more than one personal contribution into the vast fund of common thought which he had set out to organize. I should not wonder if the future came to discover unmistakable originality at more than one point where the hurried estimate of our own day has found only an unusually lucid interpretation of certain prevailing tendencies of thought. But even his most ardent admirers grant that he is above all an organizer, and only incidentally an originator. As such, however, he has probably done more than any other man to give the present day a clear understanding of its own intellectual character.

My own case will serve pretty well to illustrate what the synthetizing efforts of Professor Höffding may mean to one striving vainly to bring innumerable clashing or divergent thought currents into some kind of coordination. I had passed my fortieth year before he became more than a name to me. At the time I was suffering a spiritual as well as physical crisis. To go on seeing life as a series of disconnected moments had become impossible. At the same time all prevailing systems, religious as well as philosophical, had totally ceased to satisfy me. In order to live I must create for myself a viewpoint from which existence would appear as a game played with some purpose at the bottom of it. Through the study of such men as William James and Lester F. Ward, I had become enabled to pick up suggestions of orderly connection and of meaning reaching beyond the narrow scope of individual lives. But my progress was slow and stumbling. What I thought I saw one day had disappeared the next.

At that juncture several of Höffding's principal volumes fell into my hands, and thereafter I moved onward with a speed and a precision that seemed miraculous. Other men had told me more or less convincingly *what* to think; he, as no other one, told me *how* to think. But the principal thing he did for me, I believe, was to prove that thought, in the widest sense, is a collective, and not merely an individual product. Until then I had regarded philosophy as a battleground for rival systems, above which resounded unceasingly the old cry: "The king is dead; long live the king!"

Reading Professor Höffding's "History of Modern Philosophy," I perceived for the first time that the science of sciences, like every other branch of knowledge, is a living and growing organism, to which the individual workers bear the relation of cells. I saw for the first time, with a force that was convincing, how truth itself is a thing of gradual shaping, not of sudden discovery. Evolution, which until then had been little more than a phrase, became the law of daily as well as of eternal life; and the unity of all life shone with inextinguishable light through the lifting fog of doubt. For the first time

in my life I felt at home in life—felt myself a needed and welcome member of a vast family.

Of course, trying to tell things like these makes them seem hopelessly vague and intangible. It is all so much a matter of feeling. And then it may be, too, that there might exist between the thinking of this one man and my own some subtle, predestined kinship enabling him to send floods of light into my soul when others could offer me no more than the feeble rays of a bull's-eye. But I know of other men who have had the same experience with his work; I have heard of similar cases in far-off countries where one might expect to find the gentle, unassuming Danish professor unknown even by name. And I believe firmly that he has something to give us, groping and struggling men of today, that, to say the least, we cannot find in such perfection or in such abundance anywhere else.

The secret of his power to give so largely lies probably in the fact that he is not only a thinker, but a sage. And the thinkers, even those of a very high type, are apt to regard ideas and truths and theories as so many pieces on a chess board, which they move this way or that in order that they may confound and conquer some rival player. To the sage a truth is as real and as humbly useful a thing as air or food or love; to him it is a thing to live by—and to die by. The thinker tends always away from life—and the more so the more professionalized his thinking is. The sage is always eager to restore to life as actually lived whatever he has gained by placing himself momentarily above and beyond it. The thinker is fearful lest his thought be sullied by falling into the hands of the common people. The sage knows that with those lesser brethren lies, in the last instance, the crucial testing of all truth. The thinker is apt to see life in fragments, and to rest satisfied with that partial view. The sage strives unceasingly to embrace the entirety of life within his vision. And however futile his effort may seem, however far he may fall short, there is nevertheless about his utterances a certain significance, a certain depth, that stirs and fructifies related elements within ourselves, so that soul and soul suddenly commune with a clearness and a directness usually denied to human life.

To me Professor Höffding is just such a man—one of the rare few through whom life's never-ending revelation is destined to reach the less sensitive ears of their fellow men, and by far the most potent voice in the Scandinavian North of today.



HOLGER DRACHMANN

To August Strindberg

1891

By HOLGER DRACHMANN

Translated from the Danish by NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

Unresting thou,
Who in Sweden, where all can sing, smotest thy harp asunder;
Wound the harpstrings with twigs: smote, to be smitten by all—
What shall I say to thee, who beginnest where I, bowed under
By weariness, renounce, and let the weapons fall?

Storm-king thou!
Broken thy brow in battle; torn the high mind with pain,
When waging, through sad days and glad days alike, war against all.
Heart throbbing, and eager, and valiant, in thee am I conscious again
Of courage thy people cherish—in conflict first must thou fall.

Future's herald!
Who, when poets of Sweden were writing in metre of "roses,"
Tore rudely the blossoms in twain, letting the crushed petals fall—
Thou wovest thy wreath which, faded, today's garish sun discloses.
Wait! Tomorrow, my brother, shall crown thee master of all!

Maihaugen Open-Air Museum

THE REVIEW in its last issue presented a collection of pictures from the Northern Museum at Skansen, overlooking the heights of Stockholm. This first attempt in Sweden to show the life of a people in its natural setting has been the incentive to the establishment of numerous outdoor museums in different countries. Norway is peculiarly rich in material for the collector, and possesses in the national museum at Bygdö, near Christiania, a remarkable group of old timber buildings. The open-air museum at Maihaugen, near Lillehammer, while of a more local character, preserves even better the charm of the old time, and forms a quaint background for the national song dances and the Midsummer Eve revelry. White-stemmed birches lift their feathery crowns over the dark-brown timber houses, glowing with almost a wine color where the southern sun has played upon their resinous surface for centuries. Below is a tiny lake set in dark pines.

The open-air museum of Maihaugen, like that of Skansen, is due to the devotion of one man, Dr. Anders Sandvig, who has been to his neighborhood what Dr. Arthur Hazelius was to Sweden. Dr. Sandvig began almost thirty years ago to collect peasant treasures of carved chests and furniture, hand-woven tapestries and silver drinking cups. Gudbrandsdalen, one of the richest and proudest communities of peasant freeholders in Norway, yielded a generous harvest, and Dr. Sandvig's collections soon grew to such proportions that he could no longer keep them in his own home. He therefore bought eleven old houses and transported them with infinite care to his private garden in Lillehammer, where they were erected. But the museum outgrew the garden of its founder, and the present beautiful site was found for it at Maihaugen. It is now administered by a local society.

Dr. Sandvig, according to Mr. Georg Bröchner, expressed his ultimate ideal for Maihaugen to be "a collection of homes, where one, as it were,



THE INTERIOR OF AN *Aarestue*, THE OLDEST TYPE OF DWELLING

can walk straight into the hearts of the people who have lived there, learn to know their mode of living, their tastes, their work; for the home and its equipment are a picture of the people themselves, and in the old hereditary homesteads it is not only the single individual who is mirrored, but it is the whole race, generation after generation.



A *Stabur* OR STOREHOUSE

"Nor is it simply an incidental selection of isolated homes that, in Maihaugen, I wish to save from destruction or neglect. No, I want to place the entire village, as a complete whole, in this big picture book; not only what might be called the manor house, with its many buildings, and its equipment bearing witness to hereditary pride and affluence, but also the house of the humblest peasant, the village craftsman's out-of-the-way cottage, and the *säter* hut from the vast and distant forest. And from the top of the hill the old village church shall send forth the peal of its bells over these relics of bygone ages."

Wood architecture has reached a very high development in Norway, the old *stavkirker* or churches of upright timber being perhaps the most unique wooden structures ever erected, while the decorative artist has covered with fantastic carvings even the humble *stabur* or storehouse, which held the wealth of the peasants. Maihaugen Museum shows the evolution of the timber house from the old *aarestue* of four or five centuries ago—innocent of windows and with the smoke from the fire in the center of the room seeking an outlet through the square hole in the roof—to the more elaborate dwellings of the modern well-to-do *odelsbonde*. In the present revival in Norway, the old timber houses, now happily conserved in the various outdoor museums, have been adapted with much success to the modern home.



THE LAKE AT MAIHAUGEN OPEN-AIR MUSEUM



THE *Lökre Stue*, THE TIMBER HOUSE IN ITS LATER DEVELOPMENT



THE *Peer Gynt Stue*

Pernille

By HERMAN BANG

Translated from the Danish by JULIA E. GYLLICH

"DO MAKE haste, Olsen," she said, as she stood tapping her foot in the small, buckled shoe of her Pernille costume, "it is past nine o'clock already!"

Oh, how she was looking forward to this carnival! It was her first carnival, though to be sure she had once been to a fancy dress ball given at the minister's house at home, dressed as "Pierrette," and the agent of a neighboring estate had proposed to her during a mazurka. He represented a lancer of the time of Wallenstein, and wore a big moustache to hide his harelip. But that was nothing; they were all intimate there, and masks were speedily removed. Tonight it was real, something grand and wonderfully beautiful—something—she hardly knew what—but she was eagerly looking forward to the evening, as she stood, drawing on her long gloves and fingering Pernille's white apron.

"Please, Miss, could you stand still for one moment?" said her maid, austerely. "I am afraid of pricking you."

"Oh, but Olsen, I am so happy, so perfectly wild about tonight, Olsen."

"Surely, Miss, you have danced before now," answered the maid, as she fastened the Pernille cap to the girl's hair.

"Of course I have danced," said Pernille, pityingly, "but you don't go to a carnival for the sake of dancing. No, it is for something quite different."

And Pernille laughed into her mirror.

"Do you think there will be many Pernilles, Olsen?" she asked.

"I really don't know, Miss."

"At any rate there won't be many so correct, for Uncle Bernhard designed the whole costume himself," and again she smiled at the image reflected in the glass. "Perhaps there will not be many there so pretty," thought Pernille, and at the thought she blushed, for the picture in the glass seemed to her charming.

She looked at the pretty bodice, and at the cap just a little on one side. "Yes, I am pretty," she thought, and she began to sing softly to herself from sheer gladness.

"Have you never been to a carnival, Olsen?" she asked, still gazing at herself.

"No, Miss."

"Poor Olsen," said Pernille.

Then she drove off with Uncle William and Aunt Fanny. Her

heart beat as they rolled along, her color came and went, and her hands were cold.

"How now, Marie?" said Uncle William.

"Oh, Uncle, you know I am wild about it, and yet I don't know—if we were only there! I feel quite foolish, but it is only because I am so happy——"

"But, Uncle William, it's horrid, not at all what I expected," said Pernille, a little later. "The masks stare so grimly at me!" She clutched his arm, quite terrified. "And that awful Henrik is following me everywhere."

"I hardly thought you would enjoy it," said her aunt.

"Oh, but I do enjoy myself," she replied, clinging closely to her uncle, "but I had expected—I wonder where Mr. Herlöv is," she continued, in the same tone.

"Heaven only knows. He has dined with the Beckwiths, and of course he cannot leave his party and the beautiful Mrs. Kramer."

"No," said Pernille, "of course he can't," and she walked on silently for a little while. "Of course not," she repeated.

But Mr. Herlöv came, nevertheless, and he and Pernille were soon seated in a nook behind some tall plants. They sat there for a full hour, and Uncle William was in despair at not being able to find them.

"I recognized you at once, Mr. Herlöv. I should have known you among a thousand, but you did not know me." She peeped out through the foliage. "How absurd these people look. Don't you think so?"

"Yes, it is sometimes hard to play our own part, but to adapt ourselves to that of others is almost impossible."

"I had thought that a carnival would be something quite different," said Pernille, as she thrust out her little foot from under her skirt.

"What had you fancied it would be?" he asked, smiling.

"Oh, I had very silly fancies; I realize that now, but I expected the people to be much more beautiful and that there would be many more gallant knights."

He laughed. The confused noise of the carnival reached them as they sat secluded by the thick foliage. From the ballroom sounded the crash of the orchestra, as it rose and fell. From time to time, when the noise was loudest, they had to bend their heads very close together in order to hear each other's voices.

Pernille thought they had found a delightful corner, here behind the laurels, and Herlöv quite forgot his party. She was fascinating; this lovely little Pernille was like spring. There were many Mrs. Kramers; he could see Mrs. Kramer tomorrow and the day after—any day, in short—but Pernille was an incarnation of spring, so fresh,

so dainty, so lovely and enchanting. He gave himself up to her spell, and as he sat by her side he wondered that he had never before felt her attraction. He had always known that she was pretty and unaffected, and yet he had never really seen her as she appeared this evening. She had completely bewitched him.

"You are lovely, Miss Holm," he said, abruptly, "perfecty lovely." And she was lovely, the red lips smiling, the eyes laughing, the radiance of happiness lighting up her whole countenance, for little Pernille was in love, and it was a first love, when all is dreams and stuff vaguer than dreams, unconscious pleasure and longing. The first fruit of love is born in the childhood of the heart, in the springtime of the soul. The flower is half opened, and the sunbeams kissing its white calyx steal softly in between the petals. It is the first time it is kissed by the sun.

Marie had been in love with him ever since the beginning of the winter when she had come to town to take lessons. It was a love that had fed on such trifles as a look, a brief meeting, a clasp of the hands. But love like hers needs no words; it is content with such trifles and asks for nothing more—for no homage; she would have felt unworthy of it. On the days when she had met him, people seemed happier, the sun shone more brightly. She felt his clasp on her fingers long after they had parted and longed for him when she did not see him, but her thoughts had never gone beyond this. Here in this quiet corner, shaded by the laurel bushes, her love awoke, roused by the music, unfolding in the heat of the carnival, taking courage from the joyous night.

"Shall we not dance?" he said, presently.

So they danced, and the music was beautiful as the singing of birds, Pernille thought, but she did not say so, lest he should laugh. He often laughed when she expressed her innermost feeling, but of course the things you think like that—deep in yourself—are often silly and affected.

She had no desire for speech; she would rather lie quite still in his arm and be borne away, away—— Her head drooped toward him—how safely he guided her! How secure she was within his arms. If her mother were here, how she would cry—simply hide on her breast and cry and cry——

Her heart told her that he was hers, her very own. He looked down at her tenderly with a smile and a question in his glance. There was in that smile perhaps something she did not wholly understand—something that thrilled her with a strange, bashful fear—but still—she was happy. Only love could look so and lead her so safely. Yes, this must be love.

He led her from the ballroom. They were both flushed and out of breath. She clung to his arm, and he was very much afraid that

anyone should jostle her in the crowd. They took refuge in the cool ante-room.

"This is lovely," she said, and leaned against the edge of the fountain. "But it was lovely in the ballroom, too," she added, looking up into his face.

"Yes, but it was a frightful crush," he replied.

"Do you think so?"

They sat close together, deep in an embrasure at the edge of the basin. They spoke but little, and in the silence they heard the distant sound of music, to which the soft drip of the fountain beat time. There was no need for words, their mutual presence sufficed. But at last she felt a longing to break the silence, which began to embarrass her.

"How have you enjoyed yourself?" she asked, her cheeks flushing as she spoke, for she well knew how he had enjoyed himself.

"Immensely, of course," he answered, and as their eyes met they both smiled. "And you?"

"I? Oh, I never knew it was possible to enjoy oneself so much."

Again the silence fell; only the fountain murmured on. Pernille thought it spoke, but she dared not interpret its words. He looked at her; he took her hand and spoke softly and as the night wore on, broken words were uttered, and fervent vows were exchanged.

As he wrapped her cloak around her at parting, he kissed her neck right below her hair. She felt her blood burn like fire under the kiss and, blushing furiously, she looked up in his face. Her eyes were full of tears.

"No, Auntie, I shall not catch cold," she exclaimed, as she closed and double-locked her door. She must be alone, quite alone, to compose her mind and and think over all that had happened. But not yet—first she would get into bed, and there she would lie still and live it over again in her dreams.

Ah, how wonderful it is to love, so wonderful that she cannot fathom it. She could sink herself into her happiness as into the sea. She lay thus a long time, quite still, her hands folded, her eyes closed. From time to time she smiled a soft, lingering smile. Then she lifted her head, rose to put out the candle, but grasped it and set her feet on the rug.

Carrying the candle, she walked across the floor, stopped before the mirror, and lifted the light so it fell on her face, smiled, blushed, and quickly blew out the light, then tripped in the darkness over the rug. Suddenly she began to hum the music of the waltz they had danced together. She lay long, singing it over and over, till at length she fell asleep to her own lullaby.

She awoke late the next day. At first she could not grasp the

events of the past night, but little by little its reality dawned on her, and a flood of bliss overwhelmed her, which she could not explain, but which bore her far, far away. Then a great longing to see him possessed her. But of course he would come that day!

That afternoon her uncle brought her a letter. "This is for you, Marie. Who the deuce can it be from?"

Marie's breath came quickly, and with a little gasp she seized the letter. Yes, it was from him—she knew his writing—he had once before written a few words to her aunt on his visiting card. Why did she not dare to open it?

At last she unfolded it. It contained only three lines. How her hand shook.

"For you doubtless, as for me, what passed between us last night was but an innocent jest."

The letter dropped from her hand. Her power of feeling was numbed, and her breath died in her throat with a piping sound. She saw nothing but the letter lying at her feet—a gray blotch on the surrounding darkness.

"Well, and who is it from?" asked her uncle.

"From my music master," she said. "He wishes me to have my lesson tomorrow."

She longed to rush from the room, but something was weighing her down, and she could not move. "A jest—a jest"—she leaned her head against the wall and closed her eyes. Her cheeks felt cold as ice. "A jest—an innocent jest——"

Elverhöj



ON THE banks of the Hudson, near Poughkeepsie, a group of Scandinavian artists have formed a colony under the picturesque name *Elverhöj*, with its suggestion of midsummer romance. A quaint old Colonial house has been utilized for the School of Art and Handicrafts, which is under the direction of the painter, H. A. Andersen, and on the spacious grounds the pupils may pitch their tents for the summer. The painting reproduced on this page is by David Ericson, instructor in painting at the school. Danish metal work and Norwegian art weaving are among the handicrafts taught. Foreign craftsmen are welcomed



THE DEATH OF QUEEN DAGMAR—RELIEF BY AGNES

The Death of Queen Dagmar

DANISH POPULAR BALLAD

Translated by E. M. SMITH-DAMPIER

Queen Dagmar lies in Ribe sick—
To Ringstead she must pass—
She sent for them all to come to her,
Each Danish wife and lass.
In Ringstead tarries Queen Dagmar.

"Go fetch me four, go fetch me five,
Go fetch me one and all!
Go fetch me Kirsteen of Rise,
The sister of Sir Karl."

Little Kirsteen came to the bower door
And she came right modestly;
Queen Dagmar raised her head again,
So fain of her was she.



SLOTT-MÖLLER AT ASKOV HIGH SCHOOL IN JUTLAND

"Canst thou read and canst thou write,
To help me in my need;
Then shalt thou wear the scarlet fine
And ride my good grey steed."

"Could I read and could I write,
I would do it with fair good-will;
For this of a troth I tell you,
Your pain is sharper than steel."

And syne she took Saint Mary's book—
And the light of the golden crown
She could not see whenas she read,
So fast the tears ran down.

They led her out and they led her in,
And sorer was still her pain:
"Now send ye word to the King, our lord,
To speak with me once again."



RIBE CATHEDRAL
"Queen Dagmar lies in Ribe sick"

Up he stood, the little page,
Full fain was he to speed—
He took his saddle down from the beam
And mounted the milk-white steed.

The King stood on the lofty tower
And looked out far and wide:
"Yonder I see a little foot-page,
And sadly doth he ride.

"Yonder I see a little foot-page
And sorrowful is his mien—
Now grant Almighty God in heaven
That all be well with the Queen!"

In he came, the little page,
Before the board stood he:
"Now, will you speak with the Queen again
You must speak right speedily."

The King he smote upon the board
Till all the goblets rung:
"Almighty God in heaven forbid
That Dagmar should die so young!"

The King he rode by Skanderborg
With a hundred swains and one,
But when he rode by Ribe
Then rode he all alone.

There was woe in the women's bower—
The ladies wept all so sore—
The Queen she died in Kirsteen's arms
When the King rode up to the door.

The bier it stood in the ladies' bower
When the King he entered there:
"Now help me, mighty God in heaven,
My bitter woe to bear!

"Now pray for me, wives and maidens all,
And see that ye pray not in vain!
So fain am I to speak a word
With Dagmar once again."

The Queen she raised her on the bier,
And red were her eyes so sweet:
"Woe, woe is me, my noble lord,
That thus we twain should meet!

"The first boon that I beg of you
I beg for love of me—
Give peace to every outlawed man,
And set the captives free.

"The second boon that I shall beg
I beg for love of you—
Oh, take not Bengerd for your mate,
She is so sour a shrew.



BENEATH THE FLOOR OF RINGSTEAD ABBEY CHURCH ARE THREE GRAVES, SIDE BY SIDE, WHERE KING VALDEMAR THE VICTORIOUS (1202-41) LIES BURIED BETWEEN HIS TWO QUEENS, DAGMAR AND BENGERD

"The third boon that I beg of you
I beg for love of me—
That Knud, my youngest son so dear,
May King in Denmark be.

"Ne'er need I have borne these bitter pains
By night and eke by day
Had I ne'er on the Sabbath sought my jewels
And donned my bracelets gay.

"Now time it is I were away,
No longer may I bide;
The bells of heaven are ringing for me,
And the angels wait beside."
In Ringstead tarries Queen Dagmar.



DANISH CASTLES—IV ARRESKOV

Arreskov

FYN is an island rich in manor halls. A verdant landscape, rolling and wooded, dotted with picturesque farmhouses of "binding work," surrounded at harvest time by fields of warm Danish yellow, makes Fyn one of the most idyllic of all the isles of Denmark. Far from its highroads of travel, hidden save where a tower rises out of a beech-grove, lies many an ancient manor hall to remind modern social Denmark of a paternal past.

While the drawbridge is never lifted now from over the abandoned moat, the old-time hospitality still continues, balls in summer time, hunting parties in the autumn; a cavalcade of guests will ride laughing from one house party to another. Nor are these functions always merely social; a manor will open its doors to a congress of foresters or a meeting of antiquarians, to house a volunteer bicycle corps or a young people's Christian conference. At such times the stables and garden pavilions become improvised dormitories, and the song, "There is a Lovely Land" rings out through the night across the lawn. Some day a gifted writer of romance or an illustrator will discover these manors, the *herregaarde* of Fyn.

Arreskov is said to have been the property of one of Queen Dagmar's officials, and later of her husband, King Valdemar himself. The present castle, situated on the shores of Arreskov Lake, was built in 1558–'72 by Erik Rosencrantz.

Arreskov Castle is the hereditary seat of the Counts Schaffalitzky de Muckadell. Its halls are hung with ancestral portraits, and the polished inlaid floor of its ballroom is almost an invitation to dance. Of late, however, the castle has led a quiet existence, for here the aged widow of the late count is spending her declining years, while her son, the present *Lensgreve*, dispenses hospitality at Brobygaard, one of the several manors that constitute the Muckadell estate.

Jacob A. Riis

BORN IN RIBE, DENMARK, 1849. DIED IN BARRE, MASS., 1914



TWO books tell the story of Jacob Riis's life. In "The Making of an American" he has recorded the work of his manhood for social betterment in his own chosen city of New York. His struggles as a friendless immigrant boy of twenty-one gave him a knowledge of the misery that hides in back streets of the city, and his faculty for finding and expressing the human element beneath the squalor afterwards made him a star police reporter on metropolitan newspapers. His agitation in his newspaper and magazine articles and in his books, as well as from the lecture platform, have resulted in many tangible reforms. The abolition of the iniquitous police lodging houses, in one of which Jacob Riis had spent a miserable night twenty-five years earlier, was accomplished with the aid of Theodore Roosevelt, then police commissioner of New York. Before the rise of the present wave of sociological investigation, Jacob Riis gained an intimate understanding of the lives of the poor by personal visits to their homes. He found then the only principle which if applied earlier might have prevented the war between the classes from becoming so acute as it is today, and the only one that may eventually solve the problems of modern society: the practical application of the spirit of human brotherhood. There is little doubt that future histories of the United States will give him an even higher rank as a pioneer in sociological work than he has held in the estimation of his contemporaries.

In "The Old Town," written after he had become a famous citizen of his adopted country, Jacob Riis has described the quaint little town of Ribe, with its drowsy charm and its historic traditions centering around the cathedral where King Valdemar and his two queens, the beloved Dagmar and the hated Bengerd, are buried. There Jacob Riis, a member of a large family, lived in his childhood the frugal, thrifty, simple life of the village. From it he drew his kindly philosophy, his humor with the odd mixture of subtlety and simplicity so characteristically Danish, and the tenacity of purpose that enabled him to pursue an evil until he demolished it. Perhaps he owed to the spirit of the Old Town also that power of receiving lasting impressions which was one of his rarest literary gifts.

THE MESSAGE OF THE OLD TOWN*

The Old Town moves with deliberation, it is true. But, then, the rest of us are in too much of a hurry. No one ever is, there. What is there to run after? The clock that has counted the hours since before Napoleon stirred up the dry bones of Europe still stands in its corner and ticks the seconds, the hours, the years, twice a day pointing its slow finger to the date graven on its face—1600, 1700, 1800—why should one hurry? If we but wait, the years will come to us and carry us with them to our long rest. And there will be others where we are now. The world will move; men will live and labor and love; and the old clock will tick in the hall, counting the hours, the days, the years. It is the Old Town's philosophy. If it has not made it rich, or powerful, or great, it has made it content. Who shall say, then, that it is not as good as the best?

There is one that ticks in a house I know of where eyes I loved smiled to it and nodded to it every day in passing. In 1792 it was made in Ribe, where famous clock-makers lived then. I tried to buy it; I offered two hundred kroner for it, which was a small fortune to the Old Town. But its owner shook his head. It had been in the family since his great-great-great-grandfather, and it would stay there as long as there were any of them left. I shook his hand. I should have been sorry had he been willing to sell. It would have been like betraying an old friend. They were poor, but they were loyal. It was the Old Town all over. Years ago the last of the clock-makers lived in Black Friars Street, in our block. One morning there was a great crash. It was their house that had fallen down. The neighbors hastened up to help, and when a way had been made through the wreck, found the old man and his wife lying calmly in bed. The beam had formed a shelter over them, and they were safe till the next cave-in. They urged them to hurry out, but the old couple refused, It was their home. They had always lived in it and now, they were old, would die in it, if need be, rather than seek another. They were like Heine's lovers:

Wir Beide bekümmern uns um nichts
Und bleiben ruhig liegen.

They had to take them out by force.

No need of haste. The mail-coach waited for you in the old days, once you were registered as a passenger, till you came. It would have been base to desert you. The train waits now till you climb aboard, and the station-master and conductor have exchanged the last item of news. The red-coated mail-carrier taps on your window with the expected letter and a sympathetic "It's come." The telegraph messenger who meets you in the street with his message, goes home with you to hear the good news; he knows it is good. The mill-wheels drone in the stream their old drowsy lay, that was old when you were born. Down by the castle garden a worn wheel whirs and hums in the rope-walk, where father and son go spinning their endless cord, side by side, as did their people before them, as far back as any one can remember. Why should one hurry? The sun sinks low in the west. Far upon the horizon there is a gleam of silver; it is the sea sleeping in a calm. The bells of the Old Town peal forth their even song. The cows come home from the meadows. In the cloister shadows trembling hands are trimming the evening lamp, tired old feet tottering to their rest. A day is ended. Above blossoming gardens the stork looks down from the nest, wiser than the world of men. Another will dawn. So that its evening be peace, what matters the rest? It is the message of the Old Town.

From "The Old Town," by Jacob A. Riis, Macmillan Co., 1909.

Agnes Mathilde Wergeland

By MAREN MICHELET



RICH in inherent powers, born to the great name of Wergeland, but poor and often sorely tried, Agnes Mathilde Wergeland rose above almost insurmountable obstacles and won a name in her own right. She was born in Christiania May 8, 1857, and lived her girlhood there. In 1884 she left for Munich, and for two years studied with Dr. Konrad Maurer; returned to Norway, but found no field there for her labors and so again went abroad. She studied history at the University of Zurich, and in 1890 obtained her degree as doctor of philosophy for a scholarly thesis on an old Icelandic law of inheritance—the first Norwegian woman who had ever received such a distinction. While at Zurich, she had won in competitive examination a scholarship at Bryn Mawr College, and so came to America, working first at Bryn Mawr, afterwards at the University of Illinois and Chicago University. In 1902 she was called to the University of Wyoming as professor of history and French, later as professor of history and Spanish, which position she kept until her death. Her first years in this country were a bitter strife for existence, which, however, could not extinguish the spiritual fire that dominated her inner life. Coming to Wyoming, with its new, expansive fields of labor, given a professor's salary and position, surrounded by congenial friends, she spent the sunset of her life in fruitful labors. She was an educator of prominence, a recognized authority on history, could speak fluently seven languages, and has written two volumes of poems in her mother tongue, as well as numerous magazine articles in Norwegian, German, French and English. A rich life of unusual accomplishments ended peacefully on March 6, 1914.

Editorial

Fellows and Scholars

At the regular meeting of the trustees of the American-Scandinavian Foundation the appointment of twelve traveling students was announced for the academic year 1914–15. Six of these are Fellows appointed by the Advisory Committees of the Foundation abroad, and six Scholars recommended by the Committee on Applications in America.

FELLOWS

FROM DENMARK

GUDMUND HATT, master of arts, of the University of Copenhagen, to study ethnology at Columbia University.

MALCOLM WESTERGAARD, bachelor of science, of the Royal Danish Technical College, to study structural engineering in American universities.

FROM NORWAY

LARS BERG, electrical engineer, of the Technical Institute of Darmstadt, to study high voltage problems in America.

ARNE TORALF SUNDE, bachelor of laws, of the University of Christiania, first lieutenant in the Norwegian army, to study political science at Harvard University.

FROM SWEDEN

DR. ABRAHAM TROELL, lecturer at the Karoline Medical Institute of Stockholm, to study clinical and experimental surgery in New York, Chicago, and Rochester.

K. GUNNAR SILVERSTOLPE, master of arts, of the University of Uppsala, to study national economy at Columbia University.

SCHOLARS

EDWIN BJÖRKMAN, author and translator, of New York, to visit Sweden, Denmark, and Norway to collect material for a history of modern Scandinavian literature.

AXEL BRETT, master of arts, assistant at the University of Minnesota, to study Swedish literature at the University of Uppsala.

PAULI CHRISTIANSEN, machine constructor, of Horsens Technical School, Denmark, Scholar of the American-Scandinavian Foundation 1913–14, to study mechanical engineering at the Carnegie Institute of Technology.

INGEBRIGT LARSEN LILLEHEI, doctor of philosophy, of the University of Illinois, to study Scandinavian philology in Norway.

ANNA M. MONRAD, bachelor of science, librarian, reviser at the Yale University library, to study Scandinavian literature and history at Copenhagen University, and the arrangement of books at the Royal and the University libraries in Copenhagen.

GUSTAV ADOLF PETERSON, master of arts, professor in Swedish literature at Bethany College, Lindsborg, Kansas, to study Scandinavian philology at the University of Uppsala.

Future Endowments The appointments present forcibly the great educational future before the Foundation in this field of its usefulness when sufficient funds have been provided; for example, from the United States alone the Trustees received applications amounting to $38,210 from fifty-five applicants, most of them students desirous of study at Scandinavian universities. It is not improbable that each of the three Advisory Committees abroad received as many applications. While the Trustees are empowered by their charter to administer bequests of a general nature, they can also receive gifts for special purposes. Ten thousand dollars will establish a scholarship yielding an annual stipend of $400 to be applied, for example, to the study of theology or literature at one of the Scandinavian universities, to the investigation of forestry in Norway and Sweden or of agriculture in Denmark. An increasing number of machinists and trade school students of the Scandinavian countries are applying for the privilege of study at American technical schools, and the Foundation is clearly in need of funds for this purpose.

Associates During the past six months 628 new Associates have joined the Foundation. These 628 Associates are divided according to nationalities of parents, as follows:

Americans, 73; Norwegians, 243; Swedes, 268, and Danes, 44.

These 628 new Associates reside in 44 States, Territories and foreign countries, including Oklahoma, Alaska, Cuba, Canada, Iceland, England, Japan, Porto Rico, and Uruguay. In numbers the State of Minnesota leads with 149 Associates, more than double the next State, Illinois, with 62. Massachusetts has 40, Iowa 37, Wisconsin 36, North Dakota 26, and New York 22.

Denmark's American Society The members of the Danish Advisory Committee of the American-Scandinavian Foundation have issued an invitation to form *Danmarks amerikanske Selskab.* It will be associated with the Foundation, and its members will receive the REVIEW. The proposed Constitution states the purpose of the Society to be "in cooperation with the American-Scandinavian Foundation to promote efforts leading to the exchange of scientific and practical experience with the United States of America, and to support the Danes and Danish-Americans living there in their endeavor to preserve their connection with Denmark." The invitation mentions as a special task of the Society assisting Americans who wish to study or to form connections in Denmark. It is signed by Prof. Bernhard Böggild, Mr. Alex. Foss, Prof. Otto Jespersen, Prof. W. L. Johannsen, Mr. H. O. Lange, Dr. H. L. Möller, Prof. M. Ostenfeld, and *Departementschef* A. P. Weis. The first meeting of the new Society was held in Copenhagen May 4.

Scandinavian Study

The fourth annual meeting of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study was held in the University of Minnesota on May 1 and May 2. The growth and activity of the Society, since its organization in Chicago only three years ago, are gratifying indications of the increased interest in scholarly work in the various fields of Scandinavian literature and philology. The secretary-treasurer, Professor A. Louis Elmquist, reported that 262 new members had joined during the past year, the total membership now being 435. The fifth number of Volume I of the "Proceedings" of the Society is now being published, with the aid of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, in a book of 110 pages, and the editor, Professor George T. Flom, hopes to bring out issues of 120 pages in November of this year and in March, 1915.

In his welcoming address to the meeting, President George E. Vincent, of the University of Minnesota, spoke of the opportunities for making that University a center of Scandinavian study for America. Papers dealing with a wide range of subjects were read, including:

1. "Oehlenschläger and German Romanticism," by Professor W. K. Stewart, of Dartmouth College, read by Professor A. M. Sturtevant. 2. "Bjarkamál Restored," by Professor Axel Olrik, of the University of Copenhagen, read by Dr. Lee M. Hollander. 3. "Strindberg and the Woman Question," by Professor Jules Mauritzson, of Augustana College. 4. "A Note on Sigrdrifumál," by Professor A. M. Sturtevant, of the University of Kansas. 5. "Swedish-German Relations in the Seventeenth Century," by Professor Amandus A. Johnson, of the University of Pennsylvania, read by title. 6. "Three Notes on Ibsen's Peer Gynt," by Professor Dr. H. Logeman, of the University of Ghent, read by Professor George T. Flom. 7. "Scandinavian Study in Public and High Schools," by Mrs. A. P. Andrews, of the Central High School in Minneapolis. 8. "Norwegian Poetry and Linguistic Reform," by Professor Julius E. Olson, of the University of Wisconsin. 9. "Beginnings of the Swedish Settlements in Nebraska," by Professor Joseph Alexis, of the University of Nebraska. 10. "A Group of Eddic Words and Names in the Light of Modern Norwegian and Icelandic Dialects," by Professor George T. Flom, of the University of Illinois. 11. "Psychological Abnormalities in Strindberg," by Axel Brett, at the University of Minnesota. 12. "On the Composition of the Jomsvikingasaga," by Dr. Lee M. Hollander, of the University of Wisconsin. The president read by title: "A Study of Gerd in Ibsen's Brand," by Mr. Howard M. Jones, at the University of Wisconsin; "Swedish as Spoken in America," by Professor A. Louis Elmquist, of Northwestern University; and "Local Color in Ibsen's Social Dramas," by Professor D. K. Dodge, of the University of Illinois.

The officers elected were: Professor Jules Mauritzson, president; Professor A. A. Stomberg, vice-president; Professor A. M. Sturtevant, secretary-treasurer; Professor George T. Flom, editor.

The members of the Society were entertained by the University, by President Vincent and the Odin Club, taken on an automobile tour of the schools of Minneapolis, St. Paul and vicinity, and made to feel that the twin cities constituted an important center for Scandinavian studies in America.

A Harvard Fellow Harvard University has promoted the work of the Foundation by awarding another fellowship for studies in Scandinavia. The successful candidate is Sigurd Bernhard Hustvedt, of Decorah, Iowa, who will spend the academic year 1914–15 in the Scandinavian countries as a Parker Traveling Fellow, to study ballad criticism and the relations of the ballad to literature. Mr. Hustvedt graduated from Luther College, Iowa, in 1902, and Luther Seminary, Minn., in 1905. He received the degree of master of arts from the University of California in 1912, and is now a candidate for the degree of doctor of philosophy at Harvard University, where he has studied in the past two years in the Department of Comparative Literature, under the direction of Professor W. H. Schofield.

Since the days of Longfellow, Harvard University has sent four traveling fellows to Scandinavia: W. H. Schofield, 1898–99; H. G. Leach, 1908–10; O. J. Campbell, Jr., 1910–11, and Mr. Hustvedt, 1914–15. Several other scholars at the present time are pursuing Scandinavian studies at Harvard, in preparation for the doctor's degree.

A Unique Danish Work Among the distinguished Scandinavians who have recently visited America is Dr. Oscar Bloch, professor at the University of Copenhagen, and formerly physician to the late King Frederick VIII, who attended the International Congress of Surgeons meeting in New York. He is known as the author of a work called "Death," which has been translated into Swedish and German and has run through several editions. The gentle and kindly Danish professor in his work as a physician and surgeon witnessed continually the fear of physical suffering at the moment of death which tortures the patient in his last illness and harrows the hearts of his relatives and friends. His own observation, strengthened by reading on the subject, led him to believe that this suffering is largely imaginary, and to bear out his theory he compiled a vast number of examples from the deaths of famous men of history as well as people in ordinary walks of life of whom we have records. The result was the two-volume work, which is unique in its purpose and in its exhaustive treatment of the subject. Dr. Bloch does not attempt to minimize the mental suffering due to remorse and fear of future punishment, but he contends that one whose conscience is at rest can meet death with perfect serenity, untroubled by any fear of physical agony. He holds that the death struggle, which seems terrible to the onlooker, is usually not felt by the patient himself, and that the actual moment of death is as unconscious as the moment of birth. In order to reach the general public, Dr. Bloch presented his subject in a popular way, and his publishers are now bringing out the work in an inexpensive edition.

Veterans of Dybböl

While Norway is rejoicing in the centenary of her Constitution and, together with Sweden, commemorating a hundred years of peace on the Scandinavian peninsula, while England and America are preparing to celebrate a century of peace between the Anglo-Saxon nations, and America is living over again the events that cemented the Union fifty years ago, Denmark is remembering the two great losses which the little nation has sustained in modern times. One hundred years ago, an arbitrary decree of the European powers cut Norway loose from Denmark. The forcible isolation of Norway during the Napoleonic wars had already weakened a union which in those days of difficult communication had never been organic, and the loss of a nominal dominion has, in the case of Denmark, been amply compensated by the gain of a strong and friendly neighboring State. A much deeper wound was inflicted fifty years ago, when Sönderjylland, an integral part of Denmark, was torn away. This loss the Danish people have never ceased to mourn.

The more honor to them for that almost religious fervor—often hidden under a jest—with which they have rehabilitated their country and created new values. Through the cultivation of the heath they have won more land than they lost in the war; through the perfection of agriculture they have made every acre enormously productive, and by the recent development of manufacturing they have prepared to meet the day when agriculture can no longer support the increasing population. In social legislation Denmark is in the van of modern progress. In art and literature the Danes have not only produced great men, but by their subtler perceptions they have been the first to recognize men of genius among their neighbors. At the same time the People's High Schools have raised the general intelligence of the population to a remarkably high level.

It is in the light of this progress that we must see the meeting of the veterans of Dybböl in Copenhagen on April 18, to receive the homage that was all too sparsely doled out to them after the patient, desperate stand in 1864. It was the homage of a nation that has found itself and has wrested victory from defeat. Four thousand gray-haired men marched again after the bullet-riddled flags that led them long ago, bent limbs straightened and old heads were lifted at the sound of the old tunes. King Christian X, addressing the veterans assembled before the royal palace of Amalienborg, found the words that expressed the sentiment of the nation when he thanked them for the heritage of "a Danebrog unspotted" still waving over the land. Then the old men broke rank and pressed forward to shake the hand of the king, who remained sitting on his horse until the last of the veterans had passed him with a hearty handshake and gone on to the various festivities prepared by a grateful city.

A Swedish-Norwegian Defensive Alliance? A bitterly contested election in Sweden resulted in the following constitution of the special Riksdag, which assembled on May 18: Conservatives 85, Liberals 70, Social Democrats 75. This means that the Conservatives, with their slogan, "defenses first," from being the weakest party have become the strongest; the Social Democrats, taking a stand against heavier military burdens, have also made some gain, while the Liberals, making their fight on a theoretical question of constitutional monarchy, have lost heavily, and from being the strongest have become the weakest of the three. No party has a majority, but the leaders of the Liberals and many of the more moderate Socialists have declared themselves in favor of strengthening the military defenses of their country, and unless the issue is allowed to be confused by party strife, it would seem that decisive steps in this direction must now be taken. The recent discovery of Russian spies in Sweden, of Russian maps and a Russian military handbook giving detailed information about both Sweden and Norway, as well as the increased activity of the peregrinating Russian "saw-filers," who have long been regarded as spies, have deepened the sense of danger from the East in both countries.

The untiring Sven Hedin has issued a passionate appeal to countrymen in America to raise money for a battleship, and fourteen influential Swedish-American papers have responded by jointly offering to receive contributions. On April 2 Dr. Hedin was the guest of the Students' Society in Christiania and received an ovation, as he argued that only a weak Norway could be a danger to Sweden, and that the interests of the two people were identical. Preliminary steps were taken on the occasion of his visit to Norway toward informal conferences between influential Swedes and Norwegians to discuss the best form for a defensive alliance.

The Norway Centennial Through the courtesy of the management of the Centennial Exposition in Norway, a representative of the Foundation has been allowed the privilege of a desk on the Exposition grounds. The trustees, at their meeting on May 2, decided to send Hanna Astrup Larsen, assistant to the secretary and literary editor of the REVIEW. Miss Larsen, though born in Iowa, is of Norwegian extraction, being the great-granddaughter of one of the Eidsvold men of 1814, Provst Lauritz Oftedal, and the daughter of President Emeritus Laur. Larsen, of Luther College in Decorah. She will arrive in Norway on June 15, and will be ready to meet Norwegian-Americans who wish information about the activities of the Foundation.

Books

THREE PLAYS (second series). By Björnstjerne Björnson. Translated from the Norwegian by Edwin Björkman. Introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1914.

It no doubt seems somewhat venturesome for both publisher and translator to bring out in America plays which were written primarily for a Norwegian public from fifteen to thirty years ago, and yet such is the vigor and charm of Björnson's personality that he can be trusted to win favor wherever he is known.

"Love and Geography," the first of the three plays in this volume, is comedy of the best quality. It is the story of a domestic episode with a happy ending.

The second, "Beyond Human Might," as the title indicates, deals with weightier matters. A casual reading might give the impression that it treats of the problem of capital and labor. Closer study, however, reveals that the local setting is quite incidental, though it lends itself admirably to the purpose of the author. This play is born of Björnson's reaction against existing conditions, and its almost invariable concomitant—the questioning of all authority, whether natural or supernatural. But the play is not primarily a dramatization of protest. The idea of the futility of catastrophic reform measures is quite as important an element. The thing Björnson here seeks to dramatize is the micro-struggle which takes place on the battleground of each human heart, between the spirit within and the world without, also its counterpart, the macro-struggle which rages in the great world, and, furthermore, the outcome of this struggle which, in Björnson's opinion, is not altogether in our hands; there is a limit to human power; there are things beyond human might.

"Laboremus," the third play, is a clever psychological study, somewhat Ibsenesque in style.

Mr. Björkman has contributed an introduction full of pertinent comment and of much value, especially to those just making their acquaintance with Björnson.

A. R. SHELANDER.

NORSK-AMERIKANERNES FESTSKRIFT, 1914. Under hovedredaktion af Johs. B. Wist. Med bidrag av Carl Hansen, Th. Eggen, M. K. Bleken, Waldemar Ager, Juul Dieserud og Gisle Bothne. The Symra Company, Decorah, Iowa.

By far the most valuable part of this publication in honor of the Norwegian Centennial is the history of the Norwegian-American press after the Civil War, by Johs. B. Wist, occupying more than half of the large volume. The Norwegian-American papers, whatever their shortcomings, stand in a singularly vital relation to their public; their history is the history of the people. Mr. Wist has not only compiled a vast amount of material never before gathered, but has succeeded in finding the intellectual currents that run through the seemingly confused mass. He writes with objective impartiality and in a spirit of justice, tempered—a thought too much tempered, perhaps—with mercy.

Much has been said of the mission of the Scandinavian-American papers in keeping the immigrant in touch with his homeland. Perhaps not enough recognition has been given their usefulness in teaching him to understand the institutions of his new country. In a survey of the press before the war, Carl Hansen puts forth the claim that one-sixth of the Norwegians in America enlisted in the Northern army, while native-born Americans sent only one-eighth of their numbers to the war. The credit for this devotion of the adopted sons Mr. Hansen ascribes to the work of their own pioneer newspapers.

The articles on Norwegian-American churches, societies and educational, literary and political activities are valuable chiefly as presenting in condensed form material that is already available in other publications.

H. A. L.

THE GREAT MOTHER—A Gospel of the Eternally Feminine. By C. H. A. Bjerregaard, author of "Mysticism and Nature Worship," etc., with chapters by Eugenie R. Eliscu, William F. Fraetas and Grace Gallatin Seton. New York. The Inner-Life Publishing Company, 1913. Price $2.50.

This book, which is the result of thirty years of labor, contains more than the title would seem to indicate. It is an exposition of the author's "Weltanschauung," and to those who, with G. K. Chesterton, think "the most practical and important thing about a man is his view of the universe," it cannot but prove interesting. The author attempts nothing less than to solve the riddle of the universe.

His view is a species of pantheism. He prefers to call it "Nature-mysticism." Nature is thought of as a personality (p. 182), "a Living Presence" (p. 183), and this nature he names "The Great Mother." "The Great Mother," he says, "is absolute spirit and also self-consciousness in me" (p. 28). "Nature is both the cause and the process of proceeding of all things, corporeal and incorporeal, and there is nowhere anything which is not nature" (p. 20).

Having described the source of all in this manner, he proceeds to say that whatever this source be called, "it is the feminine principle, and it is self-procreative" (p. 41), wherefore the sub-title, "A Gospel of the Eternally Feminine." The feminine principle finds its highest manifestation on earth in woman. Thus the author would seem to hand over the universe without strings to woman. He makes but one saving qualification. It is that we are justified in distinguishing between "woman as a phenomenon"—an imperfect expression of the feminine principle—"and the feminine principle" itself (p. 36). The mark of woman's superiority is aspiration, and aspiration is that "which irresistibly lifts us" (p. 59). "It carries creative energy within itself" (p. 64). Man is not yet a "full-grown soul," because he still lingers on the plane of desire.

This, in brief, is the argument. The latter part of it has something in common with the late Professor Lester F. Ward's gynecocentric theory constituting one of the chapters of his famous book, "Pure Sociology." No doubt, there are those who would disagree with the author's sociological conclusions, as well as with his theology. However, with all due allowance for his theorizing and for certain eccentricities of style, there is a remainder of the stuff of which food for the spirit is made. He has harvested in many fields and the golden grain he has gathered bears evidence of the sunshine and showers of many lands.

A. R. SHELANDER

BONNIER'S COLLEGE SERIES OF SWEDISH TEXT BOOKS. Edited by A. Louis Elmquist, Stockholm, 1910–1912. I. Selma Lagerlöf's "En Herrgardssägen." II. Helena Nyblom's "Det Ringer." III. Selections from Selma Lagerlöf's "Nils Holgerssons Underbara Resa Genom Sverige."

The publishing house of Albert Bonnier in Stockholm is to be congratulated upon providing American schools with a series of Swedish text books. They are edited by a competent and well-trained scholar, Professor A. Louis Elmquist, of Northwestern University, who studied three semesters at the University of Leipzig and a year at the University of Uppsala. The volumes are illustrated and the machinery of editing is simple, but thorough. The introductions are brief and to the point. Each volume is supplied with a complete vocabulary at the back, and a set of notes to explain historical allusions and idioms not otherwise made clear by the dictionary. Mr. Elmquist is the author of a Swedish grammar, and a phonology of the Swedish language now in press; also a text edition of Runeberg's "Fänrik Stals Sägner."

H. G. L.

KAREN BORNEMAN. LYNGGAARD & Co. Two plays by Hjalmar Bergström. Translated from the Danish, with an Introduction by Edwin Björkman. (The Modern Drama Series, No. 1; New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1913.)

A translation from so uncertain an author as Bergström can hardly be called an auspicious beginning for the Modern Drama Series started but lately under the general editorship of Björkman; for while unquestionably clever and entertaining, neither play is original in the best sense. Somehow, both action and actors have been seen behind the footlights numberless times. And, while quite pretentious in matter and treatment, both plays really are very light stuff. With Bergström we are definitely among the imitators. His work points backward—not forward, as Mr. Björkman opines—backward to a stale, flat and unprofitable naturalism, Karen Borneman closes the play named after her with the trite but true remark: "I suppose it is the law of life that nothing new can come into the world without pain." She is mistaken, however, if she—and the author—thinks that the ideas about sexual freedom which she proclaims are anything "new." In "Lynggaard & Co." the author presents the "problem" of a rather stage-made-labor-war from all possible angles. We are given the viewpoint of the rich but rather helpless brewer, his ambitious and resourceful secretary, who really runs the business and is a Jew (of course), the dreary mother tormented by the responsibility of her wealth, her son who is going to help "reform" society, the unpleasant, megalomaniac workman from the penitentiary, etc.—where have we seen them before? For originality of observation and invention is not in evidence.

The translation is, on the whole, well done, but it is regrettable that Mr. Björkman has not yet succeeded in ridding his English of Scandinavianisms.

L. M. H.

PEER GYNT. Translated in the Original Meter, with an Introduction by R. Ellis Roberts. (The Modern Drama Series, No. 3; New York, Mitchell Kennerley, 1913.)

There is probably no poem in the world's literature that is equal in boisterous dash and lusty vigor to "Peer Gynt"; nor, probably, any in which these elements are so intimately and effectively interspersed with words of orphic wisdom and passages of poignant sweetness. Mr. R. Ellis Roberts' version of the great poem, adhering faithfully to the rhyme scheme and meters of the original, is a brave attempt to do the well-nigh impossible. It is no ignominy if, in my opinion, he has failed. It is not difficult, unfortunately, to point out one cardinal reason for his failure, which is his seeming insensitiveness to rhythm. Many of his lines are sheer prose capped with rhyme words. Surely, if a metrical translation has any *raison d'être* it must be to re-create the *effect* of the original; or else we might as well be satisfied with prose, with its possibility of greater faithfulness in the rendering of the sense. It requires a poet to translate a poet. With Roberts, most of the poetry has evaporated in the process. The first act is particularly bald, with its overworked present participles for feminine endings and occasional atrocious grammar. But even at its best, the translation is heavy and labored, and fails to give the English reader a fair conception of the rush and gleam of Ibsen's lines—to be sure, an exceedingly difficult task! In the opinion of the present reviewer, Mr. Roberts' introduction is quite misleading, and his comparisons mostly beside the point. For the whole of the poem, as well as for an intelligent introduction, Archer's translation is still the only one to be recommended.

L. M. H.

THE MEDIEVAL BALLAD. Translated from the Danish of Johannes C. H. R. Steenstrup by Edward Godfrey Cox. Ginn & Company, Boston, 1914.

It is a great pity that several Danish works of vital importance to the study of Anglo-Saxon history and literature are inaccessible, save to the fortunate few who read Danish. Professor Steenstrup's indispensable work on the invasions of the Northmen, first published in 1877, still remains untranslated into English. We are indeed indebted to the translator and the high educational interests of the house of Ginn for providing English readers with Steenstrup's treatment of the Danish ballads. In this work the author develops the critical method by which the popular ballad may be shorn of the accretions of time and restored to its original form in the thirteenth and following centuries. He is more conservative than Grundtvig in dating the ballads; the earliest are from the twelfth century, and there is a sharp cleavage in genre between these rhymed poems of the people, made to be sung to the dance, and the earlier alliterative heroic ballads, recorded by Saxo, composed for recitation.

The translation is scholarly and the ballad extracts are Anglicized with some genuine folk flavor. This book, based on the ballads of Denmark, is a fitting companion to the similar discussion of the English and Scottish ballads by Professor F. B. Gummere, and becomes at once an essential book of reference for the desk of every ballad lover. H. G. L.

Brief Notes

Professor J. N. Lenker has issued "A Popular Appeal in Three Languages for a Three-Language Education." The author argues that, with the growth of intercourse among the nations, Americans cannot hold their own in modern culture unless they will make the study of living languages general in the graded and high schools, as it is in the corresponding schools of Europe. In the Northwest, where the German and Scandinavian elements are strong, he believes children should be taught these two languages, which would be most easily acquired and most useful in practical life.

Rev. C. A. Lönnquist, of Axtell, Nebraska, has recently published a volume of poems entitled "Sundet vid Treskär." The name is taken from that of the first poem, which is an epic telling in blank verse the story of a young man who was carried to sea in a fishing-smack. The lyrics, as well as the poems written for special occasions, are expressive and show a high degree of originality. We need only mention a sonnet like "Min Gångstig" or a playful ditty like "Kålstock-Smide" as fair examples of Lönnquist's happy temperament.

A prize of 100 kronor offered by the REVIEW for the best Danish rendering of Dr. Egan's sonnet on Rosenborg in our Yule Number, brought 287 translations to the editor of *Politiken*, through whose good offices the award was made. Two of these, one by Rev. Uffe Birkedal and one by Mrs. Agnete Hindenburg Krabbe, were of such high merit that the prize was divided between them. The contest was limited to Denmark.

Mr. A. R. Holmén, of Columbus, Ohio, has donated the sum of 50,000 kronor to his Alma Mater, Borås Technical Elementary School, in Sweden. The donor has made the condition that he is to receive, during his lifetime, an interest of five per cent. of the fund, but after his death the entire income is to be applied to scholarships for deserving students in the school, preferably sons of day laborers or small farmers.

Another graduate of the Borås Technical School, Mr. Erik Oberg, of Chicago, is associate editor of *Machinery*, the leading mechanical review in America. He was compiler and chief author of a "Machinery Handbook," which appeared in January of this year, and has been sold in 12,500 copies. The volume, which is the first complete work of its kind, is beautifully bound and illustrated and is a model of accuracy and practical arrangement.

Mathilde Wrede, the subject of Selma Lagerlöf's sketch, which appeared in the Yule Number in a translation by Velma Swanston Howard, recently celebrated her fiftieth birthday. Laudatory articles on her work appeared in the newspapers of Finland; it will be remembered that Miss Wrede's mission to the prisoners was recently forbidden by the Russian authorities.

The Norwegian-American newspapers and magazines for May devote much space to the Norway Centennial. *Symra*, the bi-monthly magazine edited by Johs. B. Wist and Kristian Prestgaard, is packed full of instructive material. *Eidsvold* appears in a 17th of May edition with a poem to Norway by Johan Selnes. The prize offered by the Sons of Norway for the best Norwegian-American national song was won by Sigurd Folkestad.

A lecture course especially for Norwegian-Americans will be given at historic Eidsvold in the week immediately following the Fourth of July, America's Day at the Exposition in Christiania. The subjects will include the political and sociological development of Norway, and the progress of art, science, and industry. A moderate price covers the lecture course, concerts, and room and board for the week. Inquiries should be addressed to *Norgeskurset*, Eidsvold, Norway.

Among the lecturers at the course to be given in Eidsvold will be Professor Gisle Bothne, of the University of Minnesota; President C. K. Preus, of Luther College, Decorah, Iowa, will lecture at the University in Christiania this summer.

The next issue of the REVIEW will be a NEW SWEDEN NUMBER, containing valuable articles, illustrated, about Swedish colonies in America. It will also discuss the reaction upon American thought of several recent visitors from Scandinavia, notably Georg Brandes, Maurice Francis Egan, J. Gust Richert, and Osvold Sirén.

GIFT TO THE FOUNDATION: An autograph letter with a drawing of machinery by John Ericsson, designer of the "Monitor"; framed and presented by John Aspegren, president of the American-Scandinavian Society.

THE MEDIEVAL POPULAR BALLAD

Translated from the Danish of Professor Johannes C. H. R. Steenstrup, by Edward Godfrey Cox.

The standard Danish work on the ballad, "Vore Folkeviser fra Middelalderen," translated into English. Professor Steenstrup's study is based on Grundtvig's collection of Danish ballads, and deals in a broad way with questions vital to all students of the ballad.

What the author attempts is unique. In place of accepting ballads at their face value, he endeavors to isolate the genuine medieval features, "to know the ballads as they issued from the poet's mouth."

His method is both intensive and comparative. It lays bare in great detail the original conditions of production, the nature and purpose of the refrain, and the structure of the rime, rhythm, and melody. The comparisons with the Norse sagas and the ballads of Germany, together with the plenteous use of extracts from the ballads of Denmark, all combine to set forth attractively the perplexing and fascinating question of ballad origins and distributions. *Price $1.75.*

GINN AND COMPANY, Publishers

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON

The Magazines

The fourth instalment of the *Publications of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study* includes valuable philological essays by M. Larson, J. E. Olson, M. Sturtevant, Ingebrigt Lillehei, G. N. Swan, G. Schutte, A. G. S. Josephsson, and the editor, G. T. Flom, as well as a report which was the basis of an editorial recently in THE REVIEW.

If there be any occupation exclusively Norwegian, it is whaling, whether carried on off the coast of Japan or in the Straits of Magellan. James B. Connolly, in *Scribner's* for September, describes in his slashing, picturesque, sailor fashion, "The Battle Cruise of the Svend Foyn," which put off from Punta Arenas, where an old Norwegian whaler "uncorked four solid hours of the old Sagas, finishing up in the big front room, with flat bread and goat's cheese and dried ptarmigan chips and Trondhjem beer." Mr. Connolly once spent a summer off the Norwegian coast with Henry Reuterdahl, the Swedish-American artist whose daring color sketches illustrate a story in the September number of *Everybody's*, and a series of three paintings "With the Navy," in the March *Scribner's*.

The *Literary Digest*, July 5, prints a portrait of Maurice F. Egan, Minister to Denmark, in an article on "Our Literary Diplomats." Two translations from the Swedish appear in recent numbers of *Poet Lore;* "King Lear's Wife," a critical fragment from Strindberg by A. H. Swan, and "Song," from Topelius, by A. Louis Elmquist, melodiously rendered in the meter of Kalevala and Hiawatha.

Harper's Magazine for November contains three articles of Scandinavian interest: Madame de Hegemann Lindencrone begins a new series of charming memoirs with "A Danish Diplomat's Wife in Washington, 1875–1878"; Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the Icelandic-American explorer, writes entertainingly on "Religious Beliefs of the Eskimo," while John L. Mathews compares the methods of cooperative farming in Denmark and Italy in an illustrated article entitled "The Art of Mutual Aid." Recent numbers of *Harper's Bazar* contain articles by Edwin Björkman, the Swedish-American critic, and a series of essays by Ellen Key. The *Century* for April presents an essay by Mr. Björkman, entitled "In Behalf of American Literature," addressed to President Wilson.

"A Trip Through Denmark, Norway and Sweden" is the title of an article full of careful observation which escapes the ordinary traveler, an interview with Mr. Luis Jackson in the *Erie Railroad Employees Magazines* for November and December. Articles on Swedish scientific-industrial subjects appear in the *Engineering and Mining Journal* for June and the *Scientific-American Supplement* for October. The *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, February 11, publishes an account of the "Scandinavian Foundation." In the *New Review* for November Dr. J. W. Hartmann translates a story of Per Hallström, "Doctor Braun."

In the realm of art in American magazines Anders Zorn, of Northern artists, still occupies the most conspicuous place, his work being the subject of recent articles in *The International Studio, The Craftsman*, and the *Cosmopolitan*. The musical magazines manifest a renewed interest in Scandinavian music and Miss Willa Sibert Cather writes about Olive Fremstad in the December *McClure's*.

The ministerial crisis in Sweden is reviewed editorially in the *American Review of Reviews* for March, which comments also on the industrial development of Denmark, which was the subject of an essay by Mr. Alexander Foss in the November issue of THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW.

· THE · AMERICAN ·

SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

AUG



NEW SWEDE BER

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE SEPTEMBER REVIEW

The editors wish to thank Professor AMANDUS JOHNSON, of the University of Pennsylvania, for his assistance in preparing the NEW SWEDEN NUMBER.

Professor OSVALD SIRÉN, of Stockholm, was invited to America last spring to deliver a series of six lectures on Leonardo da Vinci at Yale University. He also lectured at the Universities of Harvard, Princeton and Columbia; at the Art Museums of Boston, New York and Chicago; before the American-Scandinavian Society in New York, and the Swedish Colonial Society in Philadelphia.

WALDEMAR AGER is an American writer of Norwegian descent.

M. ATHERTON LEACH, of Philadelphia, is active in biographical and genealogical work relating to American families.

Minister EGAN returned to Denmark in August. He is recovering from a serious operation. The banquet arranged in his honor in New York by the American-Scandinavian Society was indefinitely postponed.

W. VON MUNTHE AF MORGENSTIERNE was formerly in the Norwegian foreign service at Washington. He is now secretary of Nordmandsforbundet.

The poem to Jean Sibelius is by a former contributor to the REVIEW; the great Finnish composer visited America early in the summer.

EMMA SHOGREN FARMAN, of Napa, California, is a native of St. Paul, daughter of the Rev. Erick Shogren. She is a graduate of Knox College, and has studied at the University of California, and pursued graduate work in literature at Cornell University. Her sketches and stories have for many years appeared in Swedish-American newspapers, in the New York *Christian Advocate*, *Scribner's Magazine* and *Idun* (Stockholm), and she has published in English a book of short stories, the scenes of which are laid among the Swedish settlements in America, entitled "Where the Mississippi Flows."

VILHELM SLOMANN, Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation, has completed two years in America studying our library methods.

EDWIN JOHN VICKNER is Professor of the Scandinavian Languages in the University of Washington.

The COVER design of this issue is from a portrait of Johan Printz, third governor of New Sweden (1643-1653), presented by King Gustav V to the Swedish Colonial Society in Philadelphia. This portrait is a copy from the original painting now at Bottnaryd, near Jönköping, in Sweden, where Governor Printz is buried. The FRONTISPIECE is a reproduction of the first page of the Journal of the New Sweden Company, giving items of expense connected with the first expedition and articles sent to the Delaware in 1637. (From Johnson's *Swedish Settlements.*)

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THE
AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN
REVIEW

VOLUME II SEPTEMBER · 1914 NUMBER 5

Glimpses of Swedish Architecture

By OSVALD SIRÉN

THE EDITORS OF THE REVIEW HAVE ASKED OSVALD SIRÉN, PROFESSOR OF THE HISTORY OF ART AT THE UNIVERSITY OF STOCKHOLM, WHO VISITED NEW YORK DURING MARCH AND APRIL, TO DISCUSS THE TENDENCIES AND THE MEN THAT HAVE MADE SWEDISH ARCHITECTURE WHAT IT IS TODAY, IN THE TRUEST SENSE A CREATIVE ART. IN KINDLY CONSENTING TO BE INTERVIEWED, PROFESSOR SIRÉN WISHES TO STATE THAT THE RICHNESS OF THE MATERIAL MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DO ANYTHING BUT DWELL ON A FEW POINTS THAT BEST ILLUSTRATE THE GENERAL TREND OF SWEDISH ARCHITECTURE.

IN SWEDEN, as in other countries, architecture of the last century was successively influenced by the different historic styles—Gothic, Renaissance and Baroque—perpetuated more or less in the academies and accepted by their pupils without much reference to the special conditions in their own country. This copying of historic models led not only to the deadening of creative power, but also to the improper use of building materials, as, for instance, when plaster and stucco were used for elaborate decorations that obscured the structure.

The first step in the new national movement beginning in the last decade of the nineteenth century was to abolish false ornamental patch-work and use genuine materials, allowing the beauty of the building to be worked out through its real form, stuff and construction. Most of the modern buildings in Stockholm are of the Swedish red or gray sandstone, or brick of a dark reddish brown, with fine tone variations, some even partly of granite, and in the case of the more monumental structures the decorations are worked in the stone by our great sculptors. For roofs we mostly use brown, red or glazed black tiles.

Wood was, of course, the earliest building material used in Sweden, and the most truly national style is developed from the *bondegård*, or farm-house, made of timber. But this has naturally no connection with the constructions of a modern city; we have in this space only to speak of buildings in stone and brick. Monumental architecture



TIMBER *Bondegård* FROM MORA

began in Sweden, as in most other countries, with the ecclesiastical buildings of the Middle Ages. The best of the churches and monasteries were constructed by the monastic orders coming from France and Germany. The Cistercians, in the twelfth century, brought a splendid style, of which we still have examples in the beautiful though partly ruined churches at Alvastra, Varnhem, and Roma on the island of Gottland. The later Gothic style was brought by the great preaching orders, the Dominicans and Franciscans, coming in the thirteenth century, and we can still see it very well illustrated in many churches, for instance, the Riddarholm church in Stockholm and the churches of Sigtuna, Strengnäs and Uppsala.

There were, of course, also a number of small churches going up all over the country, and these followed the leading principles of the cathedrals and monasteries, but applied them in a simpler and coarser form. Thus a national style was developed, though mainly founded on the foreign models. The only spontaneous Swedish expression in ecclesiastical architecture during the Middle Ages was that of Saint Birgitta, who designed and began the building of the church at Vadstena, and whose ideas were subsequently followed in other churches of her order. She departed from custom in building monas-

teries for monks and nuns together, and therefore had to adapt her construction to the new needs; another innovation was that of placing the choir of the church to the west instead of to the east.

In glancing over the history of Swedish architecture, we find that while the construction of wooden buildings was going on all the time, the higher kind of architecture was—besides the churches—confined to castles, which were, in fact, mainly fortifications needed in those restless times. Not till the latter part of Gustaf Vasa's reign was attention again paid to the more artistic side. The so-called Vasa architecture is a combination of the medieval fortified castle with the Renaissance idea of a palace for feasts—there is very little attention paid to comfort or to the practical needs of daily life. The best examples of this period are the castles at Gripsholm, Vadstena, and Kalmar. Gustaf Vasa's son, Johan the Third, was interested in rebuilding parts of Stockholm, and it was owing to his work that the Royal Castle became in part a beautiful Renaissance building.

The next important period in artistic evolution was the Caroline era, including the reigns of Charles the Tenth, Charles the Eleventh and Charles the Twelfth. The material prosperity following the Thirty Years' War and the ideas of culture and luxury gained by the men who had visited southern countries combined to make



VADSTENA, A CASTLE OF THE VASA PERIOD

this the greatest era of Sweden in an artistic as well as in a political sense. More buildings were erected during the latter half of the seventeenth century than at any other time, and now finally the aristocratic country dwelling was developed under influences from France and Italy. Men of unusual artistic power, like Nicodemus Tessin, the older, and Jean de la Vallée, who had studied abroad, created a kind of national style by adapting to the actual needs of the people the principles of the late renaissance and classicistic baroque styles, which at that time were prevailing in southern Europe. They originated the characteristic city dwellings of the noblemen, as well as the country manor.

This was, then, during the following century, somewhat modified, according to the principles of the lighter and more decorative rococo style. But before this modification actually took place, there appeared in Sweden, at the end of the seventeenth century, a greater architectural genius than ever before, Nicodemus Tessin the younger, who created the present Royal Palace in Stockholm, replacing the old one, which had been destroyed by fire in 1697. This palace, like most of Tessin's buildings, is a purely Italian creation, with marked classicistic character, allied to Lorenzo Bernini's Roman palaces.



UPPSALA CATHEDRAL

Toward the close of the eighteenth century the influence of the neo-classic trend in culture became prevalent in Sweden and found expression in the style of architecture that is called Gustavian, from King Gustaf the Third. This, I may say, is the latest purely national style in Swedish architecture, and it is at present perhaps the most popular, its principles being applied especially to the indoor decorations and also to the furniture; the combination of decorative qualities with an element of comfort makes it still liked as a model for modern home construction. It is the Swedish counterpart

of the colonial style of New England, and I feel sure that the colonial style also contains artistic elements which could be utilized more than has yet been done for a special American architecture. This would be a great help in the evolution not only of taste but of that sense of a national culture which grows from a continuity of development. It is evident that the so-called colonial style is most easily applicable to smaller country houses and private homes, where finish and beauty of details play an important part, although the sense of proportion and beauty of line often found in colonial buildings contain elements that ought to be utilized in the large constructions of American cities more than yet has been the case. I suppose the question of applying the colonial principles in private houses is largely a question of creating real family homes—not hotels—which seems to be at present one of the main problems of American national life. If there is a home life, the architect will express it, but he cannot remodel the national life, and, therefore, I am afraid that there will be no domestic architecture before there is a soil for it. When individual and family life exists, it will call out the setting which it requires, such as we see in the eighteenth century houses.

Swedish architects of the present day, in their efforts to liberate themselves from all that is false and to create a national style, have sought inspiration in the old buildings of their country. The severely simple, solid structures of the medieval ecclesiastical buildings and the castles of the Vasa period are especially appropriate for public buildings, while the Caroline style is a favorite for country manors, and with its rich decorative character seems to express the sumptuous habits and expansive hospitality of the Swedish country estate.



RIDDERHOLM CHURCH

At the same time a large number of less expensive buildings are going up in the suburbs of the cities, simple



RECEPTION ROOM IN TIDÖ PALACE, THE COUNTRY HOME OF AXEL OXENSTIERNA

modifications of the old Swedish farm house, little two-story dwellings, painted yellow or red, usually with a broken roof line and a little porch. The artistic importance of these buildings lies not in monumental proportions or rich elaboration, but in the ability to connect them with the surrounding nature.

(To be continued in the November number)



DROTTNINGHOLM, A PALACE OF THE CAROLINE PERIOD

Two Empty Hands

By WALDEMAR AGER

THERE was a boy who went to America. He had struggled hard to get away, but when he stood ready to go on board the little fjord steamer, his throat seemed to close, and he could not bear to see his mother's tear-stained face, for he knew that if he did he, too, would begin to cry. He looked at the bent back of the father, who lifted his trunk for him, and at the brothers and sisters standing there in a row—from the sister whom he loved unutterably to the smallest boy, with his quaint air of manliness, who did not understand anything. He saw the group of his childhood friends, whom he had gone to school with and would never, never forget.

There was the house, small and poverty-stricken, huddled under the hillside, but with the sunlight over it. He remembered everything within there, and he saw the mountains opposite with the weird outline on which his eyes had rested when he was a child. Thousands of times he had seen the sun rising over those mountains.

Yet he was happy even in his sadness. "I am coming back," sang the voice within him. He would only be gone a few years, and he would see so much that was new. He would show the people over there that he could work—he would save money and come home, as others had done, wearing a fine suit and carrying a thick pocketbook. He took the measure, as it were, of the parish—he would build a large and splendid house; his mother should be comfortable, his father should not have to toil, the children should go to school, and he would stride with lifted head to church, and people should look after him as he passed.

He took the measure of himself, too, and involuntarily his large hands were clenched in his pockets. He would show the people over there that he could work, and that there was no one like him.

And afterwards he would go home.

As the distance from his home increased, the land rose before him, and he felt his chest expand with the thought that he was a Norwegian and owned such a country as Norway. Never would he forget his homeland as so many others had done. It held all that he loved; it seemed as though God himself dwelled among those high mountains; he had often felt it when he had seen the sun rising on a beautiful spring morning or heard the church bells reverberating in the light, still air through the wondrous peace of Sunday forenoon.

He stretched out his hands to the land that was vanishing in the horizon, and the exultant voice in him cried: "I am coming back," and his heart made a vow to that spirit which he had felt hovering over the jagged peaks, and which seemed a part of the church bells and

the rising sun over the hills: "I am coming back,—my soul is here among the mountains, and how should a man part from his own soul?"

He did show the people over there. Never was a man more willing to work; but in the evening, after a hard day's labor, he wrote letters, and the letters always carried the same happy refrain: "I am coming home."

The boy became a man and owned a large field that had to be plowed, but while he plowed, in his thoughts he was on the way home. Every furrow was the road to home, and every sprouting blade was swelling with the promise of home. The harvest would bring in thousands, and it did bring thousands, but there was always something that had to be done first. In the spring he said: "I am going in the fall," and in the fall he said: "I am going in the spring."

The years passed, and one day a letter came with the message: "Your father is dead." His heart writhed, for he remembered his father's bent back, which had never been straightened, and he wrote: "I am coming home."

He sold his fields, but not in order to go home; there was a splendid chance to do business in the town. He felt the want of a home, and a girl joined her life with his. He built a large house, but it was not on the site he had dreamed of.

Again a letter came, saying: "Your mother is dead."

"I am going home," he thought, but he did not go. There was always something that hindered him. When he no longer had his fields to plow, he had business to look after. To be sure, he had helped to build a Norwegian church with a large tower, but the bell did not have the right sound. The more he struggled to free himself the more he was bound.

The years passed quickly, and the days were terribly short. One day he made the discovery that he was old, and that he could not speak intelligently with his grown children. He could discuss business with his sons, for that was something he understood, and he could discuss expenses with his daughters, for that, too, was something he understood: but apart from this, they lived in different worlds. That which interested his children was strange to him, and that which interested him was strange to his children. His wife could not make him conform to her ideas of refinement, and his daughters were embarrassed by his large hands and clumsy manners. They blushed when he spoke Norwegian to them in the hearing of others, and his wife wept with anger when he forgot himself and told of the little cottage at home with the one window where he had seen the sun rising over high mountains.

And the years rolled by. His wife had long been under the ground, and his sons were old men, who spoke in low voices and walked quietly through the large rooms. A new generation had risen with new, strange names, and they sang new songs, and their laughter sounded distant and strange to the old man, as he lay in his room alone, waiting for death, which did not come.

Again there came a letter from home. It was from his youngest brother, now the only one who remained of the family. The letter lay unread on the table, for the old man's eyes were almost sightless, and in the large house there was no one who could read it, but he knew that it was his brother's last farewell, and with his mist-dimmed eyes he could see the letter like a light spot on the dark table-cover.

The spot of light grew and grew, until it became a whole fjord in the sunshine—morning sunshine. A little boy stood on his knees at the window and saw the sun rising over all the hills and bathing all the houses and all the trees in the most wonderful golden light. Then he saw his father's back no longer bent, and his mother's face with no traces of tears any more, and he cried out with joy; for he felt that he was being smothered under the great happiness that came to him so unexpectedly.

"I am coming home," he said to himself—and he laughed and repeated: "I am going home—I am going home after the spring plowing, I am going home after the harvest, I am going home for Christmas, I am going home in the spring—I want to go home and build a large house and to hear the church bells on Sunday morning, and to pick flowers on my way to church." He spread out his large, empty, lean hands and cried: "I am coming home; for I am a Norwegian," and he murmured happily: "I have been so busy, but now I am not busy any more, and now I am coming home."

At his bedside stood several young ladies in elegant evening gowns, and they looked at one another questioningly, as they asked in English: "What does he say?"

Then they nodded sadly and comprehendingly: What a pity if he were to die tonight, when they had a party. It would be a perfect scandal.

The old man's lustreless eyes see nothing of this. They are full of tears, tears of joy; for now once more he sees the sunrise from the tiny window in a cottage that has long since disappeared and with eyes from which the light has long since departed.

The local papers published his picture, and he was held up as a shining example of what industry and thrift may accomplish.

He had begun with two empty hands.



From Johnson's "Swedish Settlements"

THE SEAL OF GOVERNOR JOHAN PRINTZ, USED FOR TEN YEARS AS THE OFFICIAL SEAL OF NEW SWEDEN

Some Account of New Sweden and Her Churches

By M. ATHERTON LEACH

The first expedition to New Sweden landed on the shores of the Delaware in 1638. The last Swedish missionary sent out to the descendants of the early colonists died in Philadelphia in 1831.

AS EARLY as 1624, Gustavus Adolphus, the great Protestant soldier and statesman, became imbued with the idea of the Swedish colonization of America. Two years later the Swedish South Company, so called, was formed, with a charter of elaborate provisions and extraordinary powers, to further the commerce of Sweden and "for the spread of the Holy Gospel." The real significance of the kingly project, backed by the powerful resources of a realm was, doubtless, to provide a home beyond the seas, not alone for Swedes, but where Danes and Germans, persecuted for conscience sake by the pitiless fury of the Thirty Years' War, then at its height, might live in peace under the protection of the Swedish crown. Dying at Lützen, November 6, 1632, a sacrifice to religious liberty, and changing by his victorious death the political and religious history of northern Europe, Gustavus Adolphus bequeathed his prophetic vision—"the jewel of his kingdom," as he called the colonization plan—to his chancellor, Oxenstierna. Under the patronage of that master of statecraft, twelve expeditions were fitted out in the fatherland, between 1637 and 1656, of which a noble memorial has been given to the reading world by the Swedish-American scholar, Amandus Johnson, in *The Swedish Settlements on the Delaware*, 1638–1664.

In March, 1638, after delays innumerable, two stout little ships from Sweden, the *Kalmar Nyckel* and the *Fogel Grip*, sailed up the broad, beautiful waters of Delaware Bay, and the First Swedish Expedition had been accomplished. Peter Minuit, the commander and governor, bearing a commission in the name of the girl-queen, Christina, met in the cabin of the *Kalmar Nyckel* five Indian



From Johnson's "Swedish Settlements"

QUEEN CHRISTINA AS A CHILD

sachems, appointed from the different Lenâpe tribes, who sold "the lands on all parts and places of the river, up the river and on both sides," as Minuit requested. This done, the ship's company went ashore, where a pole was erected bearing aloft the royal arms of Sweden, and, to the booming of cannon, New Sweden was born. The land purchased embraced the western shore of the Delaware or South River, from Duck Creek to a point north of the site of the future city of Philadelphia.

Preparations for the construction of a fort moved apace, which, before May 10 following, was completed and named Christina.

Situated on a small stream, within the city limits of Wilmington, where nature had provided a wharf of stone, it was built of palisades and earth in the form of a square, resembling a Swedish fortress. The two corners on the river front and the northeast one toward the land were mounted with guns from the *Kalmar Nyckel*, while over all the gold, blue cross banner of Sweden floated in the spring breezes. Inside were two houses, one a magazine storehouse, the other a dwelling, with oven and fireplace made from bricks carried over in the ships. This accomplished, Minuit sailed homeward, leaving the little colony in command of Måns Kling and Hendrick Huygens. In 1903 the site of the fort was marked with an inscribed stone by the Delaware Society of Colonial Dames, many of whose members descend from those Swedes who settled "in that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters."

Nearly two years elapsed before the arrival of the Second Expedition, in April, 1640, with Commander Peter Hollender Ridder, new settlers, additional stores, and the Rev. Reorus Torkillus, the first Lutheran clergyman to serve in America. The first religious services in the colony were undoubtedly held in the fort, in one of the houses built by Minuit. It is probable that a chapel or place of worship was constructed in 1641 or 1642. Under Governor Ridder the territory of New Sweden was extended, on the west bank of the river from Cape Henlopen to the falls of the Delaware, above Trenton, and on the east side from Cape May to Raccoon Creek.

The advent of Governor Johan Printz, in 1643, brought a new note of prosperity to the young settlement, though the early years of his administration were clouded by sickness among the colonists, the death of the Rev. Mr. Torkillus, and a fire which destroyed much property, the church and Printz Hall, "a stately palace of bricks," in 1645. Early in the next year plans were made for general rebuilding and for a church, with a belfry, doubtless at its side, after the manner of Sweden, to accommodate the bell brought over in the *Fama* in 1644. On September 4, 1646, the new edifice was dedicated, with appropriate ceremonies, by the Rev. Johan Campanius Holm, the noted scholar and author, assisted by the Rev. Israel Holg Fluviander, a nephew of Governor Printz. This was at Tinicum, about nine miles southwest of Philadelphia, to which the seat of government had been transferred from Christina, and where Governor Printz discharged his office with no small ability. In 1653 Printz returned to Sweden, and Johan Rising became director-general and last governor of New Sweden.

Swedish rule on the Delaware River never reached the comprehensive conception of the great King Gustavus and his chancellor, both of whom gave of their strength to accomplish that religious toleration made possible by the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, which closed the thirty years' struggle. Meanwhile the kingdom of Sweden was torn

by internal dissensions and financial impoverishment, and after an ineffectual reign, Queen Christina, the only offspring of the "Lion of the North," resigned her crown June 6, 1654, and the noble Oxenstierna breathed his last earthly sigh a few months later. This was some thirteen months before Sweden's royal standard in America was lowered to Dutch domination, September 25, 1655, which, in turn, was supplanted by the English in 1664. Under English rule the Swedes were held in high regard, and at the commencement of the Duke of York's government on the Delaware three of his six councillors there were natives of Sweden—Peter Rambo, Peter Cock and Israel Helm; while all the justices of the earliest English tribunal on the soil of Pennsylvania—the Upland Court—were Swedes, save one. The great Quaker proprietary, William Penn, did not differentiate against his settlers from the Northland; so it came to pass that New Sweden merged into his "Holy Experiment" of a hoped-for perfect democracy in the province of Pennsylvania and the counties of New Castle, Kent and Sussex-on-Delaware, which counties later became the State of Delaware.

After the Swedish control in government had lapsed, the Swedes and Hollanders merged into one church association. The Tinicum church was in good condition and ordinarily used until 1700. The church at Christina held services at the fort until 1667, when a small wooden place of worship was built at Tranhook, and this was in use until 1699. Later churches were erected on the other side of the Delaware at Raccoon Creek (Swedesboro) and Penn's Neck, and these for some years were embraced in the parish of Christina. At



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HOLY TRINITY CHURCH ("OLD SWEDES'"), WILMINGTON. BUILT 1699.



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INTERIOR OF GLORIA DEI CHURCH ("OLD SWEDES'"), PHILADELPHIA
ERECTED 1700

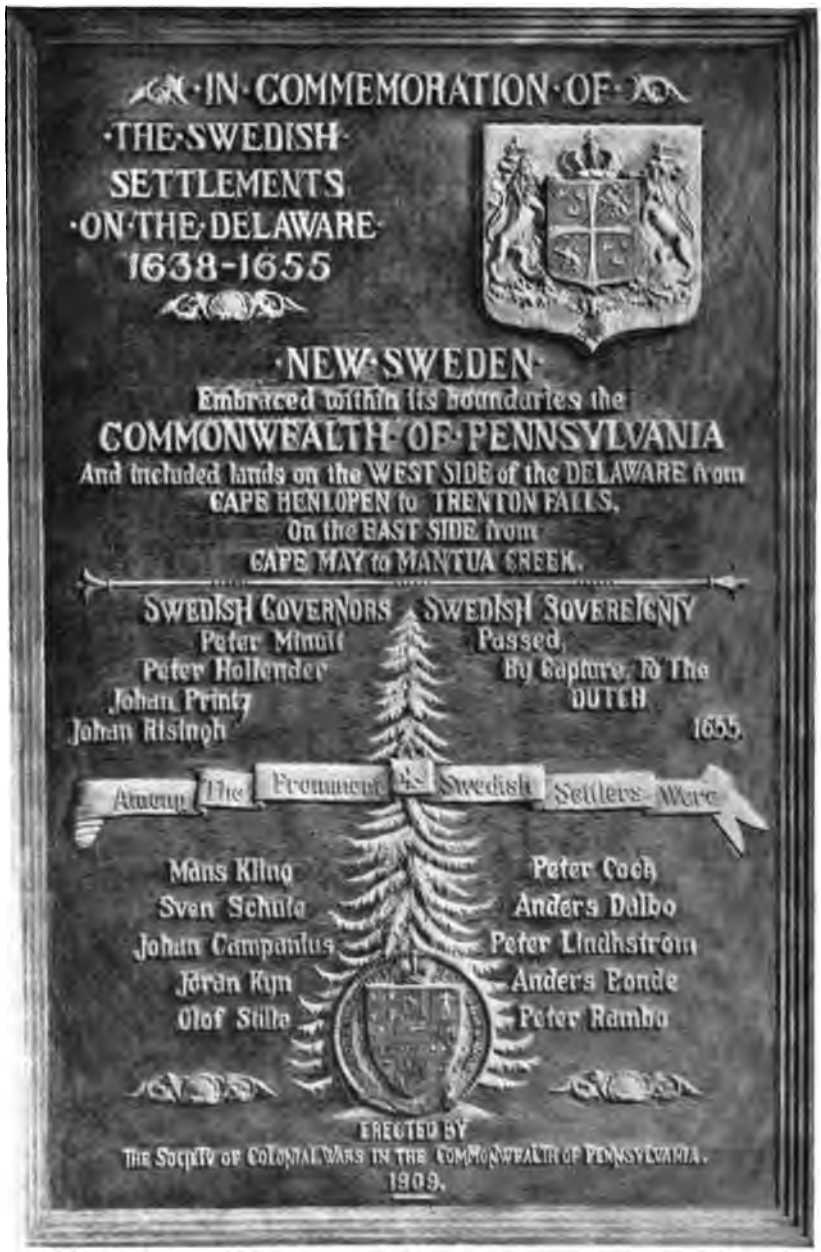
Wicacoa stood a block-house, which, in 1677, was changed for religious purposes, and on Trinity Sunday of that year the Rev. Jacobus Fabritius held the first service on the site of the present Gloria Dei. There and then was established the first Christian congregation within the borders of what was to become the fair city of Philadelphia. This congregation later embraced those at Kingsessing and Upper Merion, but Christina and Wicacoa always remained the leading churches. A full description of these parishes is to be found in *A History of New Sweden*, by Israel Acrelius, Provost of the Swedish churches in America, and Rector of Old Swedes' Church, Wilmington, Delaware, published under the joint auspices of the Historical Societies of Pennsylvania and Delaware.

Mr. Fabritius, though not a Swede, was engaged by the churchwardens of Wicacoa Parish in 1677, but officiated at Christina after the death of Pastor Lars Karlsson Lock in 1688, the latter having been the rector there from Governor Printz's time. The former resided above Philadelphia and, though blind late in life, executed his duties at Wicacoa and Christina, traveling between these points in a canoe or guided by the hand of an attendant. His death in 1693 left both churches utterly destitute of ministers for nearly five years.

At this distressing juncture a combination of circumstances led to an appeal to Sweden by Carl Christopherson Springer, of Christina, and others, "for ministers and books, that the children of Sweden do not become as the heathen among whom they dwell." This appeal eventually reached the attention of the king, Charles XI, which resulted in the establishment of the Swedish Mission to America and the appointment of three clergymen for the congregations on the Delaware: Andreas Rudman, of Gestricia; Eric Björk, of Westmania, and Jonas Aurén, of Wermeland. His Majesty's personal farewell to his first missionaries was accompanied with the words: "Go, now, in the name of the Lord, to the place to which I send you. God go with you and make your undertaking successful. If any opposition is made or any injury done you, return. I will remember you."

At Wicacoa, on June 30, and at Tranhook July 8, 1697, the clergy met and, contrary to general usage, selected their congregations. Mr. Rudman, the first called to the work, selected Wicacoa, and Mr. Björk took Tranhook, leaving Mr. Aurén to enter upon his missionary travels over the country. On July 2, 1700, at Wicacoa, the home of the fir tree, the present Gloria Dei church was consecrated, on land given by the family of Swän Swänson. Eight years thereafter Mr. Rudman lived, loved and labored, and, dying in Philadelphia, was buried the next day, September 18, 1708, in the church, before the chancel, attended to his last resting-place by a long procession of Swedes and English and by his fellow-laborer, Pastor Björk. Somewhat back from Swanson Street stands the church, beautiful in its simplicity, with a note of Dutch influence in its interior construction. Eastward its chancel window faces the river, once so quiet, now blocked by the marts of trade. Its God's Acre is filled with memorial stones to Swedish members, some of whom have added lustre to the Commonwealth they helped to found. In the belfry hangs its bell, with the inscription: "Cast for the Swedish Church in Philad'a, Stiled Gloria Dei. G. Hedderly. Fecit 1806 Partly from the Old Bell Dated 1643. I to the Church the Living Call and to the Grave do Summon All."

The Christina congregation was equally fortunate in its new head. Under Pastor Björk a substantial building was quickly built by



By Courtesy of the Society of Colonial Wars

TABLET TO COMMEMORATE THE SWEDISH SETTLEMENTS ON THE DELAWARE, ERECTED TO THE RIGHT OF THE SOUTH PORTAL OF THE CITY HALL OF PHILADELPHIA

workmen from Philadelphia, which still stands among its dead, a testimony in stone to the piety and zeal of that servant of the Swedish Mission. In a certain sense it serves, too, as a monument to the Rev. Mr. Torkillus, who was buried by Campanius in the fort, at the now southern end of the church. On Trinity Sunday, July 4, 1699, "after the assembly had been called together by the ringing of the bell, the consecration took place in the presence of many hundred persons of various religions besides our own," says the diary of Mr. Björk, printed in "The Records of Holy Trinity (Old Swedes') Church, Wilmington." Then follows: "My colleague from the other congregation, Magister Andrew Rudman and myself, clad each in his surplice (but not with a chasuble, as they could not be obtained here), went in before the altar, as also our colleague, Mr. Jonas Aurén, though he had only a long cloak with cape. Then Magister Rudman and myself stood in front next to the altar, and Mr. Aurén before us, and we began. And the church was named Holy Trinity Church." The service, fully described in the good pastor's record book, is not unlike that used in the Anglican Communion today. He uses the old term, "High Mass," and shows how fully his people observed the festivals of Christmas, Easter and Whitsuntide, with service in the early morning, at four or five o'clock, followed later in the day with High Mass and sermon. New Year's Day, Epiphany, Candlemas, the Day of the Annunciation, Good Friday, Ascension Day, Midsummer Day, the Visitation of Our Lady, St. Michael's Day and All Saints were also solemn anniversaries.

Magister Björk returned to Sweden in 1714 to become pastor of Great Kopparberg Church at Falun in Dalecarlia, where he preached until his death in 1740, and from which town in 1718, through him, was sent to Holy Trinity Church a beautiful chalice, paten and wafer box of silver, which is still used in the parish at special services.

In her churches New Sweden lived, preserving through the aid of the Swedish Mission the simple liturgy of her national faith, in her national tongue, for nearly two centuries. There is not upon record a more remarkable example of disinterested care for its expatriated citizens than that of the Swedish crown for these scattered members of its race, living in pastoral simplicity along the banks of the Delaware, no longer bound by political ties, and separated by the Atlantic Ocean. Between 1696 and 1786 the Swedish government sent to Christina, Wicacoa and their dependencies no less than twenty-four clergymen, and expended not less than one hundred thousand dollars—possibly double that amount. Not only did Sweden send clergy of distinguished scholarship, but, after years of faithful labor, welcomed them home again, often investing them with benefices of a most desirable character.



DANISH CASTLES—V

LÖVENBORG



MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

A Danish Castle

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN

The young prince dreamed when one
he loved had died
That in her memory he would make
to bloom
A thousand roses near the little room
Where she had lived, close to the
chapel's side;

The king, grown old, changed, for a queenly bride,
His ancient castle. Gobelins gave a loom
For Fragonard's gay pictures; when his doom
Struck and he sickened, this was all his pride;

Yet Time, a friend, remembered. So to-day,
Though gone the gold-bronze on the oaken stair,
And broken Cupids the great terrace strew
Where Venus stands no more, the young Prince May
Flushes the place with roses everywhere:
The dreams of youth, not plans of age, came true.

THE above sonnet by Minister Egan is published by courtesy of *The Century Magazine*, in which it first appeared in October, 1909. The poem has been repeatedly translated into Danish. While not composed expressly for the manor of Lövenborg, reproduced on the page opposite as fifth in our series of Danish castles, these verses well suit the dream-like beauty of this country seat. Lövenborg is situated near Holbeck in northwestern Sjaelland. In the twelfth century, the lands on which it lies were in the possession of Bishop Absalon, who deeded them to the maintenance of Sorö Abbey. The oldest portion of the present building dates from 1550. The Barony of Lövenborg, of which this hall is the chief residence, was created in 1773 for the family of Lövenskiold. This family is descended from a wealthy Norwegian merchant, Herman Leopoldus, knighted in Denmark in 1739 under the name of Lövenskiold, whose ancestors in turn had emigrated from Bremen to Christiania.

Little Paul

Adapted by BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON, from VICTOR HUGO

Translated from the Norwegian by W. VON MUNTHE AF MORGENSTIERNE

HIS mother died when she gave him life, and the father was young and married again. Paul was then one year old, and that is early to be made a stranger, but there was an old man who took him under his care; his Grandfather became like a mother to the boy. It is good for a little child to find something when it stretches out its arms, and this was a delicate child. He got a strong nurse, however—a goat with wild eyes, climbing on the steep slope behind the garden. This large garden around Grandfather's house became Paul's home, and he had a wonderful time there during the spring and summer, with the green meadows, the fresh air, the brooks and the woods. The flowers became his friends; they are not envious. In the garden there were plums and peaches, and there were also wild roses. From under the willows came a glimmer of trembling water and from the nests love songs with chirping and buzzing, but all the voices here were sweet and subdued. It was the joyful song of day-break, which was once sung in Paradise, that song which all the earth is stammering once again every spring.

Here Paul felt the love of all and everything around him, and to be loved became part of his nature. Here, also, it was that he began to walk. If there was too big a stone in his way, he stumbled; a little hole, and again he fell. He was just as happy as before, however, for Grandfather's hands were after him and around him, took hold of him and put him straight. Then the child chuckled. Nobody can quite describe the wonderful quality in a child's laughter any more than we can paint sunshine in a wood.

The Grandfather had a face so serious that it might have been put in a Bible, but he could not resist the charm of the child. Grandfather honored childhood, consulted it, and worshipped it. He carefully watched how it dawned in this little brain, how the thought struggled, how the word climbed higher and higher, until it could fly. The old house in which they lived was delighted to hear once more the voice of a child, and so were the trees; they chatted about him between themselves.

Paul ruled over Grandfather with unrestricted power, the power which those who are happy have over us. Grandfather was the boy's slave. "Wait, Grandfather!" And Grandfather waited. "No, come here!" And Grandfather came. Oh, how happy they were together, the little tyrant and the old subjugated slave, the one three years old, the other much above eighty; but there, under the singing

of the birds, they were both children together. Grandfather taught Paul to think, and Paul taught Grandfather to believe. They spent the whole day together, and they slept in the same room during the night. They chatted together like the bluebirds in the fairy tale.

Paul's real father had a new son with his new wife, but Paul knew of nothing. He was with Grandfather. "Look out for the water, Paul!" "Don't go so near the pond." "Why, Paul, your feet have got wet." "Yes, Grandfather." "Now we must go home and change." Paul was unconcerned and happy. To him Grandfather was the whole world.

Then Grandfather died.

The little one did not understand it. His eyes looked around; his brain tried to think, but he did not understand it. Sometimes the old man had been tired and then he had said: "Well, Paul, I shall soon have to die and leave you; then you will never again see your poor old Grandfather who loves you so much." But it is impossible to extinguish the unsuspecting light that is called ignorance. Paul was happy and forgot all about it.

The church was out in the fields, a small, poor church, which was now opened, while the bell sounded out over the woods and meadows. It was a lovely day. The curate and the friends and relatives came with Grandfather from the house of mourning, and on the way they were praying aloud, as they walked bareheaded. A big cow was lying by the roadside and looked protectingly at the procession. It was springtime and the men wore no coats. Paul walked close to the coffin. The churchyard was a desolate enclosure, without trees, and with no grave rising above any other. The surrounding stone wall was nearly crumbling. They passed through the wooden gate leading into the yard, and they closed it. Paul looked at the gate attentively. He was three years old. . . .

"You horrid child! You make me quite furious. Here you are wasting the good milk—spilling it on my clothes, too. Into the cellar with you. You shall have nothing but dry bread!" Who is it that is thus spoken to? It is Paul, Grandfather's own little Paul. When they carried Grandfather away, a strange man moved in. That was his father. And later a strange woman appeared; she was feeding a child at her breast. She hated Paul from the beginning. He was in her way. A mother can be like a sphinx, white on one side —the one that loves—black on the other—the one that is jealous; tender with her own child, but hard with that of another.

Suffering! A martyr can take it on himself, or a prophet, or a saint—but a little child? Hatred instead of love? He did not understand it. When he went into his little room in the evening, it seemed to him quite black, and he wept much when he was alone, wept until sleep overtook him. As he awoke, he looked around surprised and

searching. It seemed to him that there was no light and no windows in the house, and when he came outdoors it was as though no one recognized him there, either; the birds had become silent, and the flowers had lost their freshness, while he himself walked in the shadow and wanted to hide himself.

"Ugh! There you are again. How filthy you are. Away with you." After the scolding she caressed a little boy, but he was not Paul. He could not recall all the words that Grandfather had said to him, but he remembered that Grandfather had taken him on his knees and put his arm around him. The boy had become dumb, he did not talk any more, nor did he weep any longer, but often he looked toward the door.

One evening he disappeared, and they could not find him anywhere. It was winter, and the tiny footprints were lost in the snow. . . .

The next morning they found him. It appeared that the evening before several people had heard a child weep and cry out, "Grandfather, Grandfather!" The whole village had been out searching and they had found the little one at the gate of the churchyard. How in in the world had he been able to find his way? And in that darkness!

He had not succeeded in opening the gate, and as he was unable to get in and wake Grandfather, he himself lay down to sleep.

To Jean Sibelius

On Hearing His Second Symphony

By NORREYS JEPHSON O'CONOR

O wondrous blossom of the northern world!
Now, winter over, thou hast burst in song:
The mournful melodies of winter's wrong
Mixed with the scorn upon thy people hurl'd.

Thou singer of the woe of all mankind,
I, too, can share thy passion and thy pain,
That lust of pleasure and the lure of gain
Besmirch God's children and then leave them blind.

The Fourth of July in Norway



IN the wooded slopes of the park below old Frogner Mansion, in the outskirts of Christiania, a bronze bust of Abraham Lincoln stands framed in two large pines, a permanent memorial of America's Day at the Centennial Exposition of Norway. The Stars and Stripes mingled their folds with the Norwegian cross on the Fourth of July, when the bust was formally presented by Governor L. B. Hanna to the Norwegian people. With them stood a precious relic now on exhibition in the pavilion of "Norway Abroad," the bullet-riddled banner with a Norse inscription which led the Fifteenth Wisconsin Regiment, —composed almost entirely of Norwegian immigrants—in the bloody battles of the Civil War. Successive speakers emphasized the similarity of ideals which made the Lincoln monument appropriate.

At the Storting Building, the *Mindegave*, or Memorial Gift, amounting to 245,000 kroner, was formally presented by Dr. H. G. Stub and accepted on behalf of the Storting by its president, Mr. J. Lövland, to be administered for the benefit of sufferers from great national calamities, and so to be forever a token of the love of emigrated Norwegians for their homeland. A list was also read of the various gifts to particular districts in Norway, amounting in all to 237,000 kroner, thus almost doubling the total sum.

A monster banquet in the evening was successfully arranged by the American Club and *Nordmandsforbundet* in the great Hall of Song on the Exhibition grounds. Two thousand six hundred people took part, while many hundreds were turned away for lack of room. Norway's democratic king was present to welcome American visitors and to send greetings through them to their kinsmen who, though present in spirit, were unable to come in person. The visiting Norwegian-American male chorus led the singing of the national anthems, and it would be difficult to say whether "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," or "*Ja, vi elsker dette landet*," was sung with greater vim; while equally thunderous applause greeted Consul H. F. Gade's speech on "The Spirit of America," and Governor Hanna's eulogy of Norway. A message from President Wilson completed the most imposing celebration of Independence Day ever held outside of the United States.

H. A. L.

A Plymouth of Swedish America

The Town of Bishop Hill and Its Founder, Eric Janson

By EMMA SHOGREN FARMAN



SPINNING WHEEL, MADE IN BISHOP HILL IN COLONY DAYS. THE TREADLE WAS WORN HOLLOW IN THOSE TIMES WHEN THE WOMEN SAVED THE COLONY

SWEDISH America has her Plymouth. Among the emigrants from the North were those who merited comparison with Pilgrim and with Puritan. The town of Bishop Hill in Henry County, in the State of Illinois, was founded in 1846 by Swedish colonists under Eric Janson, their religious leader, from whom they were called Jansonists. Persecuted at home, they came to America only for religious liberty. It is true that the settlement is sometimes studied as an experiment in communism; but one learns that the communistic feature developed out of necessity, because a few owned worldly goods while the hundreds were without. As the son of the founder, Captain Eric Johnson, writes in *Svenskarne i Illinois*—a book which will probably remain the chief source of information on the Bishop Hill colony—they were an uneducated people who had no opportunity to study communistic societies had they wished to. They came to America for religious freedom, and the history of their material progress and communism is not less interesting, though it is an incidental development.

Eric Janson was born December 19, 1808, in Biskopskulla Parish, Uppland, Sweden. Biskopskulla translated became Bishop Hill, a happier result than many attempts to graft Scandinavian names on American soil. He was one of five children in a poor family, but his parents by work and thrift succeeded in buying a small estate or *gård*. Opportunities for schooling were most meagre, and limited to the religious instruction required by the established church. But even at this early period Eric showed, during the time of preparing for confirmation, uncommon insight into disputed questions, and avowed views differing from the usual interpretation. This is stated by a friend of his youth. He had a keen mind, was very religiously inclined, and eagerly read all the books that were to be had. After an unexplained and, as he believed, a miraculous cure from rheumatism at the age of twenty-six, the efficacy of faith absorbed his attention, and to want of faith he ascribed all misery and illness and the

lack of vital piety in the church. He identified himself with the Devotionalist movement, which began about 1825. This was not a sectarian agitation, but an evangelical reaction among the common people against the prevalent laxity of morals and the general indifference to religion.

The leader, however, until 1842, was Jonas Olson, who became Janson's "right hand" both in Helsingland and in Bishop Hill. He was a man of executive powers, of deep religious conviction, who in Stockholm had been profoundly influenced by the Rev. George Scott, an English Methodist clergyman who was chaplain to a Mr. Owen, an English manufacturer. Jonas Olson was for a half a century a striking figure in Bishop Hill, maintained his vigor long, and preached in the Old Colony Church until a few years before his death, which took place in 1898, at ninety-six years of age.

To revert—in 1842 Eric Janson identified himself with the evangelical movement in Helsingland, and became the leader. Crying emphasis was now put on the pre-eminent value of reading the Bible alone, and other books were denounced as idols and burned in public.

All Sweden was horrified. Janson was arrested, and persecution followed. Meetings were forbidden, the Jansonists were refused the Lord's Supper in the church and were deprived of civic rights, not being able to testify in the courts. An old law against conventicles was revived, and an intolerable state of affairs ensued in many parishes.

Janson was hustled from one prison to another, released, rescued, hidden, re-arrested and hunted in quick succession. Six times he was arrested, feeling ran high, no fair trial could be given, no conviction secured; and three times he was set free by royal orders. Twice Janson was admitted to the King, His Majesty Oscar I, a ruler most kindly toward religious freedom.

Janson preached whenever he could, and in any debate with his opponents was victorious. As hostility increased, there was much of denunciation and invective in his speech, and he sounded the new personal note, proclaiming himself the one to restore the true church. He administered the Lord's Supper to his followers,



OLD COLONY CHURCH AT BISHOP HILL

and it became dangerous and foolhardy to hold meetings. In the churches notices for his arrest were read, and liberty of worship was impossible. As the Prophet hid for weeks at a time, he wrote hymns by the dozen and compiled his catechism, none of which were likely to soothe the ecclesiastical or secular powers. The rapidity of his composition and its asserted perfection were taken as sure signs of divine inspiration.

Homes of his friends were demolished, and as he hid in cave or cellar or mountain wild, Janson planned the exodus of his followers from Sweden to the America of which they had heard. There he intended to build the New Jerusalem. With a price on his head, he fled westward in the winter of 1845-'46, on skis, far from beaten tracks, over *norska fjellen*, and from Norway across the Atlantic.

Believing that Sweden would be destroyed, about eleven hundred Jansonists braved the unknown and almost insurmountable difficulties and emigrated. The parting from friends, the breaking up of families, the superstitions that peopled the unknown regions with monsters and pirates and cutthroats, the awful sufferings on the way, the courage, the devotion, the patience, would fill a long chapter in America's most picturesque records.

The first question when emigration was forced upon them was that of expense. A common purse was the only solution and the biblical one. All who had anything sold it to pay the debts of other believers; for those who were soldiers, as high as a thousand *riksdaler* was paid to the government. Not one of them felt with the saga hero Frithiof that he must take with him a handful of his native soil, but all seemed to join in the spirit of Frithiof's sad farewell to that "nurse of heroes, the High North"; Eric Janson's *Afskeds Psalm*, or "Farewell Hymn," found in his catechism, is really a farewell to all the "unfaithful" left behind.

They set sail, one company after the other, from Gefle, Söderhamn, Göteborg, and Stockholm, as opportunity offered, in cramped and uncomfortable sailing vessels. At the last hour passports were withheld, and Jonas Olson, with a delegation, waited upon King Oscar I, who at once provided them. Think of rocking on the Atlantic eleven weeks in one of those ships, good food gone, friends buried in the sea every day, and preached to continually about lack of faith! Did ever any people suffer more? One of the pilgrims told me that young and strong as she was, had there been a chance to set foot on any land, whatever its horrors or inhabitants, nothing could have persuaded her back into the ship. One ship was lost with all on board.

New York was the first landing place, and horrors enough materialized for all. In small bands they arrived and pushed on toward Illinois. By the Erie Canal and the Great Lakes they reached



OLD COLONY BUILDINGS AT BISHOP HILL

Chicago, "an overgrown village." Thence they walked 175 miles to Henry County, where Janson and a few others had bought the first land. The largest company, four hundred strong, reached the colony in June of 1847.

The town site was purchased from the government, September 16, 1846. "It was a beautiful spot, sparsely covered with a small growth of oak trees, and located on the south bank of South Edward Creek." There stands the quaint, much-loved town of Bishop Hill, with a charm and beauty all its own.

The first winter for the colonists, with its hunger, cold, lack of shelter, deaths and homesickness, was one to disillusion the most faithful. A sod house served as kitchen and dining hall. The "dugouts," with double tiers of beds, were overcrowded every night and "nearly every morning a fresh corpse would be pulled out." For worship a tabernacle in the form of a cross provided room for a thousand persons. Service was held twice each day and on Sundays three times. Eric Janson himself, at five o'clock each morning, roused the camp for prayers. Schools for adults and children were established at once.

For the propaganda of their faith, Janson appointed twelve young men to teach in the New World. In 1847 the manufacture of adobe was begun and homes constructed of that material. None of them are now standing. Grist mill and saw mill were built, and in farming the colonists adopted new methods with alacrity. The second winter was equally hard; about two hundred withdrew to other communities. In 1848 kiln-dried bricks were made and a

four-story brick house built, 100 by 45 feet, extended later to 200 feet in length. This was common dining hall and kitchen, and is known as "the big brick." Others were built later.

In 1851 the Old Colony Church was raised and has been used for worship to the present time by the few who have adhered to Jansonism. The ground floor was made into airy, light living rooms, the upper part being the church.

Industrial progress attended the settlers, and all worked for the common good. The colony came to occupy an important place in the history of Illinois. Eleven hundred able-bodied immigrants meant no less than a fourth of the entire population of Henry County. Bishop Hill put thousands of dollars in gold into circulation at a time when money was scarce. It inaugurated the mighty flood of Swedish immigration to the entire Northwest. The Jansonists built mills, cultivated thousands of acres, engaged in banking; yet the colony was always primarily a religious community.



PIONEERS' MONUMENT, UNVEILED IN BISHOP HILL PARK ON THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY, 1896

The cultivation of flax, a staple industry of Helsingland, proved very profitable. Look at the graceful old spinning wheel reproduced at the beginning of this article. It was made in the colony and marked with a real Swedish family *bomärke*. Note the hollow treadle, worn thin in those days when the women saved the society, working day and night spinning and weaving with Helsingland skill, until from the crop of 1847—only one year after grounding the colony!—they made 12,473 yards of linen and matting, which found a ready sale.

Later parties joined the pioneers. Cholera ravaged their ranks, but they worked together. In 1850, on May 13, they lost their leader, the beloved Janson. Of this tragedy only the briefest mention can be made here.

A man named Root came to the colony and married a cousin of Eric Janson, but it was stipulated in writing that she should never be obliged to leave the colony against her will. Soon he left and urged her to follow, but in vain. This led to attempts by mob against the town, and also to kidnap her. This was frustrated, but Janson was arrested for these efforts to restrain the wife, and brought to trial. At noon, May 13, in the court room, Cambridge, Illinois, the vengeful husband shot Eric Janson.

Men and women mourned as they had not mourned for all their friends. All work stopped. Three days the body lay in state. At the funeral service in the old, historic church, a remarkable scene took place, when Mrs. Janson laid her hands upon one of the leading elders and pronounced him the guardian of the dead leader's young son. The mortal remains of Eric Janson were laid in the Bishop Hill cemetery. A marble shaft with several inscriptions marks the grave of this man of humble birth who so strangely swayed hundreds. "As it was, he died," says Mikkelsen, "while the memory of his achievements was still fresh in the minds of friends and foes alike. He was a man of splendid parts, and had his mind been less untrained he might possibly have become the pride and admiration of his native country, instead of ending his life before an assassin's bullet as an exile in a strange land."

Jonas Olson returned at once from the gold fields of California, and pronounced those in authority usurpers. The people accepted him, and under his administration (there were also several trustees) the colony was incorporated and advanced to remarkable material prosperity. A visitor in 1853 gave vivid pictures of what he saw and reported the system and methods as most successful.

The town was beautified by a park which now boasts trees of great size, and where stand the two monuments, one to the pioneers and one to the soldiers. For Bishop Hill, like every Swedish settlement, heard the first shot at Fort Sumter. Buildings were provided for the many industries—bakery, brewery, laundry, blacksmith shops, tailor shop, a hospital and others. The new brick and also frame houses were built facing the park and were of fine proportions. The most imposing one is the Steeple Building, south of the park, from which the old-fashioned town clock rings out even today. This building is being carefully restored, and in part of it is located the new Bank of Bishop Hill. Southwest of the park is the brick schoolhouse, dear to many of our hearts. Three years I ran along those picturesque streets to that school, and in its little old library found Hawthorne—surely a most fitting author to be there and to be read there.

After steady progress and many improvements, of which but few have been named, there came years of more ambitious speculation

and its disastrous results. Financial ventures of such extent involve risk, as well as temptation, and the management of the colony money matters has been much discussed, and those in power severely censured. Finally came the dissolution of the colony, the division of the property and prolonged litigation. Twelve years the famous lawsuit lasted, costing many all their share of earthly goods. But that, too, came to an end, and most of the colonists scattered. Jansonism decayed and the majority of those who remained in Bishop Hill joined the Methodist church.

Outsiders cannot step into this place and reach for its heart treasures at once; but all who had the time found a true, hospitable people of great strength of character. Nordhoff, in his "History of Communistic Societies," says that the buildings of the Bishop Hill colony are in ruins. Actually, however, they are well preserved and as seen in these pictures. Like the colony treasures of peasant art, they are appreciated. The large houses and regular plan give the old town a quaint and individual charm and an air of Old World solidity widely different from the usual prairie village. And every September, on the twenty-third day, is held the Old Settlers' Reunion, to renew friendly intercourse and muse briefly on the old colony heritage so dear unto the second and third generations. Surely Bishop Hill, unassuming, quaint, picturesque, is not what Mikkelsen called it, a deserted village.

The heroic spirit of its simple-hearted founders can well be represented by Helmer Mas Olles' painting, reproduced below, of the Northern maiden on the high pasture farm. The contour of the wooded hills, the dells and glades, are beautiful in truth, but the girl, the graceful, strong, lithe figure, rises above the hills and is outlined against the sky, like a triumph of spirit over matter, the heroic spirit of the North.



Editorial

War What will be the commercial and economic effects of the great European war upon the domestic and foreign business of the United States?

This country is unquestionably in an unusually strong condition to withstand, in the long run, the shock—though we, as well as Europe, will have to pay part of the financial bill. The greater portion of our foreign business will cease immediately, thousands of skilled workmen will be thrown out of employment and factories closed. Great numbers of our best mechanics, laborers and farmers will be called back to service in the armies of the various European countries. The prices of food and labor will rise very quickly. We will be terribly in need of European raw stuffs and food supplies for our factories and our bodies.

On the other hand, our opportunities will become immeasurable, and our chance should come to extricate ourselves from a debtor condition, represented by the large European holdings of American securities. Our railroads and industrials are well contracted. We have reduced our inflated valuations of some years back, and are sound and strong from an economic point of view, and we have plenty of capital awaiting legitimate investment. Amid the chaos that reigned in the European money market during the early stages of the war, Wall Street showed the true solidity and stability of American economics.

With the Civil War we lost our shipping. With no ships, how are we now going to sell Europe what she needs or bring back our own necessities? It has been proposed that foreign-built ships owned by Americans sail under our own flag. May we not also see the upbuilding of an American merchant marine, stimulated additionally by the Panama Canal and the approaching modernization of our banking system? Instead of our docks, as today, swarming with thousands of idle sailors, longshoremen and mechanics, watching the river frontage of New York crowded with foreign liners, we may see our own flag at their mastheads.

A customs expert has estimated that the United States customs revenues will fall off at the rate of $100,000,000 a year as long as the war lasts. This we can probably stand, just as we have endured the sending of $142,000,000 in gold to Europe since January 1.

Our greatest consolation is our crops. We have the largest exportable surplus of wheat in our history, with Europe's grain yield far below its usual and necessary amount. Europe will not only be compelled to buy it at almost any price, but will be obliged to find a way to pay for it and let us transport it. J. A. G.

Denmark's American Society The American Society formed in Denmark on the invitation of the Foundation has begun its career under peculiarly promising auspices. A board of twenty-four trustees elected, May 11, as president of the Society, Director H. P. Prior, who acts together with Professor Bernhard Böggild, Engineer Alex. Foss, Professor W. Johannsen and Bank Director *Etatsraad* Fr. Nörgaard, as a managing committee. The list of 262 founders includes the names of prominent educators, scientists, agriculturists, industrialists, publicists, merchants, managers of steamship lines; in short, representatives of practically every walk of life. One interesting commentary on the progressive tendency of modern social Denmark, as well as the widespread good-will toward America, lies in the fact that representative members of the landed gentry are included among the founders: Chamberlain Carl Bech, Count A. Brockenhuus-Schack, *Hofjægermester* Cederfeld de Simonsen, Count Moltke-Bregentved, Count Schaffalitzky de Muckadell, and others. A generous invitation has been extended to those who wish to join to address *Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab* at its office, Vestre Boulevard 18, Copenhagen B. All members of the Society become thereby Associates of the Foundation and receive the REVIEW.

Director H. P. Prior, first president of the Society, completed part of his training in electricity in the United States. After his return to Denmark he founded, in 1891, the Northern Cable and Wire Manufacturing Company, of which he is managing director, a business which raised the production of wire and cable in Denmark from two and a half million kroner in 1905 to seven and a half million in 1911. In 1910-11 he was president of *Industriforeningen.*

At the Expositions The two expositions held this summer in the North opened with solemn ceremonies on May 15. They will be visited by thousands of Americans, some of whom have never before set foot in Scandinavia, until the gates close late in September. The collections of art at the Baltic Exposition will be the subject of an essay in the REVIEW by Carl G. Laurin. At the Norwegian Centennial, Miss Hanna Astrup Larsen, the literary editor of the REVIEW, opened a bureau, as representative of the Foundation, in the tower of the Husflid Building. She addressed the *Kvindesaksforening* at their thirtieth jubilee, on the point of view of the Norwegian woman in America, and appeared at other public functions. The impressive meeting of *Nordmandsforbundet* and the presentation of the Norwegian-American Memorial to the nation of Norway on the Fourth of July are described by her elsewhere in the REVIEW. She will return to New York in September.

Nordmandsforbundet The annual banquet of *Nordmandsforbundet* in Christiania, July 1, will be remembered by Norwegians from abroad as the quintessence of all that their visit to Old Norway in the Centennial year has meant to them. The city and fjord below glittering through the pale mist of the summer night, dark, aromatic pines closing in around the old-fashioned timber house, long tables spread under the carved beams of the Holmenkollen Tourist Hotel—these were the settings of a scene so rare, so intimate and deeply moving that all who were present must be spiritually enriched by the experience. There was a feeling of drawing near to kinsmen under the old roof-tree, and at the same time a widening of the heart to feel the pulsing of kindred blood all over the world, and a lifting of the mind to unity with a thousand years of national life.

As the old vikings gathered round the festive board to recount their exploits in foreign countries and on distant seas, so these inheritors of the restless blood vied with one another in voicing their love for the old country, pouring their richest treasures into the lap of Mother Norway. The representatives of the large Middle Western States, of Chicago—"the second largest Norwegian city in the world"—and of the Norwegian-American societies, numbering thousands of members, rose, one after the other, to bring official greetings from their governments or organizations, and their voices rang with pride while they spoke of the place their people held in the New World. Then came speakers from New Zealand—"as near the South Pole as Norway is to the North Pole"—from Australia, from China, and from South Africa. It required no stretch of imagination to feel that so the chiefs of many centuries ago might have returned from Normandy, from Constantinople, from Jerusalem, from Vinland even, each with his tale of victories won and of lands subjugated. Other exploits were sung by the *skalds* of those days, but the Norwegian spirit is the same in its hunger for adventure and in the strong racial feeling which continues to exist underneath the characteristic ready adaptation to new conditions.

At the annual business meeting held in the morning of the same day the membership of *Nordmandsforbundet* was reported as 42,308, of whom 6,539 are individual members, the rest members of societies that have joined as a body. Of the latter, the largest is the Sons of Norway, an American organization numbering about 12,000. The geographical distribution of the members is as follows: Norway, 17,913; other European countries, 1,655; America, 22,056; Africa, 377; Australia, 194; Asia, 113. The venerable president, Mr. Carl C. Berner, was unanimously re-elected, as was also the vice-president, Dr. F. G. Gade. As members of the executive committee, the following were elected: Consul F. H. Gade, Mrs. Mariane Naerup, Mr. C. J. Hambro, Mrs. Martha Larsen, and Mr. Joh. Ludwig Mowinckel.

Brandes in America The visit of Georg Brandes to America in May and June probably aroused more comment in the press than the advent of any Scandinavian since Roald Amundsen. It was not so much the lectures on Shakespeare delivered in English by the great Danish critic, which furnished American editors from Boston to Kalamazoo with new food for humorous and serious discussion, as it was our visitor's genial answers to the questions put to him on woman suffrage, religion, socialism, the telephone and the stockyards. In America, Dr. Brandes *presented problems for debate* with characteristic candor and pungent phrasing, acrid at times, yet always tempered by an underlying sweetness and good will toward this land of free speech. A carefully culled selection from several hundred press clippings will be served to the readers of the AUTUMN NUMBER of the REVIEW, which will contain, also, an essay in appreciation of Brandes.

Those who heard Professor Brandes lecture in America owe a great debt of thanks to the Danish-American Association, and especially to its efficient president, Mr. C. A. Quist, of Minneapolis, at whose invitation our distinguished guest visited this continent.

The Second Generation To interest the second generation of Scandinavian-Americans in the life of the Scandinavian countries is one of the aims of the REVIEW, and it welcomes all efforts of a kindred nature. The Swedish, Norwegian and Danish newspapers have accomplished, on the whole admirably, their task of keeping the road open between the immigrants and their old homes. Perhaps no single agency has done more than the Norwegian-American press to create the Home-to-Norway movement in the present Centennial year, and this press will be needed yet for many years to come. But the very intimate and local nature of much of the news that fills the columns of the Scandinavian press in America is a greater bar than even the language to the understanding of the second generation. To meet this situation, the Swedish newspaper, *Hemlandet*, published in Chicago by Mr. Charles S. Peterson and edited by Mr. P. G. Norberg, presents an English page, which in its high editorial standard and attractive appearance combines the best qualities of the Scandinavian and the American press. The news from Sweden is presented in its larger aspects, together with translations of Swedish fiction, brief articles on salient points in Sweden's history and pictures of historic places. Another successful experiment is that of Mr. John G. Mohn in Northfield, Minn., who publishes the *Norwegian-American*, a small but energetic paper printed entirely in English. It is self-evident that the immigrant race which can best keep its hold on the second generation through the press has the best chance of survival in America.

New Sweden From the time when the first Swedish colonists landed on the shores of the Delaware in 1638, few years have passed that the Swedish language has not been spoken and the Swedish gospel preached in America. Dr. Nicholas Collin, the last pastor of the Swedish Mission, preached in Swedish every other Sunday at "Old Swedes'" in Philadelphia. He died October 7, 1831, in his eighty-seventh year. To the united churches of Gloria Dei, St. James, Kingsessing, and Christ Church, Upper Merion, Pennsylvania, he ministered forty-five years, and to the congregations at Raccoon and Penn's Neck, New Jersey, from 1778 to 1788.

The second period of emigration began in 1841, when Gustaf Unonius planted his little colony on Pine Lake in Wisconsin. During the 'forties, colonies followed in rapid succession, settling in the East and Middle West. The REVIEW produces an account of one of the earliest, the religious settlement of the Jansonists at Bishop Hill—"A Plymouth of Swedish America." The Chandlers Valley colony of Lutherans near the now prosperous Swedish city of Jamestown, New York, will be the theme of a forthcoming essay. These were the advance guard of that mighty migration of a million souls who have given new sinews to our nation, and to one State of the Union—Minnesota—three Governors of Swedish birth.

The records of this new period, as well as the old, are being collected by the Swedish Historical Society of America, with headquarters in Chicago. The duty of treasuring the ancient memorials of the Delaware is vested chiefly in the Swedish Colonial Society, organized a few years since through the efforts of Dr. Gregory B. Keen, in Philadelphia. The interest with which the old families of Philadelphia have embraced this Society, nearly three centuries after the Swedish settlements, testifies to the vitality of Scandinavian institutions in America, and is an earnest of the permanence of the mission undertaken by the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

A Holberg Revival Comedies of Holberg have been produced the season past, with marked success, in the theatres of Berlin, Dresden, and Vienna. In Holberg's humor German audiences apparently detect a vein often more human and enduring than that of Molière. In America, Professor Campbell's recent volume of essays on Holberg has aroused an appetite for the three plays, "Jeppe," "Erasmus" and "The Political Tinker," that will be published this autumn by the American-Scandinavian Foundation. The *Nation*, in commenting upon the need of such a volume declares: "'Until it is provided, Holberg's laughter, which, according to Mr. Campbell, 'bids fair to become immortal,' can never be properly re-echoed from our shores."

Haakon Nyhuus, Librarian

The recent progress of the libraries in Scandinavia along courses marked out in the United States is due more to Haakon Nyhuus, whose death occurred in Christiania on December 25 last year, than to any other individual. He spent seven years in Chicago, working in the Newberry and the Public Library, and he was impressed with the way in which the American library comes close to the people. It is not merely a preserver of books for scholars, but a distributor to all people of the knowledge and pleasure found in books. As soon as the pupil in the public school has mastered the art of reading, he is led to the public library and learns how to use it. The public libraries in this country aim to fulfill what John Morley calls "one of the most important parts of popular education—to put people in the way of amusing and refreshing themselves in a rational rather than an irrational manner." In order to reach this aim, new methods have been devised for these new libraries. They have been made businesslike or scientific or whatever word the period required to express the same thing: exactness and detail where the work, in order to be well done, requires exactness and detail, and at the same time elimination of whatever is superfluous and cumbersome. In this respect the American library methods have been eminently successful and a stimulus to libraries in other countries.

Professor Steenberg and Miss Palmgren have been the first and most influential advocates of the American system in Denmark and Sweden, and both have seen important results from their efforts, but without any doubt Norway stands out in this respect as the most advanced of the Scandinavian and possibly of the European continental countries. This is due especially to the work of Haakon Nyhuus. When he returned from the United States in 1898, he took charge of the *Deichmanske Bibliothek* in Christiania. During his administration the number of volumes increased from 40,000 to 120,000, and the number of books taken out rose from 24,600 in 1897 to 319,000 in 1900—proof conclusive that the public appreciated what was offered. In this way he demonstrated what a large field for popular education was lying uncultivated right outside of the doors of the public schools. He also persuaded young librarians to spend a year or two in library studies in this country and thereby gave impetus to a movement which I venture to predict will prove one of the most fruitful influences of American intellectual life upon the Scandinavian countries in our generation.

VILHELM SLOMANN.

Books

THE DESCENDANTS OF JÖRAN KYN. By Dr. Gregory B. Keen. Publications of the Swedish Colonial Society, Philadelphia, 1914.

There is perhaps no country in the world so rich in genealogical literature as America. Genealogies have sprung up over-night in the most barren soil, like the gourd of Jonah, and have withered as quickly, to be completely forgotten except by the few immortals whose brilliant antecedents they are supposed to glorify. The writing of genealogies is considered the legitimate occupation of any one able to hold a pen or with mentality enough to write a sentence of four words, and only recently an ex-university president of natural-science fame "proved" that the "majority of all the Americans" are descendants of a certain noble lady whose marital relations were somewhat questionable!

Under such conditions it is refreshing to take up a book on genealogy that bears the imprint of the scholar, and every page of which testifies to the diligent investigator, not in quest of royal sires, or adventurers of noble blood (in many cases known to fame only because they were hung on a tree for horse-stealing or brought into court for oppressing the "peepul"), but whose aim has been to trace with a sure hand the succeeding generations of a man who was simply a brave soldier and a free land-owner on the Delaware River 271 years ago. The material is presented in a business-like manner, and a good index of names makes it easily accessible. Some of the most eminent men in this country are descendants of Jöran Kyn. The book, therefore, has wide interest "not merely as the record of a particular family but also as a striking example of the wide diffusion of the blood of an early Swedish settler on the Delaware through descendants of other surnames and other races residing both in the United States and Europe." Taking it all in all, the reviewer is inclined to believe that it is the best genealogy so far published in America. The presswork is good, the paper and binding are sumptuous, conforming to the first publication of the Swedish Colonial Society.

AMANDUS JOHNSON.

THE SCHOOL SYSTEM OF NORWAY. By David Allen Anderson. Boston: Richard C. Badger, The Gorham Press, 1913, pp. 232. $1.25.

Some time ago Dr. David Allen Anderson, Professor of Education in the University of Washington, was commissioned by the University of Iowa, with which institution he was then connected, to make a study of the educational system of Norway. The result of Dr. Anderson's investigations is now accessible to the public in the form of a very attractive volume entitled "The School System of Norway," which contains a wealth of information, practical and general, revealing the excellence and high degree of development which the Norwegian school system has attained. The direct and logical presentation and the clearness which characterize the book, as well as the interpretative conclusions with which the text is interspersed, render it especially suitable for self study.

The accuracy of Dr. Anderson's study has been attested by Norway's foremost pedagogue, Dr. Otto Anderssen, of the University of Christiania, who says: "I have, with great pleasure, read through Dr. David Anderson's presentation of Norway's school system and found it in all essentials correct, complete and illuminating. Through personal observation, conversation with competent men, and study of the most important literature, the author has succeeded in getting a clear and exact view of the Norwegian school methods and characteristic forms of work in their historical development and present condition. His reflections and judgments testify to pedagogical insight and independence of views."

E. J. VICKNER.

Brief Notes

A third edition of Rev. J. C. Clay's "Annals of the Swedes on the Delaware" has been issued on attractive paper, with a beautiful binding in yellow and gold, through the generosity of Mr. Charles S. Peterson, of Chicago, by the Swedish Historical Society of America. This valuable reprint of an almost inaccessible work is due to the initiative of Henry S. Henschen, former Swedish Consul in Chicago, who has supplied an editorial introduction.

At the last meeting of the Lutheran Augustana Synod held at Sycamore, Ill., a committee was appointed, consisting of Dr. Julius Lincoln, Jamestown, N. Y., Consul L. L. Malm, Cleveland, Ohio, and Dr. Amandus Johnson, Philadelphia, to visit Wilmington, in the interest of having some kind of a marker placed on the spot where the first Swedes landed. These gentlemen expected to meet there during the summer and see what could be done.

The American-Scandinavian Society on June 8 gave a supper at Mouquin's in New York in honor of Professor Georg Brandes, following a lecture on Shakespeare held under the Society's auspices. The New York *Times* estimated that two thousand persons were turned away from the Comedy Theatre, where the lecture took place, and congratulated Miss Catherine D. Groth upon her able management.

Professor J. Gust. Richert, member of the Foundation's Swedish Board, visited America again in May and June in the interest of Swedish inventions. Professor Richert has kindly consented to edit a series of articles on Swedish inventions which will shortly begin to appear in the REVIEW.

Handel's "Messiah" was presented in April by the Bethany Oratorio Society at Lindsborg, Kansas, "the Bayreuth of Swedish America."

June 10, two thousand New York school girls danced Swedish and Danish folk dances in Central Park under the direction of Miss Elizabeth Burchenal. The pageant was witnessed by Dr. Brandes.

The Augustana Colonization Association was organized a year ago to strengthen the community interest in Swedish colonies in North America. The address of H. Ivarson, the central secretary, is 400 Walnut Street S. E., Minneapolis, Minn. That this Society has a vast field of usefulness is evidenced by the rapid growth of its membership.

Swedish engineers in America are making preparations for the Swedish Engineering Convention in this country during the year of the Panama Exposition. The secretary of the Eastern Organization Committee is Mr. Erik Oberg, 183 68th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Swedish system of gymnastics known as the "Ling" system will be tried in four high schools of Chicago, two for girls and two for boys. The innovation is the result of the visit of the Swedish gymnasts last fall, when Mrs. Ella Flagg Young had an opportunity to convince herself of the excellence of the system.

The Magazines

SWEDEN "How Sweden Is Developing Lapland," Henry Goddard Leach, *American Review of Reviews*, January, 1914; "Through Sweden's Waterways," G. V. Lindner, *Travel*, January, 1914; "Liliekrona's Home," Review, *The Bookman*, April, 1914; "The Constitutional Crisis in Sweden," Editorial, *The Economist*, London, February 14, 1914; "The Financial and Political Position in Sweden," Editorial, *The Economist*, London, February 21, 1914; "The Swedish Constitution and Russian Aggression," Ivar Lagervall, *The Economist*, London, March 7, 1914; "King Gustav and the Socialists Differ," "The Swedes Demand a Larger Army and Navy," Editorials, *American Review of Reviews*, March, 1914; "Swedish Defence," Editorial, *The Independent*, February 23, 1914; "Woman in a New World," Ellen Key, *Harper's Weekly*, January 24, 1914; "Life of Ellen Key," *Harper's Weekly*, January 3, 1914; "The Essential in Theosophy," Osvald Sirén; "The Legend of Visingsö," Oscar Ljungstrom, *The Theosophical Path*, March, 1914; "Sweden's Constitutional Crisis," "Why the Swedes are Demanding Increased Defenses," Editorials, *American Review of Reviews*, April, 1914; "Sweden's Call to Arms," Editorial, *The Literary Digest*, April 11, 1914; "The Descendants of Jöran Kyn," Review, *The Nation*, June 25, 1914; "Romain Rolland," Ellen Key, *The Bookman*, May, 1914; "Sweden Torn by Militarism," Editorial, *The Literary Digest*, March 21, 1914.

NORWAY "Anti-Babel: Adoption by Norway of Landsmaal," Edgar Mayhew Bacon, *The Dial*, March 16, 1914; "Shallow Soil," Review, *The Bookman*, May, 1914; "Insurance Against Unemployment in Norway and Denmark," Katharine Coman, *Survey*, March 14, 1914; "Woman's Organized Work in Norway," Jane A. Stewart, *Harper's Weekly*, April 11, 1914; "A Norwegian Dramatist in Translation," Editorial, *The Dial*, June 16, 1914.

DENMARK "The Quest of a Hen's Egg: Denmark a Country Ruled by Farmers," Frederick C. Howe, *The Metropolitan*, January, 1914; "Lessons from Denmark," Report, *London*, 1914; "Home Rule in Iceland," "Industrial Progress in Denmark Since Accession of King Christian X," Editorials, *American Review of Reviews*, March, 1914; "Twenty Years of Old-Age Pensions in Denmark," Katharine Coman, *Survey*, January 17, 1914; "The Comedies of Holberg," Review, *The Nation*, June 18, 1914; "A Message to Denmark from a Dane in America," C. H. A. Bjerregaard, *The Theosophical Path*, March, 1914; "In Happy Denmark," H. S. Adams, *Travel*, March, 1914; "My First Visit to the Court of Denmark," Mme. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, *Harper's Magazine*, April, 1914.

GENERAL "Eskimos as Aboriginal Inventors," A. L. Kroeber, *Scientific American*, January 10, 1914; "My Life with the Eskimo," Vilhj. Stefansson, *The Nation*, January 22, 1914; "Runeberg, Finland's Great National Poet" (translated extracts from a lecture), Lucien Maury, *American Review of Reviews*, February, 1914; "Lapland" (a poem), William Frederick Dix, *The Independent*, January 5, 1914; "Religion—Looking Backwards," C. H. A. Bjerregaard, *Trend*, March, 1914; "An Open Letter to President Wilson on Behalf of American Literature," Edwin Björkman, *Century Magazine*, April, 1914; "Ellen Key, Romain Rolland and Beethoven," Editorial, *American Review of Reviews*, April, 1914; "The Music of Francis Grierson," "Gleams," Edwin Björkman, *Harper's Weekly*, February 14, 1914; "The Story of Sea Breeze," Jacob A. Riis, *The Outlook*, May 9, 1914; "The Scandinavians in America," Edward Alsworth Ross, *The Century*, June, 1914.

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Advisory Editors

New York, HAMILTON HOLT Copenhagen, HARALD NIELSEN
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DR. FREDRIK GEORG GADE has earned the gratitude of all Norwegian-Americans who visited the Centennial this summer. As vice-president of *Nordmandsforbundet* he was active in organizing the pavilion and exhibits of "Norway Abroad" of which he writes in this number of the REVIEW. Dr. Gade contributed 150,000 kroner to the Pathological-Anatomical Institute, which was erected in his native city, Bergen, in 1906. He lives now in Christiania, and is the editor of *Nordisk Magazin for Lægevidenskab* and a frequent contributor to the daily press on medical subjects.

PERCY MACKAYE, the American dramatist, is the author of "The Canterbury Pilgrims, a Comedy," performed as a civic pageant in Gloucester, Massachusetts, in honor of President Taft, and of numerous dramas, including the tragedies "Jeanne d'Arc" and "Sappho and Phaon." He has also written various odes and prologues for special occasions. His beautiful poem on the death of Mrs. Wilson is reprinted by permission of the author.

Professor OSVALD SIRÉN, of Stockholm, was invited to America last spring to deliver a series of six lectures on Leonardo da Vinci at Yale University. He also lectured at the Universities of Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia; at the Art Museums of Boston, New York, and Chicago; before the American-Scandinavian Society in New York, and the Swedish Colonial Society in Philadelphia.

JENS GRONDAHL is a native of Norway, now living in Red Wing, Minn., where he is editor of the Red Wing *Daily Republican*. He has been active in State politics, and his refusal to accept railroad passes led to a movement resulting, finally, in State and National laws prohibiting the acceptance of passes. He is at present a member of the State Senate.

ARTHUR HUBBELL PALMER is Professor of Germanic Languages and Literature at Yale University. Mr. Palmer is the editor of various text-books of the works of Goethe and Schiller, and has under preparation a volume of translations of Björnson's lyrics. He is a trustee of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

ASAPH ROBERT SHELANDER, clergyman, lecturer and writer, is a Swedish-American, a graduate of Augustana College and sometime Fellow in Philology at Columbia University.

The cover of this number of the REVIEW shows a reproduction of a photograph of the great door in the Church of Saltsjöbaden described by Professor Sirén in his article, "Glimpses of Swedish Architecture." The design is by the sculptor, CARL MILLES.

THE
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REVIEW

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Norway Abroad

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION IN CHRISTIANIA

By DR. FREDRIK GEORG GADE



NORWEGIAN BANNER CARRIED BY THE FIFTEENTH WISCONSIN REGIMENT

THAT picture of the life and culture of the Norwegian race which the Exposition of 1914 aimed to present would have been incomplete without a place for "Norway Abroad." When the idea was first broached by *Nordmandsforbundet*, the executive committee of the Exposition, in a spirit of ready sympathy, at once agreed to the erection of a separate pavilion in a central position as befitted its importance in the physiognomy of the whole. The building was executed from designs by Mr. Adolf Jensen, one of the architects of the Exposition, and covered five hundred square meters, containing, in addition to three large halls for the exhibits, a reading room, rest rooms for women, and an office for *Nordmandsforbundet*. This society was given complete charge of the department, and established a branch office in the pavilion in order to assist and welcome visiting kinsmen from abroad.

The program of the Exposition admitted only products of Norwegian industry, and our countrymen abroad were therefore limited to the exhibition of models, charts, pictures, and statistical surveys, showing their conditions of living and their social position in their new homes. In spite of this limitation, Norwegians all over the world, most particularly, however, from the United States of America, have devoted much labor to doing their country honor, and their exhibits have been a happy surprise to us all. The home people of

Norway have been greatly attracted to them, and a steady stream of visitors from city and country has filled the pavilion. Practically every family in Norway has relatives across the sea, and a survey of the exhibits of Norway Abroad seemed almost like a visit to them. School children—boys and girls—usually under the guidance of a teacher, have flocked to the pavilion, and have thereby had their understanding of our race and its mission widened, while they have felt their kinship with the thousands of Norwegians outside of Norway. The future will show fruits of this work.

The pleasing appearance of the inside of the pavilion is due largely to the friezes and paintings, showing chiefly scenes from pioneer life, with which the Norwegian-American painter, Benjamin Blessum, has adorned the rooms. Upon entering the main door the visitor is confronted with the exhibit of the Norwegian Synod arranged by President C. K. Preus and Dr. T. Stabo. The models of those stately institutions of the Synod, Luther College and Luther Seminary, speak louder than words of the development that has taken place since the time when the first seed was laid in the old church of Koshkonong, a model of which stands close by. We see the exhibits of pupil work from Norwegian-American schools, the Hardanger embroidery of the girls, and the essays of the boys on self-chosen themes, such as "A Trip to Norway" or "Our Fatherland," by young Norwegian-Americans who have never seen Norway. We gain an understanding of that phenomenon, which has so often surprised and touched us here at home, the numerous Americans of the second and third generation who speak our language fluently, and who follow our train of thought closely, for it is in our own mother tongue that they have found words for the earliest emotions of their child hearts, for the first conscious workings of their minds.

In the opposite end of the large hall are the exhibits of the three other church bodies, the United Church, the Free Church, and the Hauge Synod. Among them we note the model of the fine buildings of St. Olaf College, and here, too, we may see the present imposing institutions on the background of a modest past expressed by the model of the first church in Muskego.

The western end of the hall is set apart for the exhibit of North Dakota arranged by Mr. Alfred Gabrielsen. A map of the State, in which the quarter sections of land owned by Norwegians are marked in red, shows better than almost anything else the work and influence of our countrymen there; red squares thickly stud the area of the entire State and often run together, forming large red stretches of Norwegian land. The opposite side of the hall is occupied by the exhibit of Minnesota, collected and arranged with a considerable sacrifice of personal effort by Dr. J. S. Johnson, who has also given much assistance in the adjoining exhibits of the churches. Wall



THE FIRST NORWEGIAN EMIGRANTS LEAVING STAVANGER IN THE RESTAURATIONEN, 1825. DECORATION IN "NORWAY ABROAD," PAINTED BY BENJAMIN BLESSUM

chart and pictures here also tell the story of the part played by our countrymen in the development of the State.

In the next room the Wisconsin exhibit, to which Consul Olaf I. Rove, Mr. Waldemar Ager and Dr. J. De Besche have devoted much work, compels attention by a glass case containing two flags carried by the Fifteenth Wisconsin Regiment in the American Civil War. Almost all the members of the regiment, as well as its leader, Colonel Heg, were Norwegians, and, curiously enough, it is the only Norwegian regiment that has been under fire since 1814. Many a Norwegian man and youth, at sight of the bullet-riddled, tattered banners, must have thanked in his heart the Fifteenth Wisconsin Regiment for the honorable service it has rendered, and whispered to himself: "*Ogsaa vi, naar det blir kraevet*"—

The inner room is occupied by *Nordmandsforbundet's* own exhibit of "Norwegian Homes All Over the World," a collection of photographs from practically every part of the world where Norwegians live—from Winnipeg to Texas, from New York to Hawaii, from New Zealand, Australia, and the Solomon Islands to South Africa, Congo and Algiers, from China and Japan to Zanzibar and Madagascar, from Constantinople to Glasgow. It warms our hearts when we see the Norwegian flag waving from roofs in Africa and over islands of the Pacific, and when such names as Norge, Norway, Norröna, Bergenhus, Solheim, Fosheim, Roligheden, Storhove, meet us from the most distant parts of the world. The photograph of a large

business house in Cape Town is brightened by a tricolor Norwegian flag; the little daughter of the house would not let the picture go home with an empty flag-pole, and she painted it in with her own hands.

The inner wall is filled by a large map on which the distribution of Norwegians all over the world is indicated in red. The red dots are most closely scattered over the United States of America, but there are few parts of the world where they are entirely lacking.

"Norway Abroad" has had two missions at the Exposition, and has fulfilled both successfully. It has appreciably increased our understanding of and our respect and affection for our emigrated countrymen, and has without doubt done the same for Norwegians mutually in their various foreign homes. It has been a focus and furnished a meeting-point for our visiting countrymen; more than three thousand Norwegians have written their names in the Visitors' Book of *Nordmandsforbundet;* new friendships have been formed and old ones revived. We have even seen instances where two people, both living in America and known to each other by hearsay or through interchange of letters, have for the first time taken each other by the hand in the pavilion of "Norway Abroad."

The unifying effect of the exhibition will be felt in the years to come, all the more as many of the exhibits will be left here as a permanent gift. One thing is certain—without the participation of Norway Abroad the Exposition could not have fulfilled its program of giving a complete picture of Norwegian work and culture.



"Longing for Home." Decoration in "Norway Abroad," Painted by Benjamin Blessum

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson

STANZAS IN MEMORIAM

By PERCY MACKAYE

Her gentle spirit passed with Peace,
With Peace out of a world at war,
Racked by the old earth-agonies
Of kaiser, king, and czar.

Where Bear and Lion crouch in lair
To rend the iron Eagle's flesh,
And viewless engines of the air
Spin wide their lightning mesh.

And darkly kaiser, czar, and king,
With awful thunders stalk their prey—
Yet Peace, that moves with silent wing,
Is mightier than they.

And she—our lady who has passed—
And Peace were sisters: They are gone,
Together through time's holocaust
To blaze a bloodless dawn.

How otherwise the royal die
Whose power is throned on rolling drums!
HER monument of royalty
Is builded in the slums:

Her latest prayer, transformed to law,
Shall more than monarch's vow endure,
Assuaging there, with loving awe,
The anguish of the poor.

And him who, resolute, alone,
Suffers the surge of war and pain,
To him his country gives her own
Heart's peace to live again;

While we, whose loyalty would scorn
Kaiser and czar and king's demesne,
Are hushed in solemn calm, to mourn
The proud republic's queen.

The Neutrality Alliance of Sweden and Norway

DR. SIGURD IBSEN AND DR. KARL HILDEBRAND INTERVIEWED ON CONDITIONS IN SCANDINAVIA

By HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

"INASMUCH as war has broken out among several foreign powers, the Swedish and the Norwegian governments have mutually declared their determination, in the state of war that has thus arisen, each to maintain to the utmost of their ability, their neutrality in relation to all belligerent powers. At the same time the two governments have exchanged binding assurances, with a view to precluding the possibility that the condition of war in Europe might lead to hostile measures being taken by either country against the other."

The above resolution was simultaneously announced, on the 8th of August, in the Riksdag of Sweden and the Storting of Norway by the respective governments, and was enthusiastically confirmed by both legislative bodies. The press was unanimous in greeting it as the first glimmer of light in the pall of darkness that had descended upon the Scandinavian peninsula with the outbreak of war among its neighbors.

For years past the war which is now a reality has from time to time lifted its head in the Scandinavian press as a hideous possibility. The fear of aggression from the East has been an ever-present goad to Sweden, while Norway has become obsessed with the foreboding that the next great naval battle of the world would be fought in Norwegian waters and with great danger to the neutrality of her harbors. The divergent sympathies of the two countries, Sweden looking naturally to Germany as her protector against the Slavs, and Norway being drawn by ties of friendship and interest to England, has created the fear that the two might be forced to take opposing sides in a general conflict. The horror of the present war has brought home to both people the sense that, whatever their other affiliations may be, their nearest duty and most vital tie is to each other. In the Ragnarök of Europe they must stand or fall together.

There are facts which the dissolution of the Union has not been able to alter. Now, as before, Swedes and Norwegians are of one race, united by similar language, culture, and ideals. Now, as before, they live on the same peninsula; Sweden is Norway's protection against the East, while Norway's long seacoast must be Sweden's source of supply in case of attack. From a purely strategic point of

view, it is a matter of life and death to each that the integrity of the other be preserved.

In both countries a partial mobilization has taken place, and appropriations have been made for increased military expenses, but it has been strongly emphasized that these measures are only precautions to guard their neutrality. The Foreign Offices have issued warnings to the press and the citizens not to endanger this neutrality by taking sides even in an unguarded utterance. In striking contrast with their passionate partisanship in 1870, the Norwegian papers have preserved a dignified impartiality. The Swedes, by their generous aid to the thousands of Russian fugitives passing through the country from Germany, have given signal proof of that sense of human brotherhood which will perhaps some time in the future be heard in the politics of the great nations and render such a war as the present impossible.

The representative of the REVIEW was in Scandinavia at the outbreak of the war, and was able to secure comment on the situation, for Norway from Dr. Sigurd Ibsen, and for Sweden from Dr. Karl Hildebrand.

Dr. Ibsen, by his education and residence abroad, has acquired a broad view of the international relations affecting his country. During his connection with the Foreign Office he was at one time attaché of the Swedish-Norwegian legation in Washington. As Minister of State in Stockholm in the years preceding the dissolution of the Union, he was at variance with the ultra-nationalist sentiment in Norway, and is at present outside party politics. In his beautiful villa in the spruce woods outside of Christiania, he lives the life of a scholar and man of letters, but follows the affairs of his country with keen interest. Last May, in a widely quoted speech before the Students' Association of Stockholm Högskola, he made a plea for a defensive alliance between Norway and Sweden, a measure which was also foreshadowed in the REVIEW.

"I rejoice over the agreement between the Swedish and Norwegian governments," said Dr. Ibsen, "and only hope that this temporary precaution will lead to a permanent relation. All that the Liberal party asked at the time of the dissolution of the Union was that its kernel, the defensive alliance, should be retained, while it should be stripped of all husks in the form of unnecessary commixture that would only produce irritation. The state of international politics, even before the outbreak of this war, made such an alliance even more imperative than it was at the time when the Union still existed."

"You do not feel that the difference in the size and strength of the two countries would be an element of danger?"

"No; Norway is sufficiently strong to enter an alliance with Sweden without the peril that might attach to an alliance of either country with one of the great powers. Sweden would be the first among brothers, and I for one feel no resentment at the thought. The Swedes have a population of five and a half million against our two and a half; they are a nation of older traditions and more established culture. Upon my recent visit to Sweden I received an almost overpowering impression of material progress. I have unbounded faith in the possibilities of my own country, but at present the development in Sweden is much more intense and rapid than among us. Sweden is the leader not only in the material but in the moral renaissance of the North. The patriarchal political conditions that have existed until a recent date have passed away, and Sweden is now an entirely modern state. At the same time, the changes in our own politics pave the way for a better understanding. While the Union still existed, the questions of our international relations were overshadowed by the special problems of our relations with our neighbor. Now that our fate is in our own hands, we have begun to consider what possibilities of war we need to guard against, and to see how necessary it is for the peninsula to act as a unit.

"It is conceded by all whose opinions have any weight, that solidarity between the two is essential, but as yet there has been little disposition to assure this solidarity by a formal alliance. A general resolve to stand together in time of trouble is very good, but there are certain measures that must be prepared before war breaks out, if they are to be effectively put into execution. No one needs to be an expert in strategy in order to know that efficient cooperation between the Swedish and Norwegian armies would depend upon certain preliminary plans decided upon by the military staffs and railroad officials of both countries in mutual understanding. This mutual understanding, however, must be preceded by a formal agreement looking to a common defense."

"You do not fear that an alliance would produce irritation or suspicion abroad?"

"I do not think so, if the purely defensive character were sufficiently emphasized. Such an alliance would be the best safeguard of peace by making the prospects for a successful invasion less inviting. A strong Scandinavia would be an element of stability, while two impotent nations would be a temptation to aggression by a stronger power. We have heard it reiterated that the Northern nations must look to neutrality, and nothing but neutrality, as their salvation. That is very true, but neutrality is not a magic word, the mere utterance of which dispels difficulties. On the contrary, it is in itself a problem. Suppose that one of the belligerents in this war should wish to seize on Scandinavia as a basis of operations. Then

it would be necessary to have a clearly defined policy, to know whether or not we would go to the extent of armed resistance, and if so, against which of the contestants, so that we should not run the risk of being on terms of enmity with both. Above all, we must guard against the possibility that Sweden and Norway might be forced to take opposing sides in a conflict and so become involved in war with each other. I repeat that I cannot too strongly express my gratification at the step taken by our government and that of Sweden. The details of our relations should not be left to accident. Leading men in the two countries must agree on a definite plan of neutrality, and our foreign policy must be along parallel lines."

"You believe that the defense of the Scandinavian peninsula is a possibility?"

"Most assuredly, but we must gain confidence in ourselves. We are too prone to say that it is an advantage to be small. It is not an advantage; it leads to smallness in our way of thinking and to an enervating sense of impotence. We need to strengthen our army. At present it is only a militia. A militia with a small standing army may be sufficient for the United States, where danger of attack is practically non-existent, though I believe that if the Civil War had been a conflict between trained armies, it would have been over in six months instead of dragging out for four years. With us, preparedness is essential. Above all, our soldiers need to be trained. War now more than ever before demands skill, coolness, and presence of mind; but the consciousness of inferiority is in itself demoralizing, and to send men with only three or four months' training against those who are hardened by the discipline of years is nothing but wholesale murder. Our men are excellent timber from which to make soldiers, but their high level of general intelligence and their physical fitness cannot compensate for the training that renders action almost automatic. A year of service must be the minimum."

"But is not modern warfare largely a question of money—of more money than Norway can afford?"

"The expense of strengthening our defenses need not be so enormous as we sometimes fancy. We need no dreadnoughts; our coast is guarded by the circle of rocky islands within which no battleship can penetrate, and it may be still better protected by submarine mines. We need more submarine boats; they are terrible weapons, and they are, comparatively speaking, not expensive. In fact, I should not be surprised if the development of modern naval warfare would favor the smaller nations, but at this moment it is difficult to make prophecies. We cannot fortify our whole coast-line, but we need to strengthen certain places, and I would mention Bergen, Larvik, and Christiansand. The Storting some time ago passed an appropriation for strengthening the defenses of Christiania.

As a strategic measure, the Nordland railroad, in my opinion, should take precedence over all other railroad building. At present, it extends only to Trondhjem and does not even touch Nordland, which has not, in fact, a single line of railroad except the Swedish Kirunavaara-Luossavaara road, merely bisecting it at the narrowest point. We must do more to knit the northern part of our country to us. Our military burdens are not too heavy for our means. The ordinary budget is only twenty-five million kroner, and to this must be added an extraordinary appropriation amounting this year to twelve million kroner. It is true, we need to develop our material resources. Increased prosperity would give us a greater consciousness of power and would augment our population by creating opportunities for work and so keeping at home those who would otherwise emigrate."

The REVIEW has already traced the growth of the defense movement in Sweden culminating with the Yeomen's March to the King. Unfortunately, the issue that had been inaugurated with such a great national outburst of enthusiasm was made a party measure. As a part of the Conservative program, it was resisted not only by the Social Democrats, who are in principle opposed to taxation for military purposes, but by the Liberals, who were in favor of strengthening the defenses, but differed from the Conservatives in certain details. There seemed little hope of any agreement, when the shock of the war subordinated party jealousies to the common patriotism. Former Prime Minister Staaff, as leader of the Liberals, made a formal declaration that his party was prepared to give way in the most important of the contested points in order not to delay the necessary measures for the defense, and the program outlined by the government will therefore be carried out.

Dr. Karl Hildebrand, formerly editor of the strong Conservative organ, *Stockholms Dagblad*, and now a member of the Committee on Defenses, snatched a few moments from the sessions of the Riksdag to discuss the situation in Sweden. "The committee of which I have the honor to be a member," he said, "has been working out a detailed plan for our defenses, but dissensions in the Riksdag have hitherto retarded action. All parties want our defenses strengthened, but they differ in regard to the distribution of the time of military training and the kind of ships required by our navy. The most important point in our plan is the increase in the training time of the infantry to almost one year, distributed as follows: First 250 days; then three periods of thirty days each; then, lastly, for the older classes, a short period of fifteen days. Stress is laid on the winter training; the soldiers must learn how to move rapidly on skis, to take care of their health in a winter camp, to build fires and to sleep out-of-doors

in the snow, and they must be provided with the proper clothes and equipment.

"In the matter of our navy, the government program calls for eight ships of the *Sverige* type, that is, fairly large battleships, though not of the dreadnought nor super-dreadnought class. We could not use vessels of the size of those employed by the great powers, for they would not be able to move in the narrow passages along our coast-line, but we do need some battleships as ice-breakers and to carry supplies to our torpedoes and submarine boats. The program also calls for the strengthening of our fortifications in Karlskrona, outside of Stockholm and along our coasts, and for the building of a fortress in Norrland, to be used as a coaling and repairing station for our Baltic squadron."

"How will this money be raised?"

"It is beyond question that a lengthy and thinly populated country like Sweden must bear heavier burdens of expense than a compact and thickly settled state. We propose to levy a special tax of seventy-five million kronor in order to defray the initial expenses of the winter equipment and the fortifications. If we were to levy this tax after the system followed by Germany, we should get only one-half the amount required. It follows, therefore, that we must tax ourselves very much more heavily, but the tax has been carefully distributed so that the chief burden falls on the wealthier classes, who have already shown a marvelous willingness to sacrifice for their country. A much larger percentage of the people will be exempt from this tax than from the ordinary taxes."

"Do you attach any importance to the anti-military demonstrations of the Social Democrats?"

"I think these demonstrations are not nearly so serious as might appear on the surface. It is true that some of the younger Social Democrats have taken the attitude of placing the interests of their class before the interests of their country and openly proclaiming that the working man has no country, but this has never been the position of their best men. The rapid change of Sweden from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation has influenced our political life by the sudden augmentation of the laboring class. The Social Democratic party among us is very strong, and it has taken the same form as in Germany. That is, the labor unions as a body are affiliated with the party while allowing the individual members to vote as they please. Naturally, it takes a great deal of moral courage for the working man to go against his union, and the ranks of the party are therefore swelled by many who are not drawn into it by political sympathy but by interest in their labor organizations. It is a peculiarity of our people—as, perhaps, of other small nations—that we borrow the ideas of the great world and make them the basis for that theoriz-

ing which forms a part of our national character. When our people, for example, hear of the fight against the trusts in the United States, or of Lloyd George's land policies in England, they want to start something similar here, though as a matter of fact our *bolag* have nothing in common with the American trusts, and there are but very few large estates in Sweden. These special conditions must be taken into consideration when we gauge the strength of the opposition against 'militarism' in our country."

"Can Sweden bear the expense of a possible war?"

"That is a difficult question to answer, for up to the present time there has been no war in the waters of northern Europe since the time of wooden frigates; so that we really do not know what a naval battle will cost. The economic status of Sweden has improved rapidly during the last decade, though it would hardly be correct to say that she is a rich country, but rather that she is becoming rich. An interruption to her economic progress now would indeed be a serious matter, and we have every reason to avoid entanglement in any war. We do know that Sweden is able to carry much heavier burdens of military taxes than at present. But the question of defending our ancient liberties is not one that admits of argument in terms of *öre* and *kronor;* it is a matter of course with all people who have not lost faith in themselves. History shows that the nations who have perished from the earth have perished not because they were weak, but because they no longer believed in themselves. Poland was subjugated only because she was already disintegrated by civil strife. Denmark lost heavily in the war with Germany, but her entity as a nation was not destroyed. Sweden may be conquered, but she will never be wiped out."

"What are the sentiments in Sweden toward Norway?"

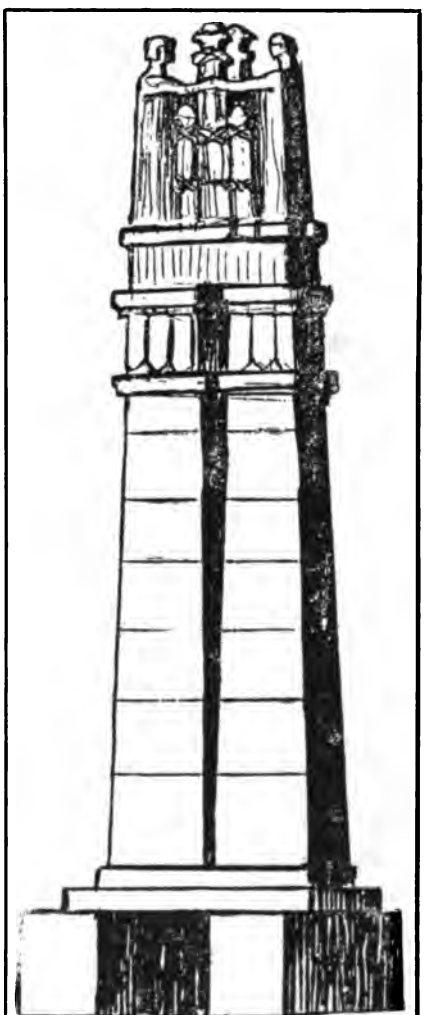
"The relation between the two countries is in every way correct, and I can say that there is no thought in Sweden of any retaliation toward Norway. We are brothers in race, and the thought of war between us is horrible."

"Is there any foundation for the rumor of an alliance between Sweden and Germany?"

"There is not. The rumor has been categorically denied by the Foreign Department under two successive governments, one Liberal and one Conservative. I cannot too strongly emphasize that all our military preparations are solely with a view to guarding our integrity and our neutrality."

The Peace Monument on Kjölen

THE plan for erecting a monument to commemorate a century of peace between Norway and Sweden, launched by a small group of peace enthusiasts, met but a perfunctory response until it was caught up in the mighty swirl of the events that have shaken Europe. Dedicated under the shadow of portentous war-clouds, with the boom of cannon round about, the simple granite shaft on Kjölen became the outward sign of the new compact between the kindred races of the peninsula. Nor was Denmark forgotten in the solemn assurances of inviolable brotherhood that were exchanged by leading men of both countries. The crowds that poured from both sides of the boundary to the unveiling on Sunday, August 16, are variously estimated at from ten to twenty thousand people. The golden cross of Sweden and the blood-red flag of Norway mingled their folds with white peace banners, and Swedes and Norwegians together sang the spiritual battle-hymn, "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God."



THE PEACE MONUMENT

The words of the venerable Bishop K. H. Gezelius von Scheele rang out prophetic over the listening thousands: "This picture stands luminous against the black night of a background created by the war now raging. The consciousness gives our dedication a broader foundation and leads our thoughts to those larger aims which we friends of peace have set ourselves, and for which we must continue to labor. Now darkness reigns over Europe. But the dark is always deepest before dawn, and short-sighted must he be who does not see that the dawn of day, in spite of all, is near. God's will shall be done on earth as in heaven, and a day will come when the nations shall settle their differences, not with bloodshed, but with the weapons of right and justice."



THE NORTHERN MUSEUM, I. G. CLASON, ARCHITECT

Glimpses of Swedish Architecture

By OSVALD SIRÉN

Concluded from the September Number

THE EDITORS OF THE REVIEW HAVE ASKED OSVALD SIRÉN, PROFESSOR OF THE HISTORY OF ART AT THE UNIVERSITY OF STOCKHOLM, WHO VISITED NEW YORK DURING MARCH AND APRIL, TO DISCUSS THE TENDENCIES AND THE MEN THAT HAVE MADE SWEDISH ARCHITECTURE WHAT IT IS TODAY, IN THE TRUEST SENSE A CREATIVE ART. IN KINDLY CONSENTING TO BE INTERVIEWED, PROFESSOR SIRÉN WISHES TO STATE THAT THE RICHNESS OF THE MATERIAL MAKES IT IMPOSSIBLE TO DO ANYTHING BUT DWELL ON A FEW POINTS THAT BEST ILLUSTRATE THE GENERAL TREND OF SWEDISH ARCHITECTURE

WE MUST always imagine the little Swedish timber house imbedded in dark pine or light birch and, during winter, in the bright snow; there is, I think, no style of building that more completely harmonizes with the Swedish landscape.

A far more difficult problem is the making of a whole street into an organic unity, by which I do not mean uniformity. The efforts of the Swedish architects have been directed toward the use of homogeneous materials and to avoiding all glaring or merely extraneous ornamentation. The buildings impress by mass, proportion, and line; they melt together in larger organisms.

Modern Stockholm architecture is difficult to characterize, because the two or three last decades have seen very varied and artistic construction, and many parts of the city have been completely remodeled. It is possible, therefore, only to mention a few striking examples of the buildings which have made Stockholm one of the most admired cities of our time in an architectural sense. Among the many monumental structures perhaps the first to attract attention and the best known is *Nordiska Museet* built from drawings by Professor I. G. Clason, who holds the position of old master in the present generation of Swedish architects. It is a good example of how historic models are utilized for modern purposes. The style is entirely Dutch Renaissance, the building is executed in gray stone, its decorative effect depending partly on the beautiful material, and still more on the rich silhouette of the gables, towers, and pinnacles rising above the green pointed roof. Professor Clason is at present engaged in rebuilding some of the houses on the north side of Gustaf Adolf's Torg, facing the Royal Castle, and adjoining this new building by Clason there is a large bank palace put up by E. Josephsson. Both these façades will be composed in the historical classicistic style, with



ÖSTERMALM SCHOOL, RAGNAR ÖSTBERG, ARCHITECT

high pilasters and some sandstone ornamentations, evidently with the intention of forming a homogeneous counterpart to the plain monumental north façade of the Royal Castle, rising in solemn gravity on the opposite side of the square and the river.

None of these buildings, however, represent the most important and characteristic effort to revivify Swedish architecture along lines of an old national style. We find these fresh tendencies better expressed in buildings not so near the heart of the city. Thus we must go outside of the city to find the best examples of Ferdinand Boberg's art; I refer to the princely villas he has built for members of the royal family and for wealthy individuals, notably those of Prince Eugen, Prince Vilhelm, and Director Ernest Thiel. They are all more or less characterized by an interesting grouping of plain white masses, ingenious planning, and very sparing use of outward embellishments, together with perfect adaptation to the modeling of the soil. The plastered white walls stand out in picturesque contrast to the surrounding green, but more fascinating are, of course, the interiors, where we meet unexpected beauties in the grouping and lighting of the rooms. There is seldom a regular disposition of the windows, but each is placed most effectively.



RESIDENCE OF THE ARCHITECT, LARS WALHMAN

Among the larger buildings designed by Boberg are the Post Office and the Rosenbad Block, situated near the Norrström. The latter is a huge yellowish structure with a green roof and small ornamental towers. There are no decorations except on the capitals of the loggia. Sitting here on a sunny afternoon, looking out through garlands of roses, the visitor may almost get the impression of a palace on the Riviera. Much of Boberg's art lies in not cutting the walls nearly so much as is usual; he seems able to get enough light without too many large windows on the façade.

In order to get a full and fair idea of Boberg as a creative artist, it would be necessary, however, to study him as an architect of exposition buildings. He designed the Swedish Building at the St. Louis Fair and the important group of buildings for *Svenska Slöjdforeningens* Exhibition in 1909. The latter, which covered a large area of land, did not consist of the usual series of houses and pavilions, but formed one organic composition centered around two or three large courtyards of different sizes and shapes. One large rectangular and one triangular court, as well as several smaller spaces, were closed in by arched loggias. All decorations were concentrated on the façades surrounding these—none being used on the outside—and enchanting effects were created by means of a clever arrangement of rhythmic openings combined with living flowers and running water.

The principle which Boberg applied so happily in this instance he has consistently developed on a larger scale in the Baltic Exhibition described in the May number of the REVIEW. Here we find again the admirably inventive ground plan; in fact, he has succeeded in creating what might almost be called a new spot of nature by utilizing the water which was on the place and the fertility of the south Swedish soil. The refined artistry of his earlier work is here combined with a more severe national element, which is of a more or less localized nature. The architecture is founded on that which prevails in Skåne, and the decorative motifs are from the flora and fauna of the sea.



VALDEMARSUDDE, THE VILLA OF PRINCE EUGEN; FERDINAND BOBERG, ARCHITECT

Boberg's recently completed church at Saltsjöbaden, of dark reddish brick, is an interesting combination of the medieval forms with the more sunny, decorative, almost southern feeling which seems a more natural expression of this artist.

Lars Wahlman, who occupies the chair of practical architecture at the

Institute of Technology in Stockholm, has been for many years one of the leading powers in the movement for creating a national domestic architecture. He is the builder of the Engelbrekt Church, which was recently dedicated with great solemnity in Stockholm. The whole composition, which includes parish house and meeting-halls, is dominated by the huge square tower of the cathedral. It is executed in red brick, and the artistic beauty lies mainly in the disposition of the different parts, the adaptation to the uneven site, and the rhythmical arrangement of the mass, which is the basis of pure architectural beauty, and makes itself felt even at a distance. While the style is very severe and shows marked medieval influences, the church does not conflict with the surrounding city, but forms an organic part of the ensemble. I regard it as a characteristic example of the modern tendency in Sweden to create something congruous with old national buildings, while not exactly bound by their external form and decoration. The work is evidently national, being reminiscent of the Vasa period, and at the same time is strongly original.

Professor Wahlman is also noted for his activity in creating a national domestic architecture. He has built a number of small villas in the vicinity of Stockholm, among them his own home, of timber cut in Dalecarlia and strengthened with a treatment of tar. It is a striking example of how the old timber house can be utilized for a modern dwelling.

One of the most remarkable new buildings that will rise in Stockholm for the next few years will be the much discussed City Hall, to be erected on the shores of Mälaren, from drawings by Ragnar Östberg. It will be a huge palace of brick with a dominating square tower, and, judging from the drawings, will be superior in strong, monumental qualities to any modern build-



THE CHURCH AT SALTSJÖBADEN, FERDINAND BOBERG, ARCHITECT



DOOR-HANDLE OF SALTSJÖBADEN CHURCH, DESIGNED BY CARL MILLES

ing yet constructed in Stockholm. Somewhat reminiscent of old churches with towering campaniles, it will give Östberg an opportunity to work out on a large scale his predilection for medieval models.

We have already seen something of what he can do in this line in Östermalm's *läroverk*, the purest and strongest revival of medieval ecclesiastical architecture in Sweden. It is of red brick with tiled roof, and has an open courtyard enclosed by a stone wall. In mass effect it is compelling, and there is a sincerity and boldness in the simple façades which is in most striking contrast to the usual cheaply decorated modern city houses.

Östberg is regarded as the foremost representative of the revival of old Swedish architectural forms. Many other modern architects follow in the same direction, using plain materials and attaining the artistic effect by the constructional element, the buildings being proportioned mainly by rhythmic balance of openings and walls. As a rule the finest modern city buildings give an impression of severe solidity and, like the palaces of ancient times, do not open to the street with any inviting large windows and verandas. Their attractiveness lies in the disposition of the ground planes and in the treatment of the interior.

Principles of this kind have been applied in a more or less individual way, even for large business houses, and among these may be mentioned *aktiebolaget Tryg's* building by Gustaf Wickman, a very dignified construction in dark reddish brick on a triangular plan. Professor Erik Lallerstedt is one of the most scholarly of our architects and at the same time very original in his use of older motifs. He is known as the architect of the Academy of Arts, a construction showing Italian influence. He is now building a large new Institute of Technology in Stockholm, a most interesting composition with a series of courts forming an organic complex.



RELIEF FOR THE MAIN DOOR OF SALTSJÖBADEN CHURCH, DESIGNED BY CARL MILLES

Carl Westman has been one of the most successful architects in building small villas and homes for people in moderate circumstances. He has a singular ability for achieving good artistic effects by modest means, and with his simplicity and truthfulness of treatment is perhaps nearest in feeling to the old Swedish peasant architecture. He has built the new *Rådhus* (municipal building) in Stockholm, a remarkable example of a monumental impressiveness arrived at only by correct proportions.



THE ENGELBREKT CHURCH, LARS WAHLMAN, ARCHITECT

The younger generation of active architects is so numerous that it is impossible even to mention them within the allotted space, but in order not to ignore the latest phase of the national revival, we must mention two names—Ivar Tengbom and Carl Bergsten. Tengbom is perhaps best known by some of his buildings in the smaller towns, though his Children's Hospital at Södermalm in Stockholm is an excellent demonstration of his intelligent penetration of practical problems and his original manner of solving them. Bergsten is perhaps better known by the extraordinary, not to say extreme, modernism of his early work in Norrköping than by the more restrained art of his Hjorthagen Chapel, outside of Stockholm. Here we find utilized in an individual way his impressions of old Swedish country churches.

The latter is the result of that study of the ecclesiastical architecture from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century which is now so earnestly pursued by the younger Swedish architects. In fact, one of the most important activities of the present generation of creative



ROSENBAD, AN OFFICE BUILDING DESIGNED BY FERDINAND BOBERG

artists has been the careful conservation and restoration of older monuments. At the Academy of Art a special chair in the history of Swedish architecture has been established and includes a course in the preservation of national monuments. We therefore have reason to believe that they will remain a source of inspiration for the coming generations and a basis for the evolution of a national architecture.

Hymn to the Fatherland

By RICHARD DYBECK

Translated from the Swedish by OSCAR WILLIAM PETERSON

Thou old home of freedom, thou mountain-capped North,
Thou silent, yet glad in light and shadows,
I hail thee, thou fairest of lands on the earth,
Thy sun, thy sky, thy fields, thy verdant meadows!

Thou dost glory in memories of great days of yore,
When honored thy name flew o'er the Southland.
Thou art what thou wert and wilt be evermore,
I will live and I will die in the Northland!



DANISH CASTLES—VI

RUDDLEDIGGANED

Rudbjerggaard

RUDBJERGGAARD is not properly a castle. It is typical, however, of a great number of *herregaarde*, the country seats which serve as manorial halls for the farming gentry of Denmark. The plain white painted brick, the dark woodwork, the projecting upper story, the tiled roof, the octagonal tower and the arms of the Ruds and the Hardenbergs over its portal are all expressive of solid Danish comfort. Table and bench by the wall invite to four o'clock coffee and cakes. Unfortunately, the quaint effect of the "binding work" architecture of woodwork intersticed with brick, which often in Danish country houses is made effective by staining the beams a walnut brown, has here been obliterated. On the tower, erected by Knud Rud, appears the date of its building, 1606; the rest of the structure is of an earlier period. One can imagine that the pails being carried to the door of the butler's pantry contain the rich foaming milk of the fertile island of Lolland, third largest of the Danish isles. Of late the farmlands of Rudbjerggaard have yielded well from the planting of sugar beets which are supplied to the Nakskov branch of *De danske sukkerfabrikker*, Denmark's most prosperous manufacturing enterprise.

Rudbjerggaard has passed through the hands of many families since the village of Rughbiargh was mentioned early in the thirteenth century in King Valdemar's *Jordebog*. It is now the property of *Hofjægermester* Ludvig Count Reventlow, who purchased the estate in 1891 for the sum of 725,000 kroner.

The family of Reventlow is one of the most illustrious in the annals of Denmark, and its name is synonymous with broad national interests. The name occurs as early as the thirteenth century in both Holstein and Mecklenburg, and is supposed to have originated in Dithmarschen. Ditlev Reventlow (died 1536) was the first Lutheran bishop of Lübeck. One branch of the family was settled in the fourteenth century on the Danish island of Fyn, where the Reventlows have now their chief estate, Brahetrolleborg. One lady of the family, Anna Sophie Reventlow, became queen of Denmark, as the wife of Frederik IV. The most illustrious bearer of the name was Count Christian Ditlev Frederik Reventlow (1748–1827) of Christianssæde on the island of Lolland. For many years he was minister of state—and during his life promoted the improvement of forestry, agriculture, trade, and education, and the social conditions of the peasantry. It was largely through his instrumentality that the Danish peasants were emancipated from a condition of serfdom by the laws of June 20, 1788.

The Madness of the Monarchs

By JENS GRONDAHL

Forward, march! ye bristling legions, time doth strike the hour of doom:
On, through lands to distant regions, wrap the world in gloom;
Ask not mercy, give not quarter—deal destruction, swift, complete—
To the carnage, to the slaughter, where the grappling millions meet!

'Tis the Madness of the Monarchs 'neath whose lash the nations groan!
And humanity, obedient, rushes on to slay its own—
Marches on, in serrile millions, to appease the royal wrath—
Oh, what feast awaits the vultures in that dark and bloody path!

Forward, march! Nor pause to ponder on the fate of wife or child—
Hear ye not the cannon's thunder and the clash of battle wild?
See ye not that thrones are trembling while the War Lords play at dice?
Haste! The legions are assembling for the human sacrifice.

'Tis the Madness of the Monarchs bound by some satanic spell
That invokes the help of heaven to perform the deeds of hell—
That implores the Prince of Peace and cries, "Thy will be done, not mine,"
While the Madness grasps the saber to destroy by "right divine."

Onward plunge ye to destruction and destruction of your kind,
Be the pawns of Maddened Monarchs who in safety stay behind;
Perish boasted civilization, perish all, in crimson flood,
Brute primeval, greedy, gory, satiate thy lust for blood.

Oh, that flower of mighty manhood, strong of heart and head and soul,
With the engines of man's cunning at their bidding and control,
Should, unconscious of their power, like the ox to slaughter go—
Yea, with shouts of joy, exultant, if the War Lords bid them so;

When one word would end the story of the Maddened Monarchs' power—
One short word reverberating 'round the world in one brief hour—
One word spoken by the millions when the War Lords bid them go
To destroy what God hath given them—and that one word is "NO!"

From the funeral pyre of nations, from the drenched and reeking sod,
There shall rise the soul of freedom to proclaim, "one king, one God";
But the king no maddened monarch of the crowned and sceptered birth—
Nay, that king shall be the Manhood and the Womanhood of Earth.

Then the merchantman shall drive the man-of-war from off the seas,
And the idle shall be busy and their brothers' burden ease;
Drones at last shall pass away and so shall unremitting toil,
And the saner life shall triumph over strife, war and turmoil.

Then the weak and strong shall prosper and the warrior earn his bread,
For the sword shall turn to plowshare when the dynasties are dead;
Then the olive branch and dove of peace together shall be seen
On the coats of arms of nations that profess the Nazarene.

For the Wounded

By BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON

Translated from the Norwegian by ARTHUR HUBBELL PALMER

A still procession goes
Amid the battle's booming,
Its arm the Red Cross shows.
It prays in many forms of speech,
And, bending o'er the fallen,
Brings peace and home to each.

Not only is it found
Where bleed the wounds of battle,
But all the world around.
It is the love the whole world feels
In noble hearts and tender,
While gentle pity kneels;—

It is all labor's dread
Of war's mad waste and murder,
Praying that peace may spread;
It is all sufferers who heed
The sighing of a brother
And know his sorrow's need;—

It is each groan of pain
Heard from the sick and wounded,
'Tis Christian prayer humane;
It is their cry who lonely grope,
'Tis the oppressed man's moaning,
The dying breath of hope;—

This rainbow-bridge of prayers
Up through the world's wild tempest
In light of Christ's faith bears:
That love and loving deeds
May conquer strife and passion;
For thus His promise reads.

Swedish Sloyd in America



HOW many students of manual training realize that the word *sloyd* is of Swedish origin? Instruction in training hand and eye in Sweden arose out of *slöjd*, the household arts and crafts.

Sloyd in Sweden aims not at direct practical results, not to turn out skilled mechanics, but rather to develop in the child a sense of form and fitness. On the one hand sloyd is identified with the astonishing technical and inventive genius of the Swedish people; on the other, it is associated with their recent renaissance of art and architecture.

The world-famed Sloyd Teachers' Seminary on the manorial estate of Naäs in Sweden was founded by August Abrahamson in 1875. Otto Solomon was the director until his death in 1907. The course at this school consists of a system of twenty-four exercises in carpentry. The two illustrations on this page show the work of pupils at the Sloyd Training School in Boston, Massachusetts. This school, established in 1888, is a child of Naäs. Its principal, Gustaf Larsson, is a native of Västergötland. Until 1912 the graduates numbered 381 sloyd teachers, men and women. Fifty of these teach in Boston, of whom no less than seven are of Swedish nationality.





PROSPECTIVE SLOYD TEACHERS AT WORK IN THE BINDERY OF THE SLOYD TRAINING SCHOOL IN BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE PRINCIPAL, MR. GUSTAF LARSSON



SWEDISH SLOYD METHODS FROM NAÄS AS TAUGHT IN THE CARPENTRY ROOMS OF THE SLOYD TRAINING SCHOOL IN BOSTON. MR. JOSEF SANDBERG, THE INSTRUCTOR, IS A NATIVE OF VASTERGÖTLAND

Georg Brandes

By Asaph Robert Shelander

GEORG BRANDES is an alembic in which has been distilled an essence drawn from all of the streams of culture composing European civilization. The alembic was scoured and made transparent by the cleansing fires of adversity. Brandes was forced to struggle against the obstacle of springing from an unpopular race. and the further obstacle of being born in a small country which, on account of political reverses, had isolated itself from the intellectual life of Europe, and thus become somewhat stagnant. Yet his sympathies have risen to the height of universality, and he has been rewarded with universal appreciation.

Brandes was influenced in his view of life by men differing as widely as the hellenist Hegel, the positivist John Stuart Mill, the polemist Ibsen, the poet-philosopher-artist Michael Angelo. He received his introduction to Hegel through the works of his countryman, Johan Ludvig Heiberg, and read almost everything Hegel had written, "in a veritable intoxication of comprehension and delight," as he tells us in "Reminiscences of My Childhood and Youth." But he could not long remain satisfied with the speculations of Hegel. He found in Taine "an antidote to German abstraction and German pedantry." The influence of John Stuart Mill was more permanent. In 1869 Brandes was writing a book on the position of woman; however, "all that I had planned," says Brandes, "and drawn up, was cast aside when John Stuart Mill's book on the subject fell into my hands. I felt Mill's superiority to be so immense and regarded his book as so epoch-making, that I necessarily had to reject my own draft and restrict myself to the translation and intro-



Georg Brandes

duction of what he had said. In this manner I introduced the modern woman's movement into Denmark." A few years later Brandes made the personal acquaintance of Mill in Paris. The rugged philosophical empiricism of Mill and his practical ethical utilitarianism struck a responsive chord in Brandes, and Mill has remained for him a model. Ibsen was perhaps his best comrade. To Brandes belongs the credit of having first discovered this master builder, while he still "encountered a reservation of appreciation that scarcely concealed ill-will." Brandes and Ibsen had been on friendly terms for several years; in 1870 their "intimacy began to emit sparks." About this time Ibsen wrote Brandes a letter in which he made the memorable remark: "What is all-important is the revolution of the spirit of man; and in this you will be one of those who lead." "These words," says Brandes, "which were in exact agreement with my own secret hope, fired my imagination. It seemed to me that after having felt myself isolated so long, I had at last met with the mind that understood me and felt as I did, a real fellow fighter."

The one person who seems to have made the most profound and most lasting impression upon Brandes is Michael Angelo. Brandes says: "I early felt that although Michael Angelo had his human weaknesses and limitations, intellectually and as an artist he is one of the five or six elect the world has produced." When he finally had the privilege of standing in the Sistine Chapel and gazing upon the originals which he had so often admired in reproductions, he mused: "So here I stand at last, shut in with the mind that of all human minds has spoken most deeply home to my soul. I am outside and above the earth and far from humankind. This is his earth and these are his men, created in his image to people his world."

To account for all of the writers with whom Brandes has made acquaintance and who have exerted more or less influence on his inner life would involve at least the writing of the history of European literature. As a youth he became acquainted with the authors of his own country in the following order: Ingemann, Oehlenshlager, Grundtvig, Poul Möller, Baggesen, Hertz. At the age of eighteen his interests changed. He turned to Christian Winther, Homer, Æschylus, the Bible, Shakespeare, and Goethe. He tells us that one of the first things he did as a student was to read the Bible through in Danish and the Odyssey in Greek.

Throughout his life we may trace, side by side, the two main streams of culture in European civilization—the Greek and the Hebrew-Christian. Intellectually Brandes is unmistakably identified with the former, but he has a Hebrew conscience. He has time and time again sacrificed comfort, preferment and worldly honors for the sake of his soul. In the year 1863 he was mentioned for the chair of esthetics in the University of Copenhagen. The matter was first

broached to him in a letter by his friend Professor Bröchner. "This letter," says Brandes, "agitated me very much; not because at so young an age the prospect of an honorable position in society was held out to me by a man who was in a position to judge of my fitness for it, but because the smiling prospect of an official post was in my eyes a snare which might hold me so firmly that I should not be able to pursue the path of renunciation that alone seemed to me to lead to my life's goal. I felt myself an apostle, but an apostle and a professor were very far apart. I certainly remembered that the Apostle Paul had been a tent-maker. But I feared that, once appointed, I should lose my ideal standard of life and sink down into insipid mediocrity."

At the same time, for all his Hebrew conscience, he was intellectually wholly inclined toward classicism. He tells us that even as a young boy his soul, "feeling the need of something it could worship, fled from Asia's to Europe's divinities, from Palestine to Hellas, and clung with vivid enthusiasm to the Greek world of beauty and the legends of its gods." He considered German-Gothic culture decidedly barbarous in comparison with Hellenism, and he believed this to be due largely to the influence of the Hebrew-Christian stream of thought. Comparing Shakespeare's treatment of certain Greek characters in "Troilus and Cressida" with Homer's treatment of the same characters, he gives a clear exposition of his own attitude. "In the Iliad," he says, "these forms represent the outcome of the imagination of the noblest people of the Mediterranean shores, unaffected by religious terrors and alcohol; they are bright, glad, reverential fantasies, born in a warm sun under a deep blue sky. From Shakespeare they step forth travestied by the gloom and bitterness of a great poet of a northern race, of a stock civilized by Christianity, not by culture; a stock which, despite all the efforts of the Renaissance to give new birth to heathendom, has become, once for all, disciplined and habituated to look upon the senses as tempters which lead down into the mire; to which the pleasurable is the forbidden."

Brandes' head, then, is Greek; his heart is Hebrew. He tells us that all bisection, all dualism, was repellent to him, and that his first book was "an attack on a division and duality in life's philosophy." He tells us further that it was only when his "self-contemplation and with it the inward cleavage had at length ceased, that he attained to quietude of mind." He attained quietude of mind because intellectually he chose classicism and rejected the Hebrew-Christian stream of culture; but he has not resolved the dualism, for his heart remains religious.

Brandes in America

IN PROMISING comments on Georg Brandes from papers only between Boston and Kalamazoo, the editors of the REVIEW were too conservative. The circle of discussion about the brilliant Danish critic, starting from New York, touches Hartford, Providence, and Boston, reaches north to Portland, Maine, Montreal, and Toronto, swings westward to Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, dips into Denver and completes the orbit by a plunge through New Orleans, Beaumont, Atlanta, Savannah, and Philadelphia. A smaller circle with a busy center in Chicago takes in Milwaukee, Madison, Minneapolis, Red Wing, Sioux Falls, Salt Lake City, St. Louis, Springfield, Illinois, Nashville, South Bend, Cincinnati, and Louisville. His utterances have been made the text for the particular pet doctrines of Suffragists, Socialists, Anarchists, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, anti-noise agitators, and free speech leagues. We hesitate whether to marvel most at the power to stimulate thought along every conceivable line, serious and frivolous, possessed by Brandes, or at the extraordinary faculty for reacting to stimulus shown by the 80,000 reporters who, according to his own statement, made his life a burden while in the United States, though he admits them to be not devoid of intelligence.

An interviewer quotes Brandes as saying that Jack London is the most typically American writer, and that fairly near him stand Upton Sinclair and Jack Norris, while Poe is not without merit as a poet. "Why do we stand for being told things that are not true about our books on condition that they be told by people who haven't had a chance to learn the facts in the case?" retorts *Collier's Weekly*. "And who are our leading writers, anyway, and what makes them 'American' in style and spirit?" *The Dial* thinks that "it would have been just as easy and just as natural for Dr. Brandes, with his eyes opened to certain other qualities undeniably possessed by us, to name Mr. Howells as our most truly representative living novelist and Whitman or even Emerson as the true type of the American poet."

"Just what is the American spirit," comments *The Nation*, "which finds fullest expression in Poe, Jack London, and Frank Norris is rather difficult to define. But all foreign estimates of our literature until recently seem to be based on the assumption that, since we are a young, energetic, and rather barbarous nation, our literature ought to sound the note of youthful freedom from convention, of lust of living, of zest in barbaric conflict and victory. The 'raw of life' is something quite appropriate to our genius."

Point is added to the discussion by the fact that Brandes, according to an interviewer in *The Independent*, "disposed of American literary pretensions" in the following trenchant lines: "Your literature, ah, I have no hope! Your books are written by old maids for

"The fundamental question remains—can the well-being of the race, which is the end, be attained without great men? I say no, and again no.' And he gives most potent reasons for his belief. He calls America a plutocracy, and easily sees through the sham and plaster greatness of so many of our so-called great men in politics."

Seen in the light of Brandes's well-known strictures on the organized church, the editorial article in *The Outlook*, written in a most sympathetic spirit, is interesting. It speaks of the "impulse of conviction" in his work, and goes on to say:

"His face, bearing, and talk express the attitude of a lifetime. He has been in an unusual degree a soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity, to recall Heine. Born in the Scandinavia of seventy years ago, and in a highly conventionalized society, Mr. Brandes, like Ibsen, had to fight his way to freedom of thought."

On the other hand, a writer in *The Congregationalist* sees in Brandes's Jewish heritage the explanation of his anti-clericalism and his receptivity to a personality like that of Nietzsche, "which embodies for many the conception of the Antichrist," while in his handling of the Christian genius of Shakespeare

"the spirituality seen by the great critic seemed a very cold affair. One could appreciate instantly the grasp which this fiery, shaggy-haired old Dane held upon the teachings of literary production, but for him the blood-stirring struggle of the soul with good and evil seemed an alien thing, certainly as it is conceived by the average man."

The great critic seems indeed to "fall between two stools," for the *American Hebrew* attacks him on the ground that he disowns "his greater Yichus as a Cohen for that of a 'Dane of the Danes,'" and asserts that

"whatever he may claim for himself, the world at large credits his talent and genius to the sum total of what Jews here gave to the civilized world.

"It is as critics that Jews have distinguished themselves in the past. They have been the bearers of civilization, carrying with them from the lands that excluded them the germ of culture with which they had been impregnated. And it is as critic that Brandes figures in the world's thought. He has not created anything new in literature, but has evaluated the creations of others. He sees through literature, having that keen sense of appreciation, that subtle feeling for values, that wide-sweeping imagination that encompasses everything he reads and at once sees it a part of a tendency, of a current of life.

"He is a radical, wresting from convention the mask of unreality and giving to thought and picture their natural aspects."

An interview in the New York *Sun*, in which Brandes is made to exclaim, "God give us more divorces!" is naturally the subject of much excited comment for and against. It is quoted at length in the *Literary Digest*, in juxtaposition to an article from the New York *Freeman's Journal* on the proposed league of Catholic lawyers in Massachusetts to check the spread of divorce, while the Chicago

Interesting People

FREDRIK HERMAN GADE, with other Norwegian-Americans, was caught in the wave of sympathy for the mother country which marked the first decade of this century. He became the first Norwegian consul in Chicago, and in 1910 he moved with his family to Norway in order to take a place in the Foreign Department. He had been assured in correspondence with the foreign minister that his services would be welcome, but obstacles were placed in the way of his resuming his Norwegian citizenship, and when these were surmounted he found himself confronted by a wall of departmental traditions. The events of the "Gade case" led to the removal of the disabilities attaching to Norwegian-Americans who wish to settle again in the land of their nativity. Mr. Gade's main work, however, has been his agitation for the reform of the Norwegian foreign service along business lines.



FREDRIK HERMAN GADE

As a director in the Norwegian-America steamship line, an officer of *Nordmandsforbundet*, and president of the American Club of Christiania, he has been one of the leading workers in that movement for better understanding and closer cooperation between Norwegians at home and Norwegian-born Americans which has marked the Centennial year. Among his activities in Norway was his work for the Norwegian National Children's Fund, of which he was president, and to which he contributed generously. In leaving Norway this autumn to return to his home near Chicago, his public services were as cordially recognized by the press of Norway as they have long been by that of Norwegian America.

Editorial

Neutral America

Scandinavia and America have at this time, probably, more mutual interests than ever before. They share that common bond of thankful anxiety which unites all non-belligerent nations the wide world over. The effects of the war, just outside their own doors, are more disastrous in the Northern nations than in the United States, but even here, with an ocean separating us from the fields of carnage, there is probably not an American citizen, no matter how situated, who does not feel the depressing consequences of the European war, either in the loss of his wages or his dividends, or by the complete stoppage of his work. For the first time in forty years our stock exchanges, which did not close even during our own panics, have ceased operations. Our foreign exchange market stands at virtually prohibitive rates. Although a nation at peace, we have before our Congress a proposed "war tax" to provide an emergency revenue of $105,000,000 to take the place of the deficit in our estimated customs receipts for the next year. This tax will be levied upon the luxuries of life, such as wines, theatres, and berths in sleeping cars. Our long-suffering railroads have petitioned the Government to allow them to increase their rates because of the war's "unparalleled destruction of wealth and dislocation of capital."

The President has enjoined upon all citizens neutrality of speech. But how difficult of fulfilment! The newspapers of New York, on some days, print only three or four despatches from the interior of the United States, so engrossing are the affairs of Europe. Although our national egotism has never been at lower ebb, foreign nations have never before appealed so earnestly to the United States as their ultimate tribunal.

Whatever their political persuasions, all Americans are truly thankful that we have in the White House a leader of sane judgment and unswerving devotion to peace. With infinite patience, in the face of adverse criticism, he has lately kept us from a bloody conflict in Mexico. From August 7, 1913, to September 15, 1914, our Department of State concluded peace agreements with twenty-six nations, who guaranteed to submit all future disputes with this Government to arbitration. These signatory powers and their colonies, are said to represent a population of 1,200,000,000 out of the 1,700,000,000 human beings estimated to be now alive. Our President is indeed a man of sorrows; he was bereaved of his wife at the outbreak of the European war. In spite of this, his various public utterances and answers to appeals from abroad have been couched in a language worthy of record among the memorable documents of history. Not least among them was the proclamation for

a day of prayer for international peace on October 4, requesting "all God-fearing persons to repair on that day to their places of worship, there to unite their petitions to Almighty God that, overruling the counsel of men, setting straight the things they cannot govern or alter, taking pity on the nations now in the throes of conflict, in his mercy and goodness showing a way where men can see none, he vouchsafe his children healing peace again and restore once more that concord among men and nations without which there can be neither happiness nor true friendship nor any wholesome fruit of toil and thought in the world."

In the Shadow of the War

Isolated from all but one another and America, the three Scandinavian countries are working out their own problems of readjustment soberly and with a deep sense of gratitude, as week after week passes without bringing the dangers of war nearer. The first effect of the war was one of paralysis. The pleasure-seekers that used to throng the exhibitions of Malmö and Christiania were drifting about in the streets to learn the news of battle. "Gay Copenhagen," with one-half of the street lights extinguished and the honk of the automobiles silenced, with the suburbs transformed by trenches and military camps, was a spectre of itself. All tourists left as quickly as the limited transportation facilities would allow, and the cities became crowded with refugees instead. People whipped themselves into a panic, and the run on the banks and on food and coal depots had to be dealt with by summary legislation. The sudden cessation of trade with the warring countries has thrown thousands out of work by closing all export offices and foreign agencies. The injunction against the exportation of foodstuffs, which was considered a necessary measure in all three countries, will work a hardship on the Danish farmer for a time. The industries of Norway and Sweden have not yet sufficiently utilized their "white coal" to be independent of foreign countries, and the uncertainty in the coal supply is a source of anxiety to them. Even the shipping partook for a while of the general paralysis, and floating mines have been a terror to the mariners.

From these difficulties, however, the braver spirits of the three countries have tried to wrest every possible advantage. It is pointed out that the products of Scandinavia, such as paper, wood pulp, fish, canned goods and agricultural produce, are needed even in war times, while iron and cement will assuredly be required to build up what is being destroyed in the war. The factories are making heavy sacrifices to retain their workmen, and the problem of the unemployed seems not so threatening as at first feared. The ships that have been cut off from the Baltic and North Sea are being utilized in traffic with

America, and it is announced that the projected Swedish-American line will soon become a reality. Even Iceland has sent a steamer, chartered by the government, from Reykjavik, to buy grain in New York. It is the first ship of which we have a record to sail directly from Iceland to an American harbor. The Bergen railroad has suddenly assumed international importance as the chief mail route of Europe, communicating with America, England, Scandinavia, Finland, Russia, Germany, Southern Europe, and Asia. A large transit trade is being built up by Norway along the same route, and the government, in order to facilitate the extension of shipping, has assumed 80 per cent. of the insurance risk on the sea.

Holberg and Tegnér

By the time this issue of the REVIEW reaches its readers the first two volumes of the SCANDINAVIAN CLASSICS will have been issued from the press. The two books selected to begin the series are translations of works of Holberg and of Tegnér. Volume I contains three comedies by Holberg—*Jeppe of the Hill*, *The Political Tinker*, and *Erasmus Montanus*. They have been translated from the Danish by Professor Campbell, of the University of Wisconsin, and Mr. Schenck, of Harvard University. These three plays by the chief writer of Denmark—a native, it must be remembered, of Norway—are for the first time published together in an English translation. Professor Campbell, who has written in an introduction an account of Holberg's life and place in literature, has recently published a volume of essays on Holberg. The translators have endeavored not only to give a faithful literary version, but to interpret the plays in a style that may be readily adapted for the English or American stage. The poems by Tegnér that comprise Volume II are *The Children of the Lord's Supper*, translated from the Swedish by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and *Frithiof's Saga*, translated by Rev. W. Lewery Blackley, with an Introduction by Mr. Lieder, of Harvard University. Tegnér is the one Swedish poet to whose works all his compatriots will at once accord a place among Scandinavian classics. This author presents the curious situation in literature of a writer who, although his chief work has been rendered a score of times into English, is not yet widely known in England and America. This has been due partly to the rarity of most of the translations. By reprinting the faithful and spirited interpretations of Longfellow and of Blackley, the Foundation hopes to make Tegnér more easily accessible to those who cannot read him in the original. The introduction by Mr. Lieder throws new light upon Longfellow's indebtedness to Swedish literature, partly the result of Mr. Lieder's research among books and letters at Craigie House, the Cambridge residence of the American poet.

Voyages of the Norsemen

At the same time the Foundation publishes the first volume of the series of SCANDINAVIAN MONOGRAPHS. It is an account of *The Voyages of the Norsemen to America*, by William Hovgaard, now Professor of Naval Construction in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and formerly commander in the Royal Danish Navy. The question of the Norse discovery of America by Leif Ericson about the year 1000 has been the subject of considerable discussion. The early settlements of the Norsemen have been located by various historians on the coasts of Labrador, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. This book by Commander Hovgaard is designed both for the general reader of history and for the scholar. It includes reliable translations of all parts of the Icelandic sagas that concern Vinland, reviews thoroughly their accounts and surveys candidly the opinions of previous investigators. It gives an objective treatment of the whole problem, and a particularly complete discussion of the nautical aspects. Contrary to the opinion advanced by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Professor Hovgaard arrives at the conclusion that the two principal saga narratives are essentially historic. He believes that they describe different voyages or groups of voyages, explaining the many apparent contradictions, which at first sight seem to baffle all attempt at disentanglement. Some of these voyages, he believes, penetrated as far south as Massachusetts. The copious photographs of the coasts visited by the Norsemen, as well as of their ships and implements, comprising 83 illustrations and 7 maps, add greatly to the interest of the work.

Fellows of the Foundation

Miss Ellen Gleditsch, of Christiania, Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation for 1913-14, was awarded the honorary degree of Doctor of Science by Smith College at the commencement in June last. Miss Gleditsch returned to Norway after a year of research in radioactivity at Yale University. Lars Berg, Fellow of the American-Scandinavian Foundation for 1914-15, has been awarded a special fellowship by the University of Minnesota. He will spend one semester in the study of high-voltage problems in electricity at the University, and the following semester visiting electric power stations in the United States. Mr. Berg graduated from the Technical Institute of Darmstadt in 1912, and was for one year assistant at that Institute. After his return to Norway he was a managing engineer at the electric works at Bergen. Dr. Gudmund Hatt, Danish Fellow of the Foundation, is studying anthropology at Columbia University. Dr. Hatt is accompanied by his wife, who, under her maiden name, Emilie Demant, has published books on the Swedish Lapps.

Brief Notes

The Yearbook of the Swedish Historical Society for 1911–13 has been published, and contains numerous articles in Swedish and English, as well as a list of valuable accessions to the library of the Society.

Two poems of Edgar Allen Poe, "Annabel Lee" and "Annie," are translated by Elin Storckenfeldt Lindborg, in *Ord och Bild*. The liquid cadence of the Swedish lends itself well to the rendering of Poe's musical metres. Rydberg's translation of Poe's "Raven" is unmistakable, even to ears unacquainted with Swedish.

Axel Teisen, of Philadelphia, the Danish-American barrister, has recently contributed an article on *Amerikansk Proces Reform* to *Tidskrift for Retvidenskab*.

The Scandinavian Club of Milwaukee has published its first monthly, *Scandinavia*, dated September, 1914. The Club was organized in 1910, with Consul Olaf I. Rove as president. The president during the present year is Mr. E. G. Bratlie. The prominent Danish, Norwegian, and Swedish citizens of Milwaukee have shown a spirit of good-fellowship which we can commend to other Scandinavian centers throughout the country.

One of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales, "The Little Mermaid," has been dramatized by the American playwright, Edward Sheldon. "The Garden of Paradise," as the play is called, will be produced this autumn by the Liebler Company at the Park Theatre, New York.

Henry Holt and Company will publish as an illustrated Christmas booklet "The Legend of the Sacred Image," translated by Velma Swanston Howard from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf.

Christian Collin, advisory editor of the REVIEW for Norway, has been appointed to the chair of European literature in the University of Christiania.

Arvid Paulson has adapted into English Gustaf af Geijerstam's dramatization of Hans Christian Andersen's "Store Claus og Lille Claus." This adaptation will be read on the Pacific Coast by Lillian Quinn Stark, known for her interpretations of Strindberg's plays.

Ludvig Saxe has written a large book, published by H. Aschehoug in Christiania, recording his visits to Norwegians all over the world. His descriptions have the spontaneity of the kodak pictures with which they are illustrated. He brings to bear on conditions among the antipodes the quick comprehension of the trained newspaper man; at the same time he has a conscientious regard for accuracy not always seen in rapid travel sketches.

The voluminous *Jubilæumsbog* published by Einar Hilsen holds a unique place in the list of Norwegian publications occasioned by the Centenary. It does not follow the stereotyped lines of commemorative publications, but offers a series of short articles, written in a journalistic way, by noted men of Norway on other noted men. There is also a collection of documents and of odds and ends of information throwing light on the history of the early part of the century.

The Magazines

TEAM WORK IN DENMARK

"Team Work in Denmark" is the title of an article on cooperation in agriculture in *The Youth's Companion* for September 24, by Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, American Minister to Denmark. It is written in Dr. Egan's genial and sympathetic style, and illustrated by pictures of a butter factory, a farmyard, Kærehave School and an interior scene om the Folk High School at Askov.

"The lessons that Americans may learn," says Dr. Egan, "from the success f the Danes are that nothing counts so much, where a fixed result is to be btained, as team work, which means the sinking of individual notions for the eneral good, and that no really good work can be done at haphazard. There nust be education of the mind and the heart as well as of the hands in order that a farmer, or any one else, may achieve good results. Moreover, the right kind of education cultivates a sense of honor, and among the Danes the sense of honor s carried into their commercial relations not only as a moral quality, but as a matter of policy. In fact, it is regarded by them as one of the best means of keeping up their trade relations with England and Germany. Some years ago, when a certain amount of inferior butter had been exported into England by a careless intermediary, the whole Danish nation seemed to think itself disgraced. The matter was taken up by the government, and such rules were made that a similar decline in the quality of the product can hardly occur again. Farming is looked on as the most honorable employment into which a Dane can enter."

NORWAY AND THE NORWEGIANS

"The proper place for a statue to Liberty, with all the world to choose from, would be on one of these bleak promontories on the west coast of Norway, jutting out into the sea toward England and America."

So says Price Collier in the first installment of his "Norway and the Norwegians from the American Point of View," in *Scribner's Magazine* for October.

The late Price Collier was visiting the Northern countries and preparing a work to parallel his "Germany and the Germans," "The West and the East," and "England and the English," when his career was cut short by his sudden death in Denmark last year. He had then completed only the two chapters that appear in the October and November issues of *Scribner's Magazine*.

Mr. Collier was most favorably impressed with the democratic institutions of Norway and the general health of the people. "Probably there are no communities anywhere else in the world so self-efficient, so independent and so comfortable.

"Indeed, their size and wholesome aspect prove this, for they are the fairest, tallest, broadest-chested, and longest-lived people in the world today. The *average* lifetime in Norway was 49.94 years for both sexes together; or, separately, for men 48.73 and for women 51.21 in 1881–90; but for the decade from 1891–1900 there was a further improvement, for men 50.21, for women 54.14. With the exception of Sweden there is nothing comparable to this elsewhere in the world. Even more startling are the exact figures of longevity. In 1909 the total deaths were 31,708; of these 3,125 were under one year, and 10,889 were over seventy years of age, while 5,673 lived to be over eighty!"

Mr. Collier found that this vigorous condition was not the result of overbathing and an artificial program of health, but was due to the fundamental self-reliance engendered by owning property. "For a thousand years now these people alone among the nations have been land-owners and self-governors. Feudalism has never touched them in the sense that they have been dependent upon another for their rights of property, or for the right to dispose of their personal prowess in such ways as they themselves deemed best."

In Scribner's Magazine for October and November

NORWAY AND THE NORWEGIANS

From an American Point of View, by PRICE COLLIER

Mr. Collier lived there to admire, to absorb the traditions, and appreciate the sturdy independence of the people of the land of the Vikings.

"The proper place for a statue to Liberty, with all the world to choose from, would be on one of these bleak promontories on the west coast of Norway, jutting out into the sea toward England and America."

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Of the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

Vol. III JANUARY, 1915 No. 1

The first number of the third year of the REVIEW will be ready for delivery December 1st.

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Translated from the Danish by Oscar James Campbell, Jr., Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English in the University of Wisconsin, and Frederic Schenck, B.Litt., Instructor in English at Harvard University; with an Introduction by Oscar James Campbell, Jr. 1914. *xv* + 178 *pages.*

These three plays are now for the first time published together in an English translation. The translators have endeavored not only to give a faithful literary version, but to interpret the comedies in a style that may be readily adapted for the English or American stage.

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Poems by Tegnér

The Children of the Lord's Supper, Frithiof's Saga

Translated from the Swedish by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and the Rev. W. Lewery Blackley, with an Introduction by Paul Robert Lieder, A.M., of Harvard University. 1914. *xxvii* + 207 *pages.*

Tegnér is the one Swedish poet to whose works all his compatriots will at once accord a place among Scandinavian classics. By reprinting the faithful and spirited interpretations of Longfellow and of Blackley, the Foundation hopes to make Tegnér more easily accessible in English.

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By WILLIAM HOVGAARD, Professor of Naval Construction in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Late Commander in the Royal Danish Navy. 1914. *xxi* + 304 *pages.* 83 *illustrations and* 7 *maps.*

The abundant and beautiful illustrations in this book add greatly to its interest and value. Professor Hovgaard makes a fresh and thorough investigation of the whole problem of the Norse discovery of America, about the year 1000, and arrives at new and striking conclusions. The volume includes reliable translations of all parts of the sagas that concern Vinland and a special discussion of a matter upon which the author is eminently qualified to speak, namely, the nautical aspects of the voyages.

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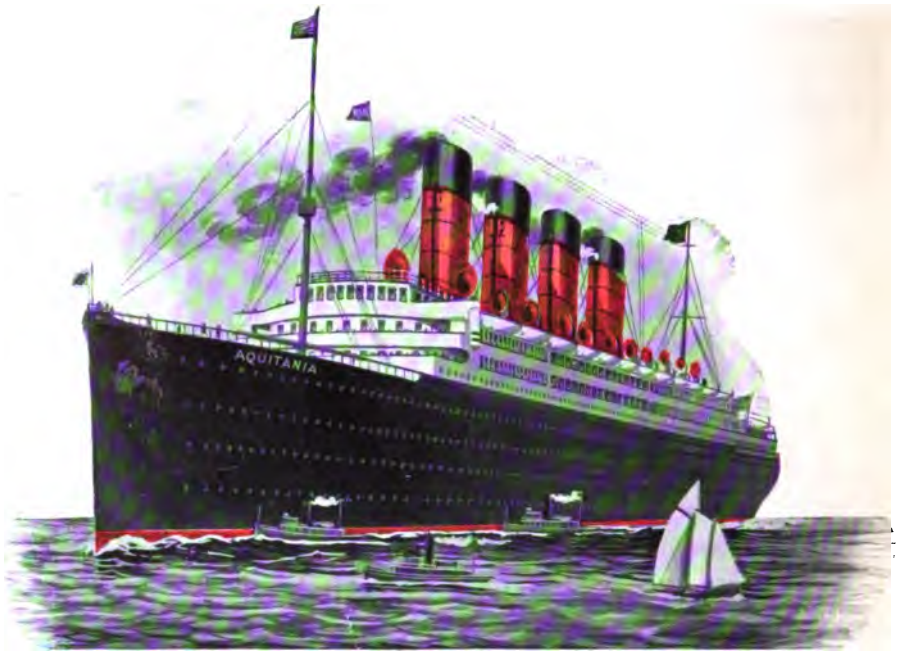
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